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FREDERICK THE GREAT BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

VOL. IX.

COLLECTION

OF

BRITISH AND ALTHORP

FOR THE

FRANKLIN THE GREAT BY THOMAS CARPENTER

VOL. II

1840

HISTORY
OF
FRIEDRICH II. OF PRUSSIA,
CALLED
FREDERICK THE GREAT.

BY
THOMAS CARLYLE.

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VOL. IX.

LEIPZIG

BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1864.

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THE TEN YEARS OF PEACE

1710-1720

(CONTINUED)

25th-27th Aug. 1750.

CHAPTER VI.

BERLIN CARROUSEL, AND VOLTAIRE VISIBLE THERE.

READERS have heard of the *Place du Carrousel* at Paris; and know probably that Louis XIV. held world-famous Carrousel there (A.D. 1662); and, in general, that Carrousel has something to do with Tourneying, or the Shadow of Tourneying. It is, in fact, a kind of superb be-tailored running at the ring, instead of be-blacksmithed running at one another. A Second milder Edition of those Tournament sports, and dangerous trials of strength and dexterity, which were so grand a business in the Old iron Ages. Of which, in the form of Carrousel or otherwise, down almost to the present day, there have been examples, among puissant Lords; — though now it is felt to have become extremely hollow; perhaps incapable of fully entertaining anybody, except children and their nurses on a high occasion.

A century ago, before the volcanic explosion of so many things which it has since become wearisome to think of in this earnest world, the Tournament, emblem of an Age of Chivalry, which was gone, but had not yet declared itself to be quite gone, and even to be turned topsyturvy, had still substance as a mummary, — not enough, I should say, to spend much money upon. Not much real money: except, indeed, the money were offered you gratis, from other parties in-

terested? Sir Jonas kindly informs us, by insinuation, that this was, to a good degree, Friedrich's case in the now Carrousel: "a thing got up by the private efforts "of different great Lords and Princes of the blood;" each party tailoring, harnessing, and furbishing himself and followers; Friedrich contributing little but the arena and general outfit. I know not whether even the 40,000 lamps (for it took place by night) were of his purchase, though that is likely; and know only that the Suppers and interior Palace Entertainments would be his. "Did not cost the King much money," says Sir Jonas; which is satisfactory to know. For of the Carrousel kind, or of the Royal-Mummery kind in general, there has been, for graceful arrangement, for magnificence regardless of expense, — inviting your amiable Lord Malton, and the idlers of all Countries, and awakening the rapture of Gazetteers, — nothing like it since Louis the Grand's time. Nothing, — except perhaps that Camp of Mühlberg or Radowitz, where we once were. Done, this one, not at the King's expense alone, but at other people's chiefly: that is an unexpected feature, welcome if true; and, except for Sir Jonas, would not have helped to explain the puzzle for us, as it did in the then Berlin circles. Mühlberg, in my humble judgment, was worth two of this as a Mummery; — but the meritorious feature of Friedrich's is, that it cost him very little.

It was, say all Gazetteers and idle eye-witnesses, a highly splendid spectacle. By much the most effulgent exhibition Friedrich ever made of himself in the Expensive-Mummery department: and I could give in extreme detail the phenomena of it; but, in mercy to poor readers, will not. Fancy the assiduous hammering and

sawing on the Schloss-Platz, amid crowds of gay loungers, giving cheerful note of preparation, in those latter days of August 1750. And, on *Wednesday Night 25th August*, look and see, — for the due moments only, and vaguely enough (as in the following Excerpt):

Palace-Esplanade of Berlin, 25th August 1750 (dusk sinking into dark): “Under a windy nocturnal sky, a spacious Paralelogram, enclosed for jousting as at Aspramont or Trebi-sond. Wide enough arena in the centre; vast amphitheatre of wooden seats and passages, firm carpentry and fitted for its business, rising all round; Audience, select though multitudinous, sitting decorous and garrulous, say since half-past eight. There is royal box on the ground-tier; and the King in it, King, with Princess Amelia for the prizes: opposite to this, is entrance for the Chevaliers, — four separate entrances, I think. Who come, — lo, at last! — with breathings and big swells of music, as Resuscitations from the buried Ages.

“They are in four ‘Quadrilles,’ so termed: Romans, Persians, Carthaginians, Greeks. Four Jousting Parties, headed each by a Prince of the Blood: — with such a splendour of equipment for jewels, silver helmets, sashings, housings, as eye never saw. Prancing on their glorious battle-steeds (sham-battle, steeds not sham, but champing their bits as real quadrupeds with fire in their interior): — how many in all, I forgot to count. Perhaps, on the average, sixty in each Quadrille, fifteen of them practical Ritters; the rest mythologic winged standard-bearers, blackamoors, lictors, trumpeters, and shining melodious phantasms as escort, — of this latter kind say in round numbers Two Hundred altogether; and of actual Ritters three-score.* Who run at rings, at Turks’ heads, and at other objects with death-doing lance; and prance and flash and career along: glorious to see and hear. Under proud flourishings

* Blumenthal, *Life of De Ziethen* (Ziethen was in it, and gained a prize), i. 257-263 et seq.; Voltaire’s *Letters to Niece Denis* (*Euvres*, LXXIV. 174, 179, 198); — and two contemporary 4tos on the subject, with Drawings, &c., which may well continue unknown to every reader

“of drums and trumpets, under bursts and breathings of
 “wind-music; under the shine of Forty-thousand Lamps, for
 “one item. All Berlin and the nocturnal firmament looking
 “on, — night rather gusty, ‘which blew out many of the
 “lamps,’ insinuates Hanway.

“About midnight, Beauty in the form of Princess Amelia
 “distributes the prizes; Music filling the air; and human
 “‘*Euge’s*,’ and the surviving lamps, doing their best. After
 “which the Principalities and Ritters withdraw to their
 “Palace, to their Balls and their Supper of the gods; and all
 “the world and his wife goes home again, amid various com-
 “mentary from high and low. ‘*Jamais, Never*,’ murmured
 “one high Gentleman, of the Impromptu kind, at the Palace
 “Supper-table, —

“*Jamais dans Athène et dans Rome*

“*On n’eut de plus beaux jours, ni de plus digne prix.*

“*J’ai vu le fils de Mars sous les traits de Pâris,*

“*Et Vénus qui donnait la pomme.*” *

And Amphitheatre and Lamps lapse wholly into darkness, and the thing has finished, for the time being. August 27th, it was repeated by daylight; if possible, more charming than ever; but not to be spoken of further, under penalties. To be mildly forgotten again, every jot and tittle of it, — except one small insignificant iota, which, by accident, still makes it remarkable. Namely, that Collini and the Barberinas were there; and that not only was Voltaire again there among the Princes and Princesses; but that Collini saw Voltaire, and gives us transient sight of him, — thanks to Collini. Thursday, 27th August 1750, was the Daylight version of the Carrousel; which Collini,

* “Never in Athens or Rome were there braver sights or a worthier prize: “I have seen the son of Mars” (King Friedrich) “with Paris’s features, “and Venus” (Amelia) “crowning the victorious.” *Œuvres de Voltaire*, xviii. 320.

if it were of any moment, takes to have *preceded* that of the 40,000 Lamps. Sure enough Collini was there, with eyes open:

“Madame de Cocceji” (so one may call her, though the known *alias* is Barberina) “had engaged places; she invited me to come and see this Festivity. We went;” and very grand it was. “The Palace Esplanade was changed” by carpentries and draperies “into a vast Amphitheatre; the slopes of it furnished with benches for the spectators, and, at the four corners of it and at the bottom, magnificently decorated boxes for the Court.” Vast oval Amphitheatre, the interior arena rectangular, with its Four Entrances, one for each of the Four Quadrilles. “The assemblage was numerous and brilliant: all the Court had come from Potsdam to Berlin.

“A little while before the King himself made appearance, there rose suddenly a murmur of admiration, and I heard all round me, from everybody, the name ‘Voltaire! Voltaire!’ Looking down, I saw Voltaire accordingly; among a group of great lords, who were walking over the Arena, towards one of the Court Boxes. He wore a modest countenance, but joy painted itself in his eyes: you cannot love glory, and not feel gratefully the prize attached to it,” — attained as here. “I lost sight of him in few instants,” as he approached his Box, “the place where I was, not permitting further view.” *

This was Collini’s first sight of that great man (*de ce grand homme*). With whom, thanks to Barberina, he had, in a day or two, the honour of an Interview (judgment favourable, he could hope); and before many months, Accident also favouring, the inexpressible honour of seeing himself the great man’s Secretary, — how far beyond hope or aspiration, in these Carrousel days!

* Collini, *Mon Séjour*, p. 21.

~~Voltaire had now~~ been here some Seven Weeks, — arrived 10th July, as we often note; — after (on his own part), a great deal of haggling, hesitating, and negotiating; which we spare our readers. The poor man having now become a Quasi-Widower; painfully rallying, with his whole strength, towards new arrangements, — now was the time for Friedrich to urge him: "Come to me! Away from all that dismal imbroglio; hither, I say!" To which Voltaire is not inattentive; though he hesitates; cannot, in any case, come without delay; — lingers in Paris, readjusting many things, the poor shipwrecked being, among kind D'Argentals and friends. Poor Ishmael, getting gray; and his tent in the desert suddenly carried off by a blast of wind!

To the legal Widower, M. le Marquis, he behaves in money matters like a Prince; takes that Paris Domicile, in the Rue Traversière, all to himself; institutes a new household there, — Niece Denis to be female president. Niece Denis, widow without incumbrances; whom, in her married state, wife to some kind of Commissariat-Officer at Lille, we have seen transiently in that City, her Uncle lodging with her as he passed. A gadding, flaunting, unreasonable, would-be fashionable female — (a Du Châtelet without the grace or genius, and who never was in love with you!) — with whom poor Uncle had a baddish life in time coming. All which settled, he still lingers. Widowed, grown old and less adventurous! That House in the Rue Traversière, once his and Another's, now his alone, — for the time being, it is probably more like a Mausoleum than a House to him. And Versailles, with its sulky Trajans, its Crébillon cabals, what

charm is in Versailles? He thinks of going to Italy, for a while; has never seen that fine Country: of going to Berlin for a while: of going to — In fact, Berlin is clearly the place where he will land; but he hesitates greatly about lifting anchor. Friedrich insists, in a bright, bantering, kindly way: "You were due to me a year ago; you said always, 'So soon as the lying-in is over, I am yours:' — and now, why don't you come?"

Friedrich, since they met last, has had some experiences of Voltaire, which he does not like. ~~Their roads, truly, — one adulating Trajan in Versailles, and growing great by "Farces of the Fair;" the other battling for his existence, against men and devils, Trajan and Company included, — have lain far apart.~~ Their Correspondence perceptibly languishing, in consequence, and even rumours rising on the subject, Voltaire wrote once: "Give me a yard of ribbon, Sire" (your *Order of Merit*, Sire), "to silence those vile "rumours!" Which Friedrich, on such free-and-easy terms, had silently declined. "A meddlesome, forward kind of fellow; always getting into scrapes and brabbles!" thinks Friedrich. But is really anxious, now that the chance offers again, to have such a Levite for his Priest, the evident pink of Human Intellect; and tries various incitements upon him; — hits at last (I know not whether by device or by accident) on one which, say the French Biographers, did raise Voltaire and set him under way.

A certain M. Baculard d'Arnaud, a conceited, foolish young fellow, much patronised by Voltaire, and given to write verses, which are unknown to me, has been, on Voltaire's recommending, "Literary Cor-

respondent" to Friedrich (Paris Book-Agent and the like) for some time past; corresponding much with Potsdam, in a way found entertaining; and is now (April 1750) actually going thither, to Friedrich's Court, or perhaps has gone. At any rate, Friedrich, — by accident or by device, — had answered some rhymes of this D'Arnaud, "Yes; welcome, young sunrise, since Voltaire is about to set!"* I hope it was by device; D'Arnaud is such a silly fellow; too absurd, to reckon as morning to anybody's sunset. Except for his involuntary service, for and against, in this Voltaire Journey, his name would not now be mentionable at all. "Sunset?" exclaimed Voltaire, springing out of bed (say the Biographers), and skipping about indignantly in his shirt: "I will show them, I am not set yet!"** And instantly resolved on the Berlin Expedition. Went to Compiègne, where the Court then was; to bid his adieus; nay to ask formally the Royal leave, — for we are Historiographer and titular Gentleman of the Chamber, and King's servant in a sense. Leave was at once granted him, almost huffingly; we hope not with *too* much readiness? For this is a ticklish point: one is going to Prussia "on a Visit" merely (though it may be longish); one would not have the door of France slammed-to behind one! The tone at Court did seem a little succinct, something almost of sneer in it. But from the Pompadour herself all was friendly; mere witty, cheery graciousities, and "My Compliments to his Majesty of Prussia," — Com-

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xiv. 95 (Verses "A D'Arnaud," of date December 1749).

** Duvernet (Second), p. 159.

pliments how answered when they came to hand: "*Je ne la connais pas!*"

In short, M. de Voltaire made all his arrangements; got under way; piously visited Fontenoy and the Battle-fields in passing: and is here, since July 10th, — in very great splendour, as we see: — on his Fifth Visit to Friedrich. Fifth; which proved his Last, — and is still extremely celebrated in the world. Visit much misunderstood in France and England, down to this day. By no means sorted out into accuracy and intelligibility; but left as (what is saying a great deal!) probably the wastest chaos of all the Sections of Friedrich's History. And has, alone of them, gone over the whole world; being withal amusing to read, and therefore well and widely remembered, in that mendacious and semi-intelligible state. To lay these goblins, full of noise, ignorance and mendacity, and give some true outline of the matter, with what brevity is consistent with deciphering it at all, is now our sad task, — laborious, perhaps disgusting: not impossible, if readers will loyally assist.

Voltaire had taken every precaution that this Visit should succeed, or at least be no loss to one of the parties. In a preliminary Letter from Paris, — prose and verse, one of the cleverest diplomatic pieces ever penned; Letter really worth looking at, cunning as the song of Apollo, Voltaire symbolically intimates: "Well, Sire, your old Danae, poor malingering old wretch, is coming to her Jove. It is Jove she wants, not the Shower of Jove; nevertheless" — And Friedrich (thank Hanbury, in part, for that bit of knowledge) had remitted him in hard money 600 *l.* "to pay the tolls on

his road."* As a high gentleman would; to have done with those base elements of the business.

Nay furthermore, precisely two days before those splendours of the Carrousel, Friedrich, — in answer to new cunning croakeries and contrivances ("Sire, this Letter from my Niece, who is inconsolable that I should think of staying here;" where, finding oneself so divinised, one is disposed to stay), — has answered him like a King: By Gold Key of Chamberlain, Cross of the Order of Merit, and Pension of 20,000 francs (850 l.) a year, — conveyed in as royal a Letter of Business as I have often read; melodious as Apollo, this too, though all in business prose, and, like Apollo, practical God of the *Sun* in this case.** Dated 23d August 1750. This Letter of Friedrich's I fancy to be what Voltaire calls, "Your Majesty's gracious Agreement with me," and often appeals to, in subsequent troubles. Not quite a Notarial Piece, on Friedrich's part; but strictly observed by him as such.

Four days after which, Collini sees Voltaire serenely shining among the Princes and Princesses of the world; Amphitheatre all whispering with bated breath, "Voltaire! Voltaire!" But let us hear Voltaire himself, from the interior of the Phenomenon, at this its culminating point:

Voltaire to his D'Argentals, — to Niece Denis even, with whom, if with no other, he is quite without reserve, in showing the bad and the good, — continues radiantly eloquent in

* Walpole, i. 451 ("Had it from Princess Amelia herself"); see Voltaire to Friedrich, "Paris, 9th June 1750;" Friedrich to Voltaire, "Potsdam, 24th May" (*Œuvres de Voltaire*, LXXIV. 158, 155).

** "Berlin, 23d August 1750" (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 255); — Voltaire to Niece Denis, "24th August" (misprinted "14th"); to D'Argental, "28th August" (*Œuvres de Voltaire*, LXXIV. 185, 196).

10th July — 21st Sept. 1750.

these first Months: * * “Carrousel, twice over; the like “never seen for splendour, for” (rather copious on this sublimity) — “After which we played *Rome Sauvée*” (my Anti-Crébillon masterpiece), “in a pretty little Theatre, “which I have got constructed in the Princess Amelia’s Antechamber. I, who speak to you, I played *Cicero*.” Yes; and was manager and general stage-king and contriver; being expert at this, if at anything. And these beautiful Theatricals had begun weeks ago, and still lasted many weeks;* — with such divine consultings, directings, even orderings of the brilliant Royalties concerned. — Duvernet (probably on D’Arget’s authority) informs us that “once, in “one of the inter-acts, finding the soldiers allowed him for “Pretorian Guards not to understand their business here,” not here, as they did at Hohenfriedberg and elsewhere, “Voltaire shrilled volcanically out to them (happily unintelligible): ‘F—, Devil take it, I asked for men; and they ““have sent me Germans (*J’ai demande des hommes, et l’on ““m’envoie des Allemands*)!’ At which the Princesses were “good-natured enough to burst into laughter.” ** Voltaire continues: “There is an English Ambassador here, who “knows Cicero’s Orations *In Catilinam* by heart;” an excellent Etonian, surely. “It is not Milord Tyrconnell” (blustering Irish Jacobite, *our* Ambassador, note him, fat Valori having been recalled); no, “it is the Envoy from England,” Excellency Hanbury himself, who knows his Cicero by heart. “He has sent me some fine Verses on *Rome Sauvée*; “he says it is my best work. It is a Piece appropriate for “Ministerial people; Madame la Chancelière,” Cocceji’s better half, “is well pleased with it.” *** “And then” — But enough.

In Princess Amelia’s Antechamber there or in other celestial places, in Palace after Palace, it goes on. Gaiety succeeding gaiety; mere Princesses and Princes doing parts; in *Rome Sauvée*, and in masterpieces of Voltaire’s, *Voltaire* himself acting *Cicero* and elderly characters, *Lusignan* and the like. Excellent in acting, say the witnesses; superlative,

* Rödenbeck, “August — October” 1750.

** Duvernet (Second), p. 162, — time probably 15th October.

*** *Œuvres*, LXXIV. (*Letters*, to the D’Argentals and Denis, “20th August — 23d September 1750”), pp. 187, 219, 241, &c. &c.

for certain, as Preceptor of the art, — though impatient now and then. And wears such Jewel-ornaments (borrowed partly from a Hebrew, of whom anon), such magnificence of tasteful dress; — and walks his minuet among the Morning Stars. Not to mention the Suppers of the King: chosen circle, with the King for centre; a radiant Friedrich flashing out to right and left, till all kindles into coruscation round him; and it is such a blaze of spiritual sheet-lightnings, — wonderful to think of; Voltaire especially electric. Never, or seldom, were seen such suppers; such a life for a Supreme Man of Letters, so fitted with the place due to him. Smelfungus says:

“And so your Supreme of Literature has got into his due place at last, — at the top of the world, namely; though, alas, but for moments or for months. The King’s own Friend; he whom the King delights to honour. The most shining thing in Berlin, at this moment. Virtually a kind of *Papa*, or Intellectual Father of Mankind,” sneers Smelfungus; “Pope improvised for the nonce. The new Fridericus Magnus does as the old Pipinus, old Carolus Magnus did: recognises his Pope, in despite of the base vulgar; elevates him aloft into worship, for the vulgar and for everybody! Carolus Magnus did that thrice-salutary feat” (sublimely human, if you think of it, and for long centuries successful more or less); “Fridericus Magnus, under other omens, unconsciously does the like, — the best he can! Let the Opera Fiddlers, the Frérons, Travenols and Desfontaines-of-Sodom’s Ghost look and consider!” —

Madame Denis, an expensive gay Lady, still only in her thirties, improvable by rouge, carries on great work in the Rue Traversière; private theatricals, suppers, flirtations with Italian travelling Marquises; — finds Intendant Longchamp much in her way, with his rigorous account-books, and restriction to 100 louis per month; wishes even her Uncle were back, and cautions him, Not to believe in Friedrich’s flattering unctions, or put his trust in Princes at all. Voltaire, with the due preliminaries, shows Friedrich her Letter, one of her Letters,* — with result as we saw above.

* Now lost, as most of them are; Voltaire’s Answer to it, already cited, is, “24th August 1750” (misprinted “14th August,” *Œuvres*, LXXIV.

Formey says: "In the Carnival time, which Voltaire usually passed at Berlin, in the Palace, people paid their court to him as to a declared Favourite. Princes, Marshals, Ministers of State, Foreign Ambassadors, Lords of the highest rank, attended his audience; and were received," says Formey, nowhere free from spite on this subject, "in a sufficiently lofty style (*hauteur assez dédaigneuse*).^{*} A great Prince had the complaisance to play chess with him; and to let him win the pistoles that were staked. Sometimes even the pistole disappeared *before* the end of the game," continues Formey, green with spite; — and reports that sad story of the candle-ends; bits of wax-candle, which should have remained as perquisite to the valets, but which were confiscated by Voltaire, and sent across to the wax-chandler's. So, doubtless, the spiteful rumour ran; probably little but spite and fable, Berlin being bitter in its gossip. Stupid Thiébault repeats that of the candle-ends, like a thing he had seen (twelve years *before* his arrival in those parts); and adds that Voltaire "put them in his pocket," — like one both stupid and sordid. Alas, the brighter your shine, the blacker is the shadow you cast.

Friedrich, with the knowledge he already had of his yokefellow, — one of the most skittish, explosive, unruly creatures in harness, — cannot be counted wise to have plunged so heartily into such an adventure with him. "An undoubted Courser of the Sun!" thought Friedrich; — and forgot too much the signs of bad going he had sometimes noticed in him, on the common highways. There is no doubt he was perfectly sincere and simple in all this high treatment of Voltaire. "The foremost literary spirit of the world, a man to be honoured by me, and by all men; the Trismegistus of Human

185; see *Ib.* LXXV. 135); King Friedrich's *practical* Answer (so munificent to Denis and Voltaire), "Your Majesty's gracious Agreement," bore date "August 23d."

^{*} Formey, *Souvenirs*, i. 235, 236.

Intellects, what a conquest to have made; how cheap is a little money, a little patience and guidance, for such solacement and ornament to one's barren Life!" He had rashly hoped that the dreams of his youth could hereby still be a little realised; and something of the old Reinsberg Program become a fruitful and blessed fact. Friedrich is loyally glad over his Voltaire; eager in all ways to content him, make him happy; and keep him here, as the Talking Bird, the Singing Tree, and the Golden Water, of intelligent mankind; the glory of one's own Court, and the envy of the world. "Will teach us the secret of the Muses, too; French Muses, and help us in our bits of Literature!" This latter, too, is a consideration with Friedrich, as why should it not, — though by no means the sole or chief one, as the French give it out to be.

On his side, Voltaire is not disloyal either; but is nothing like so completely loyal. He has, and continued always to have, not unmixed with fear, a real admiration for Friedrich, that terrible practical Doer, with the cutting brilliancies of mind and character, and the irrefragable common sense; nay he has even a kind of love to him, or something like it, — love made up of gratitude for past favours, and lively anticipation of future. Voltaire is, by nature, an attached or attachable creature; flinging out fond boughs to every kind of excellence, and especially holding firm by old ties he had made. One fancies in him a mixed set of emotions, direct and reflex, — the consciousness of safe shelter, were there nothing more; of glory to oneself, derived and still derivable from this high man: — in fine, a sum-total of actual desire to live with King Friedrich, which might, surely, have almost sufficed

even for Voltaire, in a quieter element. But the element was not quiet, — far from it; nor was Voltaire easily sufficeable!

Perpetual President Maupertuis has a Visit from one König, out of Holland, concerning the Infinitely Little.

Whether Maupertuis, in red wig with yellow bottom, saw these high gauderies of the Carrousel, the Plays in Princess Amelia's Antechamber, and the rest of it, I do not know: but if so, he was not in the top place; nor did anybody take notice of him, as everybody did of Voltaire. Meanwhile, I have something to quote, as abridged and distilled from various sources, chiefly from Formey; which will be of much concernment farther on.

Some four weeks after those Carrousel effulgencies, Perpetual President Maupertuis had a visit (September 21st, just while the Sun was crossing the Line; thanks to Formey for the date, who keeps a Notebook, useful in these intricacies): visit from Professor König, an effective mathematical man from the Dutch parts. Whom readers have forgotten again; though they saw him once: in violent quarrel, about the Infinitely Little, with Madame Du Châtelet, Voltaire witnessing with pain; — it was just as they quitted Cirey together, ten years ago, for these new courses of adventure. Do readers recal the circumstance? Maupertuis, referee in that quarrel, had, with a bluntness offensive to the female mind, declared König indisputably in the right; and there had followed a dryness between the divine Emilie and the Flattener of the Earth, scarcely to be healed by Voltaire's best efforts.

König has gone his road since then; become a fine solid fellow; Professor in a Dutch University; more latterly Librarian to the Dutch Stadtholder: still frank of speech, and

with a rugged free-and-easy turn, but of manful manners; really a person of various culture, and as is still noticeable, of a solid geometric turn of mind. Having now, as Librarian at the Hague, more leisure and more money, he has made a run to Berlin, — chiefly or entirely to see his Maupertuis again, whom he still remembers gratefully as his first Patron in older times, and a man of sound parts, though rather blustering now and then. A little bit of scientific business also he has with him. König is Member of the Berlin Academy, for some years back; and there is a thing he would speak with the Perpetual President upon. "Wants nothing else in Berlin," says Formey: "hearing by the road that Maupertuis was not there, he had actually turned homewards again; but got truer tidings, and came on." The more was the pity as perhaps will appear! "He arrived, September 20th" (if you will be particular on cheese-parings); "called on me that day, being lodged in my neighbourhood; and next day, found Maupertuis at home;" * — and flew into his arms again, like a good boy long absent.

Maupertuis, not many months ago, had, in Two successive Papers, I think Two, communicated to the Academy a Discovery of Metaphysico-Mathematical, or altogether Metaphysical nature, on the Laws of Motion; — Discovery which he has, since that, brought to complete perfection, and sent forth to the Universe at large, in his sublime little Book of *Cosmology*; ** — grateful Academy striving to admire, and believe, with its Perpetual President, that the Discovery was sublime to a degree; second only to the flattening of the Earth; and would probably stand thenceforth as a milestone in the progress of Human Thought. "Which Discovery, then?" Be not too curious, reader; take only of it what shall concern you!

It is well known there have been, to the metaphysical head, difficulties almost insuperable as to How, in the System of Nature, Motion is? How, in the name of wonder, it can

* Formey, i. 176-179.

** In La Beaumelle *Vie de Maupertuis* (Paris, 1856), pp. 105-130, confused account of this "Discovery," and of the gradual Publication of it to mankind, — very gradual; first of all in the old Paris times; in the Berlin Academy latterly; and in fine, to all the world, in this *Essai de Cosmologie* (Berlin, Summer of 1750).

be; and even, Whether it is at all? Difficulties to the metaphysical head, sticking its nose into the gutter there; — not difficult to my readers and me, who can at all times walk across the room, and triumphantly get over them. But stick your nose into any gutter, entity, or object, this of Motion or another, with obstinacy, — you will easily drown, if that be your determination! — Suffice it for us to know in this matter, that Maupertuis, intensely watching Nature, has discovered, That the key of her enigma (or at least the ultimate central door, which hides all her Motional enigmas, the key to which cannot even be imagined as discoverable!) is, that “Nature is “superlatively *thrifty* in this affair of Motion;” that she employs, for every Motion done or doable, “a *Minimum of Action*,” and that, if you well understand this, you will, at least, announce all her procedures in one proposition, and have found the door which leads to everything. Which will be a comfort to you; still looking vainly for the key, if there is still no key conceivable.

Perpetual President Maupertuis, having surprised Nature in this manner, read Papers upon it to an Academy listening with upturned eyes; new Papers, perfected out of old, — for he has long been hatching these Phoenix-eggs; and has sent them out complete, quite lately, in a little Book called *Cosmologie*, where alone I have had the questionable benefit of reading them. Grandly brief, as if coming from Delphi, the utterance is; loftily solemn, elaborately modest, abstruse to the now human mind; but intelligible, had it only been worth understanding: — a painful little Book, that *Cosmologie*, as the Perpetual President’s generally are. “Minimum of Action, *Loi d’Epargne*, Law of Thrift,” he calls this sublime Discovery; — thinks it will be sovereign in Natural Theology as well: “For how could Nature be a Save-all, without Designer “present?” — and speaks, of course, among other technical points, about “*Vis Viva*, or Velocity multiplied by the Square “of the Time:” which two points, “*Loi d’Epargne*”, and that “the *Vis Viva* is always a Minimum,” the reader can take along with him; I will permit him to shake the others into Limbo again, as forgettable by human nature at this epoch and henceforth.

In La Beaumelle’s *Vie de Maupertuis* (printed at last, Paris, 1856, after lying nearly a century in manuscript, an obtuse

worthless leaden little Book), there is much loud droning and detailing, about this *Cosmologie*, this sublime 'Discovery,' and the other sublime Discoveries, Insights and Apocalyptic Utterances of Maupertuis; though in so confused a fashion, it is seldom you can have the poor pleasure of learning exactly when, or except by your own severe scrutiny, exactly what. For reasons that will appear, certain of those Apocalyptic Utterances by Perpetual President Maupertuis have since got a new interest, and one has actually a kind of wish to read the *ipsissima verba* of them, at this date! But in La Beaumelle (his modern Editor lying fast asleep throughout) there is no vestige of help. Nay Maupertuis's own Book,* luxurious cream-paper Quartos, or Octavos made four-square by margin, — which you buy for these and the cognate objects, — proves altogether worthless to you. The Maupertuis Quartos are not readable for their own sake (solemnly emphatic statement of what you already know; concentrated struggle to get on wing, and failure by so narrow a miss; struggle which gets only on tiptoe, and won't cease wriggling and flapping); and then (to your horror) they prove to be carefully *cleaned* of all the Maupertuis-Voltaire matter; — edition being *subsequent* to that world-famous explosion! *Caveat emptor*. — Our Excerpt proceeds:

“Industrious König, like other mathematical people, has
 “been listening to these Oracles on the ‘Law of Minimum,’ by
 “the Perpetual President; and grieves to find, after study,
 “That said Law does not quite hold; that in fact it is, like
 “Descartes's old key or general door, worth little or nothing;
 “as Leibnitz long ago seems to have transiently recognised.
 “König has put his strictures on paper: but will not dream of
 “publishing, till the Perpetual President have examined
 “them and satisfied himself; — and that is König's business
 “at present, as he knocks on Maupertuis, while Sol is crossing
 “the Line. Maupertuis has a House of the due style; Wife a
 “daughter of Minister Borck's, (high Borcks, ‘old as the
 “‘*Diuvel*’); no children; — his back courts always a good
 “deal dirty with pelicans, bustards, perhaps snakes and
 “other zoological wretches, which sometimes intrude into
 “the drawing-rooms, otherwise very fine. A man of some
 “whims, some habits; arbitrary by nature, but really honest

* *Œuvres de Maupertuis*, Lyon, 1756, 4 voll. 4to.

“though rather sublimish in his interior, with red wig and
“yellow bottom.

“König, all filial gladness, is received gladly; — though,
“by degrees, with some surprise, on the paternal part, to
“find König ripened out of son, client and pupil, into inde-
“pendent posture of a grown man. Frankly certain enough
“about himself, and about the axioms of mathematics.
“Standing, evidently, on his own legs; kindly as ever, but
“on these new terms, — in fact rather an outspoken free-and-
“easy fellow (I should guess), not thinking that offence can
“be taken among friends. Formey confesses, this was un-
“comfortable to Maupertuis; in fact a shock which he could
“not recover from. They had various meetings, over dinner
“and otherwise, at the Perpetual President’s, for perhaps
“two weeks at this time (dates all to be had in Formey’s Note-
“book, if anybody would consult); in the whole course of
“which the shock to the Perpetual President increased, in-
“stead of diminishing. Republican freedom and equality is
“evidently König’s method; König heeds not a whit the ora-
“cular talent or majestic position of Maupertuis; argues with
“the frankest logic, when he feels dissent; — drives a majes-
“tic Perpetual President, especially in the presence of third
“parties, much out of patience. Thus, one evening, re-
“plying to some argument of the Perpetual President’s, he
“begins: ‘My poor friend, *Mon pauvre ami*, don’t you per-
“ceive then’ — Upon which Maupertuis sprang from his
“chair, violently stamping, and pirouetted round the room,
“‘Poor friend, poor friend? are you so rich, then!’ frank
“König merely grinning till the paroxysm passed.* König
“went home again, *re infectâ*, about the end of the month.”

Such a König — had better not have come! As
to his strictures on the *Law of Thrift*, the arguings on
them, alone together, or with friends by, merely set
Maupertuis pirouetting: and as to the König Manuscripts
on them, “to be published in the Leipzig *Acta*, after
your remarks and permission,” Maupertuis absolutely
refused to look at said Manuscripts: “Publish them

* Formey, i. 177.

there, here, everywhere, in the Devil and his Grand-mother's name; and then there is an end, Monsieur!" König went his ways, therefore, finding nothing else for it; published his strictures, in the *Leipzig Acta* in March next, — and never saw Maupertuis again, for one result, out of several that followed! I have no doubt he was out to Voltaire, more than once, in this fortnight; and eat "the King's roast" pleasantly with that eminent old friend. Voltaire always thought him a *bon garçon* (justly, by all the evidence I have); and finds his talk agreeable, and his Berlin news, — especially that of Maupertuis and his explosive pirouettings. Adieu, Herr Professor; you know not, with your *Leipzig Acta* and Fragment of Leibnitz, what an explosion you are preparing!

CHAPTER VII.

M. DE VOLTAIRE HAS A PAINFUL JEW-LAWSUIT.

VOLTAIRE'S Terrestrial Paradise at Berlin did not long continue perfect. Scarcely had that grand Carrousel vanished in the azure firmaments, when little clouds began rising in its stead; and before long, black thunderstorms of a very strange, and even dangerous character.

It must have been a painful surprise to Friedrich, to hear from his Voltaire, some few weeks after those munificences, That he, Voltaire, was in very considerable distress of mind, from the bad, not to call it the felonious and traitorous, conduct of M. D'Arnaud, — once Friedrich's shoeing-horn and "rising-sun" for Voltaire's behoof; now a vague flaunting creature, without significance to Friedrich or anybody! That D'Arnaud had done this, and done that, of an Anti-Voltairian, treasonous nature; — and that, in short, life was impossible in the neighbourhood of such a D'Arnaud! "D'Arnaud has corrupted my Clerk (Prince Henri hungering in vain for *La Pucelle*, has got sight of it, in this way);* D'Arnaud has been gossiping to Fréron and the Paris Newspapers; D'Arnaud has" **

* Clerk was dismissed accordingly (one Tinois, an ingenious creature), — and Collini appointed in his stead.

** Voltaire to Friedrich (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 257), undated, "November 1750."

— Has, in effect, been a flaunting young fool; of dissolute, esurient, slightly profligate turn; occasionally helping in the Theatricals, and much studious to make himself notable, and useful to the Princely kind. A D'Arnaud of nearly no significance, to Friedrich or to anybody. A D'Arnaud whose bits of fooleries and struttings about, in the peacock or jackdaw way, might surely have been below the notice of a Trismegistus!

Friedrich, painfully made sensible what a skinless explosive Trismegistus he has got on hand, answers, I suppose, in words little or nothing, — in Letters, I observe, answers absolutely nothing, to Voltaire repeating and re-repeating; — does simply dismiss D'Arnaud (a "*bon diable*," as Voltaire, to impartial people, calls him), or accept D'Arnaud's demission, and cut the poor fool adrift. Who sallies out into infinite space, to Paris latterly ('alive there in 1805'); and claims henceforth perpetual oblivion from us and mankind. And now there will be peace in our garden of the gods, and perpetual azure will return?

Alas, D'Arnaud is not well gone, when there has begun brewing in threefold secrecy a mass of galvanic matter, which, in few weeks more, filled the Heavens with miraculous foul gases and the blackness of darkness; — which, in short, exploded about New-year's time, as the world-famous *Voltaire-Hirsch Lawsuit*, still remembered, though only as a portent and mystery, by observant onlookers. Of which it is now our sad duty to say something; though nowhere, in the Annals of Jurisprudence, is there a more despicable thing, or a deeper involved in lies and deliriums by current re-

porters of it, about which the sane mind can be called upon accidentally to speak a word. Beaten, riddled, shovelled, washed in many waters, by a patient though disgusted Predecessor in this field, there lies by me a copious but wearisome Narrative of this matter; — the more vivid portions of which, if rightly disengaged, and shown in sequence, may satisfy the curious.

Duvernct (who, I can guess, had talked with D'Arget on the subject) has, alone of the French Biographers, some glimmer of knowledge about it; Duvernct admits that it was a thing of Illegal Stock-jobbing; that —

10. "That M. de Voltaire had agreed with a Jew named Hirsch to go to Dresden and, illegally, *purchase* a good lot "of *Steuer-Scheine*" (Saxon Exchequer Bills, which are payable in gold to a *bonâ-fide* Prussian holding them, but are much in discount otherwise, as readers may remember); "and given Hirsch a Draft on Paris, due after some weeks, "for payment of the same; Hirsch leaving him a stock of "jewels in pledge till the *Steuer-Scheine* themselves come to "hand.

20. "That Hirsch, having things of his own in view with "the money, sent no *Steuer-Scheine* from Dresden, nothing "but vague lying talk instead of *Steuer*: so that Voltaire's "suspicions naturally kindling, he stopped payment of the "Paris Draft, and ordered Hirsch to come home at once.

30. "That Hirsch coming, a settlement was tried: 'Give "me back my Draft on Paris, you objectionable blockhead "of a Hirsch; there are your Diamonds, there is something "even for your expenses (some fair moiety, I think); and let "me never see your unpleasant face again!' To which "Hirsch, examining the diamonds, answered" (says Duvernct, not substantially incorrect hitherto, though stepping along in total darkness, and very partial on Voltaire's behalf), — "Hirsch, examining the diamonds, answered, 'But you have "changed some of them! I cannot take these!' — and drove

“Voltaire quite to despair, and into the Law-Courts; which
“imprisoned Hirsch, and made him do justice.”*

In which last clause, still more in the conclusion, that it was “to the triumph of Voltaire,” Duvernet does substantially mistake! And indeed, except as the best Parisian reflex of this matter, his Account is worth nothing: — though it may serve as Introduction to the following irrefragable Documents and more explicit featurings. We learn from him, and it is the one thing we learn of credible, That “Voltaire, when it “came to Law-Procedures, begged Maupertuis to speak “for him to M. Jarriges,” a Prussian Frenchman, “one of “the Judges; and that Maupertuis answered, ‘I cannot “interfere in a bad business (*me mêler d’une mauvaise “affaire*).’” The other French Biographies, definable as “*Ignor-amus* speaking in a loud voice to *Ignor-atis*,” require to be altogether swept aside in this matter. Even “Clog.” jumbling Voltaire’s undated *Letters* into confusion thrice-confounded, and droning out vituperatively in the dark, becomes a *minus* quantity in these Friedrich affairs. In regard to the Hirsch Process, our one irrefragable set of evidences is: The Prussian *Law-Report* by Klein, — especially the Documents produced in Court, and the Sentence given.** Other lights are to be gathered, with severe scrutiny and caution, from the circumambient contemporary rumour, — especially from the *Preface* to a “Comedy” so-called of “*Tantale en Procès* (Tantalus,” Voltaire, “at

* Duvernet (T. J. D. V.), 170-173-175: — vague utterly; dateless (tries one date, and is mistaken even in the Year); wrong in nearly every detail; “the *Staire* or *Steuer* was a Bank,” &c. &c.

** Ernst Ferdinand Klein, *Annalen der Gesetzgebung und Rechtsgelehrsamkeit in den Preussischen Staaten* (Berlin und Stettin, 1790), v. 215-260.

Law"); — which *Preface* is evidently Hirsch's own Story, put into language for him by some humane friend, and addressed to a "clear-seeing Public."* "And in fine," says my Manuscript, "by sweeping out the distinctly false, and well discriminating the indubitable from what is still in part dubitable, sufficient twilight" (abridgable in a high degree, I hope!) "rises over the Affair, to render it visible in all its main features."

The Voltaire-Hirsch Transaction: Part I., Origin of Lawsuit
(10th November — 25th December 1750).

"Saxon *Steuer-Schein*, some readers know, is, in the "rough, equivalent to Exchequer Bill. Payable at the Saxon "Treasury; to Prussians, in gold; to all other men, in paper "only, — which (thanks to Brühl and his unheard-of expendi- "tures and financierings) is now at a discount say of 25, or "even 30 per cent. By Article Eleventh of the Dresden "*Treaty of Peace*, King Friedrich, if our readers have not "forgotten, got stipulated, That all Prussian holders of "these *Scheine* should be paid in gold; interest at the due "days; and at the due days principal itself: — in gold they, "whatever became of others. No farther specifications, as "to proof, method, limits or conditions of any kind, occur in "regard to this Eleventh Article; which is a just one, beyond "doubt, but most carelessly drawn up. Apparently it trusts "altogether to the personal honesty of all Prussian subjects: "‘Prove yourself a Prussian subject, and we pay your "‘*Steuer-Schein* in real money.’ But now if a Saxon or other "Non-Prussian, who can get no payment save in paper, were "to have his Note smuggled or trafficked over into Prussia, "and presented as a Prussian one? In our time, such traffic "would start on the morrow morning; and in a week or two, "all Notes whatsoever would be presented as Prussian,

* *Tantale en Procès* (ascribed to Friedrich himself, by some wonderful persons!) is in *Supplément aux Œuvres Posthumes de Frédéric II* (Cologne, 1789), i. 319 et sqq. Among the weakest of Comedies (might be by D'Arnaud, or some such hand); nothing in it worth reading except the Preface.

“payable in gold! Not so in those days; — though a small
 “contraband of that kind does by degrees threaten to
 “establish itself, and Friedrich had to publish severe re-
 “scripts (one before this Hirsch-Voltaire business,* one
 “still severer after), and menace it down again. The mal-
 “practice seems to have proved menaceable in that manner;
 “nor was any new arrangement made upon it, — no change
 “till the Steuer-Scheine, by their gradual terms, were all
 “paid either in real money or imaginary, and thus, in the
 “course of years, the thing burnt to the socket, and went
 “out.”

Voltaire's rash Adventure, dangerous Navigation and gradual Wreck, in this Forbidden Sea of Steuer-Scheine, — will become conceivable to readers, on study diligent enough of the following Documents and select Details:

Document First (a small Missive, in Voltaire's hand). “*Je prie instamment monsieur hersch de venir demain mardi matin à potsdam pour affaire pressante, et d'aporter (sic) avec luy les diamants qui doivent servir pour la representation de la tragedie qui se jouera à cinq heures de soir chez S.A.R. Monseigneur le Prince henri.*”

“*Ce lundy à midy.*”

“VOLTAIRE.”

Which being interpreted, rightly spelt, and dated (as by chance we can do) with distinctness, will run as follows in English:

“Potsdam, Monday, 9th November 1750.

“I earnestly request Mr. Hirsch to come tomorrow Tuesday morning to Potsdam, on business that is urgent; and to bring with him the Diamonds needed for the Tragedy which is to be represented, at five in the evening, in His Royal Highness Prince Henry's Apartment.”**

“On Tuesday the 10th,” say the Old Newspapers, “was *Rome Sauvée*,” — with Voltaire, perceptible there as *Cicéron* *** in due splendour of diamonds; Hirsch having

* 10th August 1748 (Seyfarth, i. 62).

** Klein, v. 260.

*** Rödenbeck, i. 209.

no doubt been punctual. A glorious enough Cicero; — and such a piece of “urgent business” done with your Hirsch, just before emerging on the stage!

“Hirsch, in that *Narrative*, describes himself as a young “innocent creature. Not very old, we will believe: but as “to innocence! — For certain, he is named Abraham Hirsch, “or Hirschel: a Berlin Jew of the Period; whom one inclines “to figure as a florid oily man, of Semitic features, in the “prime of life; who deals much in jewels, moneys, loans, “exchanges, all kinds of Jew barter; whether absolutely in “old clothes, we do not know, — certainly not unless there is “a penny to be turned. The man is of oily Semitic type, not “old in years, — there is a fraternal Hirsch, and also a “paternal, who is head of the firm; — and this young one “seems to be already old in Jew art. Speaks French and “other dialects, in a Hebrew, partially intelligible manner; “supplies Voltaire with diamonds for his stage-dresses, as “we perceive. To all appearance, nearly destitute of human “intellect, but with abundance of vulpine instead. Very “cunning; stupid, seemingly, as a mule otherwise; — and, “on the whole, resembling in various points of character a “mule put into breeches, and made acquainted with the uses “of money. He is come ‘on pressing business,’ — perhaps “not of stage-diamonds alone? Here now is *Document* “*Second*; nearly of the same date; may be of the very same; “— more likely is a few days later, and betokens mysterious “dialogue and consultation held on Tuesday 10th. It is in “two hands; written on some scrap, or *torn* bit of paper, to “judge by the length of the lines.

Document Second.

In Voltaire's hand, this part:

‘*Savoir*
‘*s’il est encore tems de*
‘*declarer les billets qu’on*
‘*a sur la steure.*
‘*si on en specifie le numero*
‘*dans la declaration.*’

‘If it is still time to declare’
(to announce in Saxony and
demand payment for) ‘Notes
‘one holds on the Steuer? If
‘one is to specify the No. in
‘the Declaration?’

In Hirsch's hand, this part:

'*l'on peut declarer des billets*
'*sur la steure, qu'on a en depost*
'*en pays etranger, et dont on*
'*ne pourra savoir le numero que*
'*dans quinze jours ou trois*
'*Semaines.*'*

'One can declare Notes on
'the Steuer, which one holds
'in deposit in Foreign Coun-
'tries; and of which one can-
'not state the No. till after a
'fortnight or three weeks.'

"Which of these Two was the Serpent, which the Eve, in
"this *Steuer-Schein* Tree of Knowledge, that grew in the
"middle of Paradise, remains entirely uncertain. Hirsch, of
"course, says it was Voltaire; Voltaire (not aware that
"Document Second remained in existence) had denied that his
"Hirsch business was in any way concerned with *Steuer*; —
"and must have been a good deal struck, when Document
"Second came to light; though what could he do but still
"deny! Hirsch asserts himself to have objected the 'ille-
"gality, the King's anger;' but that Voltaire answered in
"hints about his favour with the King; 'about his power to
"make one a Court-Jeweller,' if he liked; and so at last
"tempted the baby innocence of Hirsch; — for the rest,
"admits that the *Steuer*-Notes were expected to yield a Profit
"of 35 per cent: — and, in fact, a dramatic reader can
"imagine to himself dialogue enough, at different times,
"going on, partly by words, partly by hint, innuendo, and
"dumb-show, between this Pair of Stage-Beauties. But for
"near a fortnight after Document First, there is nothing
"dated, or that can be clearly believed, — till

"Monday, 23d November 1750. It is credibly certain the
"Jew Hirsch came again, this day, to the Royal Schloss of
"Potsdam, to Voltaire's apartment there" (right overhead of
"King Friedrich's, it is!) — "where, after such dialogue as
"can be guessed at, there was handed to Hirsch by Voltaire,
"in the form of Two negociable Bills, a sum of about 2,250*l.*;
"with which the Jew is to make at once for Dresden, and buy
"Steuer-Scheine.** Steuer-Scheine without fail: 'but in
"talking or corresponding on the matter, we are always to
"call them *Furs* or *Diamonds*,' — mystery of mysteries being

* Klein, 259.

** Hirsch's Narrative, in Preface to *Tantale en Procès*, p. 340.

“the rule for us. This considerable sum of 2,250*l.* may it not
“otherwise, contrives Voltaire, be called a ‘Loan’ to Jeweller
“Hirsch, so obliging a Jeweller, to buy ‘Furs’ or ‘Diamonds’
“with? At a gain of 35 per 100 Pieces, there will be above
“800*l.* to me, after all expenses cleared: a very pretty stroke
“of business doable in few days!” —

“Monday, 23d November:” The beautiful Wilhelmina,
one remarks, is just making her packages; right sad to end
such a Visit as this had been! Thursday night, from her
first sleeping-place, there is a touching Farewell to her
Brother; — tender, melodiously sorrowful, as the Song of the
Swan.* To Voltaire she was always good; always liked
Voltaire. Voltaire would be saying his Adieus, in state,
among the others, to that high Being, — just in the hours
while such a scandalous Hirsch-Concoction went on under-
ground!

“As to the Two Bills, and Voltaire’s security for them,
“readers are to note as follows. Bill *First* is a Draft on Vol-
“taire’s Paris Banker for 40,000 livres (about 1,600*l.*), not
“payable for some weeks: ‘This I lend you, Monsieur Hirsch;
“mind, *lend* you, — to buy Furs!’ ‘Yes, truly, what we
“call Furs; — and before the Bill falls payable, there will
“be effects for it in Monseigneur de Voltaire’s hand; which
“is security enough for Monseigneur.’ The *Second* Bill,
“again” — Truth is, there were in succession two Second
Bills, an *Intended-Second* (of this same Monday 23 d), which
did not quite suit, and an *Actual-Second* (two days later),
which did. *Intended-Second* Bill was one for 4,000 thalers
(about 600*l.*), drawn by Voltaire on the Sieur Ephraim, — a
very famous Jew of Berlin now and henceforth, with whom
as moneychanger, if not yet otherwise (which perhaps
Ephraim thinks unlucky), Voltaire, it would seem, is in
frequent communication. This Bill, Ephraim would not
accept; told Hirsch he owed M. de Voltaire nothing; “turned
me rudely away,” says Hirsch (two of a trade, and no friends,
he and I!) — so that there is nothing to be said of this
Ephraim Bill; and, except as it elucidates some dark portions
of the whirlpools, need not have been noticed at all.
“Hirsch,” continues my Authority, “got only Two available

* Wilhelmina to Friedrich, “Brietzen, 26th November, *jour funeste pour moi*” (*Euvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. i. 197).

“Bills; the first on Paris for 1,600*l.*, payable in some weeks;
 “and, after a day or two, this other: *The Actual Bill Second*;
 “which is a Draft for 4,430 thalers (about 650*l.*), by old
 “Father Hirsch, head of the Firm, on Voltaire himself: —
 “‘Furs too with that, Monsieur Hirsch, at the rate of 35 per
 “‘piece, you understand?’ ‘Yea, truly, Monseigneur!’ —
 “Draft accepted by Voltaire, and the cash for it now handed
 “to Hirsch Son; the only absolutely ready money he has yet
 “got, towards the affair.

“For these Two Bills, especially for this Second, I
 “perceive, Voltaire holds borrowed jewels (borrowed in
 “theatrical times, or partly bought, from the Hirsch Firm,
 “and not paid for), which make him sure till he see the *Steuer*
 “Papers themselves. — ‘And now off, my good Sieur Hirsch;
 “‘and know that if you please *me*, there are — things in my
 “‘power which would suit a man in the Jeweller and Hebrew
 “‘line!’ Hirsch pushes home to Berlin; primed and loaded in
 “this manner; Voltaire naturally anxious enough that the
 “shot may hit. Alas, the shot will not even go off, for some
 “time: an ill omen!

“*Sunday, 29th November*, Hirsch, we hear, is still in Berlin.
 “Fancy the humour of Voltaire, after such a week as last!
 “*Tuesday, December 1st*, Hirsch still is not off: ‘Go, you son
 “‘of Amalek!’ urges Voltaire; and sends his Servant Picard,
 “a very sharp fellow, for perhaps the third time, — who has
 “orders now, as Hirsch discovers, to stay with him, not quit
 “sight of him till he do go. * Hirsch’s hour of departure for
 “Dresden is not mentioned in the *Acts*; but I guess he could
 “hardly get over Wednesday, with Picard dogging him on
 “these terms; and must have taken the diligence on Wednes-
 “day night: to arrive in Dresden about December 4th. ‘Well;
 “‘at least, our shot is off; has not burst out, and lodged in our
 “‘person here, — thanked be all the gods!’

“Off, sure enough: — and what should we say if the whole
 “matter were already oozing out; if, on this same Sunday
 “evening, November 29th, not quite a week’s time yet, the
 “matter (as we learn long afterwards) had been privately
 “whispered to his Majesty: ‘That Voltaire has sent off a Jew
 “‘to buy *Steuer-Scheine*, and has promised to get him made

* Hirsch’s Narrative; see Voltaire’s Letter to D’Arget (*Œuvres*, LXIV. 11).

“‘Court Jeweller!’ * So; within a week, and before Hirsch
“is even gone! For men are very porous; weighty secrets
“oozing out of them, like quicksilver through clay jars. I
“could guess, Hirsch, by way of galling insolent Ephraim,
“had blabbed something: and in the course of five days, it
“has got to the very King, — this Kammerherr Voltaire being
“such a favourite and famous man as never was; the very
“bull’s-eye of all kinds of Berlin gossip in these days. ‘Hm,
“‘Steuer-Scheine, and the Jew Hirsch to be Court Jeweller,
“‘you say?’ thinks the King, that Sunday night; but locks
“the rumour in his Royal mind, he, for his part; or dismisses
“it as incredible: ‘There ought to be impervious vessels
“‘too, among the porous!’ Voltaire notices nothing par-
“ticular, or nothing that he speaks of as particular. This
“must have been a horrid week to him, till Hirsch got away.”
Hirsch is away (December 2d); in Dresden, safe enough;
but —

“But the fortnight that follows is conceivable as still
“worse. Hirsch writing darkly, nothing to the purpose; Vol-
“taire driving often into Berlin, hearing from Ephraim hints
“about, ‘No connexion with that House;’ ‘If Monseigneur
“‘have intrusted Hirsch with money, — may there be a
“‘good account of it!’ and the like. Black Care devouring
“Monseigneur; but nothing definite; except the fact too
“evident That Hirsch does not send or bring the smallest
“shadow of Steuer-Scheine, — ‘Peltries,’ or ‘Diamonds,’ we
“mean, — or any value whatever for that Paris Bill of ours,
“payable shortly, and which he has already got cashed in
“Dresden. Nothing but excuses, prevarications; stupid, in-
“coherently deceptive jargon, as of a mule intent on playing
“fox with you. Vivid Correspondence is conceivable; but
“nothing of it definite to us, except this sample” (which we
give translated):

Document Third (torn fraction in Voltaire’s hand: To
Hirsch, doubtless; early in December). * * “Not proper (*il*
“*ne fallait pas*) to negotiate Bills of Exchange, and never
“produce a single diamond” — bit of peltry, or ware of any
kind, you son of Amalek! “Not proper to say: I have got
“money for your bills of exchange, and I bring you nothing

* Voltaire, *Œuvres*, LXXIV. 314 (“Letter to Friedrich, February 1751,” —
after Catastrophe).

“back; and I will repay your money when you shall no longer
“be here” (in Germany at all). “Not proper to promise at
“35 louis, and then say 30. To say 20, and then next morn-
“ing 25. You should at least have produced goods (*il fallait*
“*en donner*) at the price current; very easy to do when one
“was on the spot. All your procedures have been faults
“hitherto.” *

“These are dreadful symptoms. Steuer-Notes, promised
“at 35 discount, are not to be had except at 30. Say 30 then,
“and get done with it, mule of a scoundrel! Next day the 30
“sinks to 25; and not a Steuer-Note, on any terms, comes to
“hand. And the mule of a scoundrel has drawn money, in
“Dresden yonder, for my Bill on Paris, — excellent to him for
“trade of his own! What is to be done with such an Ass of
“Balaam? He has got the bit in his teeth, it would seem.
“Heavens, he too is capable of stopping short, careless of
“spur and cudgel; and miraculously speaking to a *new*
“Prophet” (strange new “Revealer of the Lord’s Will,” in
modern dialect), “in this enlightened Eighteenth Century
“itself! — One thing the new Prophet can do: protest his
“Paris Bill.

“*December 12th*” (our next bit of certainty), “Voltaire
“writes, haste, haste, to Paris, ‘Don’t pay;’ and intimates to
“Hirsch, ‘You will have to return your Dresden Banker his
“money for that Paris Bill. At Paris I have protested it,
“mark me; and there it never will be paid to him or you.
“And you must come home again instantly, job undone, lies
“not untold, you — !’ Hirsch, with money on hand, appears
“not to have wanted for a briskish trade of his own in the
“Dresden marts. But this of cutting off his supplies brings
“him instantly back:” — and at Berlin, *December 16th*, new
facts emerge again of a definite nature.

“*Wednesday, 16th December 1750.* ‘Today the King with
“Court and Voltaire come to Berlin for the Carnival;’ ** to-
“day also Voltaire, not in Carnival humour, has appointed
“his Jew to meet him. In the Royal Palace itself, — we hope,
“well remote from Friedrich’s Apartment! — this sordid
“conference, needing one’s choicest diplomacy withal, and
“such exquisite handling of bit and spur, goes on. And pro-

* Klein, v. 259.

** Rödenbeck, i. 209.

“bably at great length. Of which, as the *finale*, and one clear
“feature significant to the fancy, here is, — for record of what
“they call ‘*Complete Settlement*,’ which it was far from turning
“out to be:

“*Document Fourth* (in Hirsch’s hand, First Piece of it).

“*Pour quittance generale*
“*promettant de rendre à Mr. de*
“*Voltaire tous billets, ordres et*
“*lettres de change à moy donnez*
“*jusqu’à ce jour, 16 Decembre*
“*1750*”

“Account all settled; I pro-
“mising to return M. de Vol-
“taire all Letters, Orders, and
“Bills of Exchange given me
“up to this day, 16th Decem-
“ber 1750.”

“(Hirsch signs. But you have forgotten something, Monsieur
“Hirsch! Whereupon)

“*et promets de donner à Mr. de*
“*Voltaire dans le jour de de-*
“*main ou après demain au plus-*
“*tard deux cent quatre-vingt*
“*frédéric d’or au lieu de deux*
“*cent quatre-vingt louis d’or,*
“*que je lui ai payez, le tout*
“*pour quittance generale, ce 16*
“*Decembre 1750, à berlin*”

“And promise to give M. de
“Voltaire, in the course of to-
“morrow, or the day after to-
“morrow at latest, 280 *frédé-*
“*rics d’or*, instead of 280 *louis*
“*d’or*” (gold *frédéric*s the
preferable coin, say experts)
“which I have now paid
“him; whereby All will be
“settled.”

“(Hirsch again signs; but has again forgotten something,
“most important thing. And)

“*je lui remettrai surtout les*
“*40,000 livres de billets de*
“*change sur paris qu’il m’avoit*
“*donnez et fiez*”

“I will especially return him
“the Bill on Paris for 40,000
“livres (1,600*l.*), which he had
“given and trusted to me,” —
but has since protested, as is
too evident.

“(and Hirsch signs for the last time.”* — Symptomatic,
surely, of a haggly settlement, these *three* shots instead of
one! — “Voltaire’s return is:

“*Pour quittance generale de*
“*tout compte soldé entre nous,*
“*tout payé au sieur abraham*
“*hersch à berlin, 16 Decembre*
“*1750. — Voltaire*”

“Account all settled be-
“tween us, payment of the
“Sieur Abraham Hirsch in
“full: Berlin, 16th December
“1750 ”

* Klein, pp. 258, 260.

“(which Second Piece, we perceive, is to lie in Hirsch’s hand, to keep, if he find it valuable).

“This ‘*Complete Settlement*,’ — little less than miraculous to Voltaire and us, — one finds, after sifting, to have been the fruit of Voltaire’s exquisite skill in treating and tuning his Hirsch (no harshness of rebuke, rather some gleam of hope, of future bargains, help at Court): ‘Your expenses; compensation for protesting of that Bill on Paris? Tush, cannot we make all that good! In the first place, I will buy of you these Jewels’ (this one discovers to have been the essence of the operation!), ‘all or the best part of them, which I have here in pawn for Papa’s Bill: 650*l.* was it not? Well, suppose I on the instant take 450*l.* worth, or so, of these Jewels (I want a great many jewels); and you to pay me down a 200 or so of gold *louis* as balance, — gold *louis*, no, we will say *frédéricks* rather. There now, that is settled. Nothing more between us but settles itself, if we continue friends!’ Upon which Hirsch walked home, thankful for the good job in Jewels; wondering only what the Allowance for Expenses and Compensation will be. And Voltaire steps out, new-burnished, into the Royal Carnival splendours, with a load rolled from his mind.

“This *Complete Settlement*, meanwhile, rests evidently on two legs, both of which are hollow. ‘What will the hand-some Compensation be, I wonder?’ thinks Hirsch; — and is horrorstruck to find shortly, that Voltaire considers 60 thalers (about 9*l.*) will be the fair sum! ‘More than ten times that!’ is Hirsch’s privately fixed idea. On the other hand, Voltaire has been asking himself, ‘My 450*l.* worth of jewels, were they justly valued, though?’ Jew Ephraim (exaggerative and an enemy to this Hirsch House) answers, ‘Justly? I would give from 300*l.* to 250*l.* for them!’ — So that the legs both crumbling to powder, *Complete Settlement* crashes down into chaos: and there ensues” — But we must endeavour to be briefer!

There ensues, for about a week following, such an inextricable scramble between the Sieur Hirsch and M. de Voltaire as, — as no reader, not himself in the Jew-Bill line, or paid for understanding it, could consent to have explained to him. Voltaire, by way of mending the bad jewel-bargain, will buy of Hirsch 200*l.* worth more jewels; gets the new 200*l.* worth in

hand, cannot quite settle what articles will suit; "This, think you? That, think you?" And intricately shuffles them about, to Hirsch and back. Hirsch, singular to notice, holds fast by that Protested Paris Bill; on frivolous pretexts, always forgets to bring that: "May have its uses, that, in a Court of Justice yet!" Meetings there are, almost daily, in the Voltaire Palace-Apartment: *December 19th*, and *December 24th*, there are Two *Documents* (which we must spare the reader, though he will hear of them again, as highly notable, especially of one of them, as notable in the extreme!) — indicating the abstrusest jewel-bargainings, scramblings, re-bargainings.

"My Jewels are truly valued!" asseverates Hirsch always: "Ephraim is my enemy; ask Herr Reklam, chief Jeweller in Berlin, an impartial man!" The meetings are occasionally of stormy character; Voltaire's patience nearly out: "But didn't I return you that Topaz Ring, value 75*l.*? And you have *not* deducted it; you —!" "One day, Picard and he pulled a Ring" (doubtless this Topaz) "off my finger," says the pathetic Hirsch, "and violently shoved me out of the room, slamming their door," — and sent me home, along the corridors, in a very scurvy humour! Thus, under a skin of second settlement, there are two galvanic elements, getting ever more galvanic, which no skin of settlement can prevent exploding before long.

Explosion there accordingly was; most sad and dismal; which rang through all the Court circles of Berlin; and, like a sound of hooting and of weeping mixed, is audible over seas to this day. But let not the reader insist on tracing the course of it henceforth. Klein, though faithful and exact, is not a Pitaval; and we find in him errors of the press. The acutest Actuary might spend weeks over these distracted Money-accounts, and inconsistent Lists of Jewels bought and not bought; and would be unreadable if successful. Let us say, The business catches fire at this point; the Voltaire-Hirsch theatre is as if blown up into mere whirlwinds of igneous ruin and smoky darkness. Henceforth all plunges into Lawsuit, into chaos of conflicting lies, — undecipherable, not worth deciphering. Let us give what few glimpses of the thing are clearly discernible at their successive dates, and leave the rest to picture itself in the reader's fancy.

It appears, that Meeting of *December 24th*, above alluded

to, was followed by another on Christmas Day, which proved the final one. Final total explosion took place at this new meeting; — which, we find farther, was at Chasot's Lodging (the *Chapeau* of Hanbury), who is now in Town, like all the world, for Carnival. Hirsch does not directly venture on naming Chasot: but by implication, by glimmers of evidence elsewhere, one sufficiently discovers that it is he: Lieutenant-Colonel, King's Friend, a man glorious, especially ever since Hohenfriedberg, and that haul of the "sixty-seven standards" all at once. In the way of Arbitration, Voltaire thinks Chasot might do something. In regard to those 450*l.* worth of bought Jewels, there is not such a judge in the world! Hirsch says: "Next morning" (December 25th, morrow after that jumbly Account, with probable slamming of the door, and still worse!), "Voltaire went to a Lieutenant-Colonel in the King's "service; and asked him to send for me."* This is Chasot; who knows these jewels well. Duvernet, — who had talked a good deal with D'Arget, in latter years, and alone of Frenchmen sometimes yields a true particle of feature in things Prussian, — Duvernet tells us, these Jewels were once Chasot's own: given him by a fond Duchess of Mecklenburg, — musical old Duchess, verging towards sixty; *honi soit*, my friend! What Hirsch gave Chasot for these Jewels is not a doubtful quantity; and may throw conviction into Hirsch, hopes Voltaire.

December 25th, 1750. The interview at Chasot's was not lengthy, but it was decisive. Hirsch never brings that Paris Bill; privately fixed, on that point. Hirsch's claims, as we gradually unravel the intricate mule mind of him, rise very high indeed. "And as to the value of those Jewels, and what I allowed *you* for them, Monsieur Chasot; that is no rule: trade-profits, you know" — Nay, the mule intimates, as a last shift, That perhaps they are not the same Jewels; that perhaps M. de Voltaire has changed some of them! Whereupon the matter catches fire, irretrievably explodes. M. de Voltaire's patience flies quite done; and, fire-eyed fury now guiding, he springs upon the throat of Hirsch like a cat-o'-mountain; clutches Hirsch by the windpipe; tumbles him about the room: "Infamous canaille, do you know whom you have got to do with? That it is in my power to stick you into a hole

* Duvernet (Second), p. 172; Hirsch's Narrative (in *Tantale*, p. 344).

underground for the rest of your life? Sirrah, I will ruin and annihilate you!" — and "tossed me about the room with his "fist on my throat," says Hirsch; "offering to have pity "nevertheless, if I would take back the Jewels, and return all "writings."* Eyes glancing like a rattlesnake's, as we perceive; and such a phenomenon as Hirsch had not expected, this Christmas! In short, the matter has here fairly exploded, and is blazing aloft, as a mass of intricate fuliginous ruin, not to be deciphered henceforth. Such a scene for Chasot on the Christmas Day at Berlin! And we have got to

Part II., The Lawsuit itself (30th December 1750—18th and 26th February 1751).

Hirsch slunk hurriedly home, uncertain whether dead or alive. Old Hirsch, hearing of such explosion, considered his house and family ruined; and, being old and feeble, took to bed upon it, threatening to break his heart. Voltaire writes to Niece Denis, on the morrow; not hinting at the Hirsch matter, far from that; but in uncommonly dreary humour: "My splendour here, my glory, never was the like of it; *mais, mais,*" but, and ever again *but*, at each new item, — in fact, the humour of a glorious Phoenix-Peacock suddenly doused and drenched in dirty water, and feeling frost at hand!** Humour intelligible enough, when dates are compared.

Better than that, Voltaire is applying, on all points of the compass, to Legal and Influential Persons, for help in a Court of Law. To Chancellor Cocceji; to Jarriges (eminent Prussian Frenchman), President of Court; to Maupertuis, who knows Jarriges, but "will not meddle in a bad business;" — at last, even to dull reverend Formey, whom he had not called on hitherto. Cocceji seems to have answered, to the effect, "Most certainly: the Courts are wide open;" — but as to "help"! December 30th, the Suit, Voltaire *versus* Hirsch, "comes to Protocol," — that is, Cocceji, Jarriges, Löper, three eminent men, have been named to try it; and Herr Hofrath Bell, Advocate for Voltaire Plaintiff, hands-in his First Statement that day. Berlin resounds, we may fancy how!

* Narrative (in *Tantale*).

** "To Madame Denis" (LXXIV. 279, "Berlin Palace, 26th December 1750;" — and *ib.* 249, 257, &c. of other dates).

Rumour, laughter and wonder are in all polite quarters; and continue, more or less vivid, for above two months coming. Here is one direct glimpse of Plaintiff, in this interim; which we will give, though the eyes are none of the best: "The first visit I," Formey, "had from Voltaire was in the afternoon of "January 8th, 1751" (Suit begun, ten days ago). "I had, at "the time, a large party of friends. Voltaire walked across "the Apartment, without looking at anybody; and, taking me "by the hand, made me lead him to a cabinet adjoining. His "Lawsuit with a Jew was the matter on hand. He talked to "me at large about his Lawsuit, and with the greatest vehemence; he wound up by asking me to speak to Law-President M. de Jarriges (since Chancellor): I answered what was "suitable;" — probably did speak to Jarriges, but might as well have held my tongue. "Voltaire then took his leave: "stepping athwart the former Apartment with some precipitation, he noticed my eldest little girl, then in her fourth year, "who was gazing at the diamonds on his Cross of the Order of "Merit. 'Bagatelles, bagatelles, *mon enfant!*' said he, and "disappeared."*

On New-year's-day, Friday 1st January 1751, Voltaire had legally applied to Herr Minister von Bismark, for Warrant to arrest Hirsch, as a person that will not give up Papers not belonging to him. Warrant was granted, and Hirsch lodged in Limbo. Which worsens the state of poor old Father Hirsch; threatening now really to die, of heartbreak and other causes. Hirsch Son, from the interior of Limbo, appeals to Bismark, "Lord Chancellor Cocceji is seized of my Plea, your gracious Lordship!" — "All the same," answers Bismark; "produce *caution*, or you can't get out." Hirsch produces caution; and gets out, after a day or two; — and has been "brought to Protocol, January 4th." No delay in this Court: both parties, through their Advocates, are now brought to book; the points they agree in will be sifted out, and laid on this side as truth; what they differ in, left lying on that side, as a mixture of lies to be operated on by further processes and protocols.

We will not detail the Lawsuit; — what I chiefly admire in it is its brevity. Cocceji has not reformed in vain. Good Advocates, none other allowed; and no Advocate talks; he

* Formey, i. 232.

merely endeavours to think, see and discover; holds his tongue if he can discover nothing: that doubtless is one source of the brevity! — Many lies are stated by Hirsch, many by Voltaire: but the Judges, without difficulty, shovel these aside; and come step by step upon the truth. Hirsch says plainly, He was sent to buy *Steuer-Scheine* at 35 per cent discount; Voltaire entirely denies the Steuer-Notes; says, It was an affair of Peltries and Jewelries, originating in loans of money to this ungrateful Jew. Which necessitates much wriggling on the part of M. de Voltaire; — but he has himself written in a Lawyer's Office, in his young days, and knows how to twist a turn of expression. The Judges are not there to judge about Steuer-Notes; but they give you to understand that Voltaire's Peltry-and-Jewelry story is moonshine. Hirsch produces the Voltaire Scraps of Writing, already known to our readers; Voltaire says, "Mere extinct jottings; which Hirsch has furtively picked out of the grate," — or may be said to have picked; Papers annihilated by our Bargain of December 16th, and which should have been in the grate, if they were not; this felon never having kept his word in that respect. Peltries and Jewelries, I say: he will not give me back that Paris Bill which was protested; pays me the other 3,000 crowns (Draft of 650*l.*) in Jewels overvalued by half. — "Jewels furtively changed since Plaintiff had them of me!" answers Hirsch; — and the steady Judges keep their sieves going.

The only Documents produced by Voltaire are Two; of *19th December*, and of *24th December*; — which the reader has not yet seen, but ought now to gain some notion of, if possible. They affect once more, as that of December 16th had done, to be "Final Settlements" (or Final Settlement of 19th, with *Codicil* of 24th); and turn on confused Lists of Jewels, bought, returned, re-bought (that "Topaz-ring" torn from one's hand, a conspicuous item), which no reader would have patience to understand, except in the succinct form. Let all readers note them, however, — at least the first of them, that of December 19th; especially the words we mark in Italics, which have merited a sad place for *it* in the history of human sin and misery. Klein has given both Documents in engraved facsimile; we must help ourselves by simpler methods. Berlin, December 18th, 1750; Voltaire writes, Hirsch signs; — and the Italics are believed to be words foisted in by M. de

Voltaire, weeks after, while the Hirsch pleadings were getting stringent! Read, — a very sad memorial of M. de Voltaire, —

Document Fifth (in Voltaire's hand, written at *two* times; and the old writing *mended* in parts, to suit the new!). — “For payment of 3,000 thalers by me due, I have sold to M. de Voltaire, at the price costing by estimation and tax, with “2 per cent for my commission” (“or gratification,” written above), “the following Diamonds, taxed” (blotted into “taxable”), “as here adjoined; viz.” — seven pieces of jewelry, pendeloques, &c., with price affixed, among which is the violated Topaz, — “the whole estimated by him” (“him” crossed out, and “me” written over it), “being 3,640 thalers. Whereupon, received from Monsieur de Voltaire (what is very strange; not intelligible without study!) “the sum of 2,940 thalers, and he has given me back the Topaz, with 60 crowns “for my trouble. — Berlin, 19th December 1750.” (Hitherto in Voltaire's hand; after which Hirsch writes:) “*Aprouvé, A. Hirschel.*” * And between these two lines (“... 1750” and “*Approved...*”), there is crushed in, as afterthought, “*valued by myself*” (Hirsch's self), “2,940, add 60, is 3,000.” And, in fine, below the Hirsch signature, on what may be called the bottom margin, there is, — I think, avowedly Voltaire's and subsequent, — this: “*N. b. that Hirsch's valuing of all the “jewels” (present lot and former lot), “is, by real estimation, “between twice and thrice too high:” of which, it is hoped, your Lordships will take notice!*”

Was there ever seen such a Paper; one end of it contradicting the other? Payment to M. de Voltaire, and payment by M. de Voltaire; with other blottings and foistings, which print and italics will not represent! Hirsch denies he ever signed this Paper. Is not that your writing, then: “*Aprouvé, A. Hirschel*”? — “No!” and they convict him of falsity in that respect: the signature is his, but the Paper has been altered since he signed it. That is what the poor dark mortal meant to express; and in his mulish way, he has expressed into a falsity what was in itself a truth. There is not, on candid examination of Klein's Facsimiles and the other evidence, the smallest doubt but Voltaire altered, added and intercalated,

* Sic: that is always his signature; “Abraham Hirschel,” so given by Klein, while Klein and everybody call him Hirsch (*Stag*), as we have done, — if only to save a syllable on the bad bargain.

in his own privacy, those words which we have printed in italics; *taxés*, changed into *taxables* ("estimated at" into "estimable at"), *him* for *me*, and so on: and above all, the now first line of the Paper, *For payment of 3,000 thalers by me due*, and in last line, the words *valued by myself*, &c., are palpable interpolations, sheer falsifications, which Hirsch is made to continue signing after his back is turned!

No fact is more certain; and few are sadder in the history of M. de Voltaire. To that length has he been driven by stress of Fortune. Nay, when the Judges, not hiding their surprise at the form of this Document, asked, Will you swear it is all genuine? Voltaire answered, "Yes, certainly!" — for what will a poor man not do, in extreme stress of Fortune? Hirsch, as a Jew, is not permitted to make oath, where a Quasi-Christian will swear to the contrary, or he gladly would; and might justly. The Judges, willing to prevent chance of perjury, did not bring Voltaire to swearing, but contrived a way to justice without that.

February 18th, 1751, The Court arrives at a conclusion. Hirsch's Diamonds, whatever may have been written or forged, are not, nor were, worth more than their value, think the Judges. The Paris Bill is admitted to be Voltaire's, not Hirsch's, continue they; — and if Hirsch can prove that Voltaire has changed the Diamonds, not a likely fact, let him do so. The rest does not concern us. And to that effect, on the above day, runs their Sentence: "You Hirsch, shall restore the Paris Bill; mutual Papers to be all restored, or legally annihilated. Jewels to be valued by sworn Experts, and paid for at that price. Hirsch, if he can prove that the Jewels were changed, has liberty to try it, in a new Action. Hirsch, for falsely denying his Signature, is fined 10 thalers (thirty shillings), such lie being a contempt of court, what-ever more."

"Ha, fined, you Jew Villain!" hysterically shrieks Voltaire: "in the wrong, weren't you, then; and fined thirty shillings?" hysterically trying to believe, and make others believe, that he has come off triumphant. "Beaten my Jew, haven't I?" says he to everybody,

though inwardly well enough aware how it stands, and that he is a Phoenix douched, and has a tremor in the bones! Chancellor Cocceji was far from thinking it triumphant to him. Here is a small Note of Cocceji's, addressed to his two colleagues, Jarriges and Löper, which has been found among the Law Papers:

*“Berlin, 20th February 1751. The Herr President von Jarriges and Privy-Councillor Löper are hereby officially requested to bring the remainder of the Voltaire Sentence to its fulfilment: I am myself not well, and can employ my time much better. The Herr von Voltaire has given in a desperate Memorial (ein desperates Memorial) to this purport: ‘I swear that what is charged to me’ (believed of me) ‘in the Sentence is true; and now request to have the Jewels valued.’ I have returned him this Paper, with notice that it must be signed by an Advocate. — COCCEJI.”**

So wrote Chancellor Cocceji, on the Saturday, washing his hands of this sorry business. Voltaire is ready to make desperate oath, if needful. We said once, M. de Voltaire was not given to lying; far the reverse. But yet, see, if you drive him into a corner with a sword at his throat, — alas, yes, he will lie a little! Forgery lay still less in his habits; but he can do a stroke that way, too (one stroke, unique in his life, I do believe), if a wild boar, with frothy tusks, is upon him. Tell it not in Gath, — except for scientific purposes! And be judicial, arithmetical, in passing sentence on it; not shrieky, mobbish, and flying off into the Infinite!

Berlin, of course, is loud on these matters. “The man whom the King delighted to honour, *this* is he,

* Klein, 256.

then!" King Friedrich has ~~quitted Town~~, some while ago; returned to Potsdam, "January 30th." Glad enough, I suppose, to be out of all this unmusical blowing of catcalls, and indecent exposure. To Voltaire he has taken no notice; silently leaves Voltaire, in his nook of the Berlin Schloss, till the foul business get done. "*Voltaire filoute les Juifs* (picks Jew pockets)," writes he once to Wilhelmina: "will get out of it by some *gambade* (summerset)," writes he another time; "but"* — And takes the matter, with boundless contempt, doubtless with some vexation, but with the minimum of noise, as a Royal gentleman might. Jew Hirsch is busy preparing for his new desperate Action; getting together proof that the Jewels have been changed. In proof, Jew Hirsch will be weak; but in pleading, in public pamphlets, and keeping a winged Apollo fluttering disastrously in such a mud-bath, Jew Hirsch will be strong. Voltaire, "out of magnanimous pity to him," consents next week to an Agreement. Agreement is signed on Thursday, 26th February 1751: — Papers all to be returned, Jewels nearly all, except one or two, paid at Hirsch's own price. Whereby, on the whole, as Klein computes, Voltaire lost about 150*l.*; — elsewhere I have seen it computed at 187*l.*: not the least matter which. Old Hirsch has died in the interim ("Of broken heart!" blubbers the Son); day not known.

And, on these terms, Voltaire gets out of the business; glad to close the intolerable rumour, at some cost of money. For all tongues were wagging; and, in defect of a *Times Newspaper*, it appears, there had Pam-

* "31st December 1750" (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. i. 198); "3d February 1751" (*ib.* 201).

phlets come out; printed Satires, bound or in broadside; — sapid, exhilarative, for a season, and interesting to the idle mind. Of which, *Tantale en Procès* may still, for the sake of that *Preface* to it, be considered to have an obscure existence. And such, reduced to its authenticities, was the Adventure of the Steuer-Notes. A very bad Adventure indeed; unspeakably the worst that Voltaire ever tried, who had such talent in the finance line. On which poor History is really ashamed to have spent so much time; sorting it into clearness, in the disgust and sorrow of her soul. But perhaps it needed to be done. Let us hope, at least, it may not now need to be done again.*

This is the *First Act* of Voltaire's Tragic-Farce at the Court of Berlin: readers may conceive to what a bleared frost-bitten condition it has reduced the first Favonian efflorescence there. He considerably recovered in the *Second Act*, such the indelible charm of the Voltaire genius to Friedrich. But it is well known, the First Act rules all the others; and here, accordingly, the Third Act failed not to prove tragical. Out of First Act into Second the following *Extracts of Correspondence* will guide the reader, without commentary of ours.

Voltaire, left languishing at Berlin, has fallen sick, now that all is over; — no doubt, in part really sick, the unfortunate Phoenix-Peafowl, with such a tremor

* Besides the *Klein*, the *Tantale en Procès*, and the *Voltaire Letters* cited above, there is (in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, LXIV. pp. 61-106, as *Supplément* there written offhand, in the very thick of the Hirsch Affair, a considerable set of *Notes D'Arget*, which might have been still more elucidative; but are, in their present dateless topsy-turvied condition, a very wonder of confusion to the studious reader!

in his bones; — and would fain be near Friedrich and warmth again; fain persuade the outside world that all is sunshine with him. Voltaire's Letters to Friedrich, if he wrote any, in this Jew time, are lost; here are Friedrich's Answers to Two, — one lost, which had been written from Berlin *after* the Jew Affair was out of Court; and to another (not lost) after the Jew affair was done.

1^o. *King Friedrich to Voltaire at Berlin.*

“Potsdam, 24th February 1751.

“I was glad to receive you in my house; I esteemed your
“genius, your talents and acquirements; and I had reason to
“think that a man of your age, wearied with fencing against
“Authors, and exposing himself to the storm, came hither to
“take refuge as in a safe harbour.

“But, on arriving, you exacted of me, in a rather singular
“manner, Not to take Fréron to write me news from Paris;
“and I had the weakness, or the complaisance, to grant you
“this, though it is not for you to decide what persons I shall
“take into my service. D'Arnaud had faults towards you;
“a generous man would have pardoned them; a vindictive
“man hunts down those whom he takes to hating. In a
“word, though to me D'Arnaud had done nothing, it was on
“your account that he had to go. You were with the Russian
“Minister, speaking of things you had no concern with”
(Russian Excellency Gross, off home lately, in sudden dudgeon,
like an angry skyrocket, nobody can guess why!*) — “and
“it was thought I had given you Commission.” “You have
“had the most villanous affair in the world with a Jew. It
“has made a frightful scandal all over Town. And that
“Steuer-Schein business is so well known in Saxony, that
“they have made grievous complaints of it to me.

“For my own share, I have preserved peace in my house
“till your arrival: and I warn you, that if you have the pas-
“sion of intriguing and caballing, you have applied to the

* Adelung, VII. 133 (about 1st December 1750).

“wrong hand. I like peaceable composed people; who do
 “not put into their conduct the violent passions of Tragedy.
 “In case you can resolve to live like a Philosopher, I shall be
 “glad to see you: but if you abandon yourself to all the
 “violences of your passions, and get into quarrels with all the
 “world, you will do me no good by coming hither, and you
 “may as well stay in Berlin.”* — F.

To which Voltaire sighing pathetically in response,
 “Wrong, ah yes, your Majesty; and sick to death”
 (see farther down), — here is Friedrich’s Second in
 Answer:

2^o. *Friedrich to Voltaire again.*

“Potsdam, 28th February 1751.

“If you wish to come hither, you can do so. I hear nothing
 “of Lawsuits, not even of yours. Since you have gained it,
 “I congratulate you; and I am glad that this scurvy affair is
 “done. I hope you will have no more quarrels, neither with
 “the *Old* nor with the *New Testament*. Such worryings (*ces*
 “*sortes de compromis*) leave their mark on a man; and with
 “the talents of the finest genius in France, you will not cover
 “the stains which this conduct would fasten on your reputa-
 “tion in the long-run. A Bookseller Gosse” — (read *Jore*,
 your Majesty? Nobody ever heard of Gosse as an extant
 quantity: *Jore*, of Rouen, you mean, and his celebrated Law-
 suit, about printing the *Henriade*, or I know not what, long
 since** — “a Bookseller *Jore*, an Opera Fiddler” (poor
Travenol, wrong dog pincered by the ear), “and a Jeweller
 “Jew, these are, of a surety, names which in no sort of busi-
 “ness ought to appear by the side of yours. I write this
 “Letter with the rough common-sense of a German, who
 “speaks what he thinks, without employing equivocal terms,

* Preuss, xxii. 262 (*wanting* in the French Editions).

** Unbounded details on the *Jore* Case, and from 1731 to 1738, continual
 Letters on it, in *Œuvres de Voltaire*; — came to a head in 1736 (*ib.* LXIX.
 375); *Jore* penitent, 1738 (*ib.* i. 262), &c. &c.

“and loose assuagements which disfigure the truth: it is for
“you to profit by it. — F.” *

So that Voltaire will have to languish: “Wrong,
yes; — and sick, nigh dead, your Majesty! Ah, could
not one get to some Country Lodge near you, ‘the
Marquisat,’ for instance? Live silent there, and see
your face sometimes?”** Languishing very much; —
gives cosy little dinners, however. Here are two other
Excerpts; and these will suffice:

Voltaire to Formey (“*Berlin Palace*,” datable, first days of
March): “Will you, Monsieur, come and eat the King’s roast
“meat (*rôt du Roi*), to-day, Thursday, at two o’clock, in a
“philosophic, warm, and comfortable manner (*philosophique-
“ment, et chaudement, et doucement*). A couple of philosophers,
“without being courtiers, may dine in the Palace of a Philo-
“sopher-King: I should even take the liberty of sending one
“of his Majesty’s Carriages for you, — at two precise. After
“dinner, you would be at hand for your Academy meet-
“ing.”*** — V. How cosy! — And King Friedrich has re-
lented, too; grants me the *Marquisat*; can refuse me no-
thing!

Voltaire to D’Argental (Potsdam, 15th March 1751). * *
“I could not accompany our Chamberlain” (Von Ammon,
gone as Envoy to Paris, on a small matter†), “through the

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 265.

** In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, (xxii. 259-261, 263-266) are Four lamenting
and repenting, wheedling and ultimately whining, *Letters* from Voltaire,
none of them dated, which have much about “my dreadful state of health,”
my passion “for reposing in that *Marquisat*,” &c.; — to one of which Four,
or perhaps to the whole together, the above No. 2 of Friedrich seems to
have been Answer. Of that indisputable “*Marquisat*” no Nicolai says a
word; even careful Preuss passes “Gosse” and it with shut lips.

*** Formey, i. 234.

† “Commercial Treaty;” which he got done. See Longchamp, if any
one is curious otherwise about this Gentleman: “D’Hamon,” they call

“muds and the snows, — where I should have been buried; “I was ill,” and had to go to the *Marquisat*. “D’Arnaud and “the pack of Scribblers would have been too glad. D’Arnaud, “animated with the true love of glory, and not yet grown “sufficiently illustrious by his own immortal Works, has done “one of that kind,” — by his behaviour here. Has behaved to me — oh, like a miserable, envious, intriguing, lying little scoundrel; and made Berlin too hot for him: seduced Tinois my Clerk, stole bits of the *Pucelle* (brief sight of bits, for Prince Henri’s sake) to ruin me.

“D’Arnaud sent his lies to Fréron for the Paris meridian” (that is his real crime); “delightful news from canaille to “canaille: ‘How Voltaire had lost a great Lawsuit, respect- “able Jew Banker cheated by Voltaire; that Voltaire was “disgraced by the King,’ who of course loves Jews; ‘that “Voltaire was ruined; was ill; nay at last, that Voltaire “was dead.’” To the joy of Fréron, and the scoundrels that are printing one’s *Pucelle*.

“Voltaire is still in life, however, my angels; and the “King has been so good to me in my sickness, I should be the “ungratefulest of men if I didn’t still pass some months with “him. When he left Berlin” (30th January, six weeks ago), “and I was too ill to follow him, I was the sole animal of my “species whom he lodged in his Palace there” (what a beautiful bit of colour to lay on!) — “He left me equipages, cooks “*et cetera*; and his mules and horses carted out my temporary “furniture (*meubles de passade*) to a delicious House of his, “close by Potsdam” (*Marquisat* to wit, where I now stretch myself at ease; Niece Denis coming to live with me there, — talks of coming, if my angels knew it), — “and he has re- “served for me a charming apartment in his Palace of Pots- “dam, where I pass a part of the week.

“And, on close view, I still admire this Unique Genius; “and he deigns to communicate himself to me; — and if “I were not 300 leagues from you, and had a little health,

him, and sometimes ‘Damon,’ — to whom Niece Denis wanted to be Phyllis, according to Longchamp.

“I should be the happiest of men.”† * * Oh my angels —

And, in short, better or worse, my *Second Act* is begun, as you perceive! — And certain readers will be apt to look in again, before all is over.

* *Œuvres de Voltaire*, LXXIV. 320.

CHAPTER VIII.

OST-FRIESLAND AND THE SHIPPING INTERESTS.

Two Foreign Events, following on the heel of the Hirsch Lawsuit, were of interest to our Berlin friends, though not now of much to us or anybody. April 5th, 1751, the old King of Sweden, Landgraf of Hessen Cassel, died; whereby not only our friend Wilhelm, the managing Landgraf, becomes Landgraf indeed (if he should ever turn up on us again), but Princess Ulrique is henceforth Queen of Sweden, her Husband the new King. No doubt a welcome event to Princess Ulrique, the high brave-minded Lady; but which proved intrinsically an empty one, not to say worse than empty, to herself and her friends, in times following. Friedrich's connexion with Sweden, which he had been tightening lately by a Treaty of Alliance, came in the long-run to nothing for him, on the Swedish side; and on the Russian, has already created umbrages, kindled abstruse suspicions, indignations, — Russian Excellency Gross, abruptly, at Berlin, demanding horses not long since, and posting home without other leave-taking, to the surprise of mankind; — Russian Czarina evidently in the sullens against Friedrich, this long while; dull impenetrable clouds of anger lodging yonder, boding him no good. All which the Accession of Queen Ulrique will rather tend to aggravate than otherwise.*

* Adelung, VII. 205 (Accession of Adolf Friedrich); ib. 13 (Gross's sudden Departure).

The Second Foreign Event is English, about a week prior in date, and is of still less moment: March 31st, 1751, Prince Fred, the Royal Heir Apparent, has suddenly died. Had been ill, more or less, for an eight days past; was now thought better, though "still coughing, and bringing up phlegm," — when, on "Wednesday night between nine and ten," in some lengthier fit of that kind, he clapt his hand on his breast; and the terrified valet heard him say, "*Je suis mort!*" — and before his poor Wife could run forward with a light, he lay verily dead.* The Rising Sun in England is vanished, then. Yes; and with him his *Moons*, and considerable moony workings, and slushings hither and thither, which they have occasioned, in the muddy tide-currents of that Constitutional Country. Without interest to us here: or indeed elsewhere, — except perhaps that our dear Wilhelmina would hear of it; and have her sad reflexions and reminiscences awakened by it; sad and many-voiced, perhaps of an almost doleful nature, being on a sick-bed at this time, poor Lady. She quitted Berlin months ago, as we observed, — her farewell Letter to Friedrich, written from the first stage homewards, and melodious as the voice of sorrowful true hearts to us and him, dates "November 24th," just while Voltaire (whom she always likes, and in a beautiful way protects, "*Frère Voltaire*," as she calls him) was despatching Hirsch on that ill-omened Predatory *Steuer*-Mission. Her Brother is in real alarm for Wilhelmina, about this time; sending out Cothenius his chief Doctor, and the like: but our dear Princess reëmerges from her eclipse; and we shall see her again, several times, if we be lucky.

* Walpole, *George the Second*, i. 71.

And so poor Fred is ended; — and sulky people ask, in their cruel way, “Why not?” A poor dissolute, flabby fellow-creature; with a sad destiny, and a sadly conspicuous too. Could write Madrigals; be set to make Opposition cabals. Read this sudden Epitaph in doggerel; an uncommonly successful Piece of its kind; which is now his main monument with posterity. The “Brother” (hero of Culloden), the “Sister” (Amelia, our Friedrich’s first love, now growing gossipy and spiteful, poor Princess), are old friends:

‘Here lies Prince Fred,
‘Who was alive and is dead:
‘Had it been his Father,
‘I had much rather;
‘Had it been his Brother,
‘Sooner than any other;

‘Had it been his Sister,
‘There’s no one would have missed her;
‘Had it been his whole generation,
‘Best of all for the Nation:
‘But since it’s only Fred,
‘There’s no more to be said.’*

Friedrich visits Ost-Friesland.

A thing of more importance to us, two months after that catastrophe in London, is Friedrich’s first Visit to Ost-Friesland. May 31st, having done his Berlin-Potsdam Reviews and other current affairs, Friedrich sets out on this Excursion. With Ost-Friesland for goal, but much business by the way. Towards Magdeburg, and a short visit to the Brunswick Kindred, first of all. There is much reviewing in the Magdeburg quarter, and thereafter in the Wesel; and reviewing and visiting all along: through Minden, Bielefeld, Lingen: not till July 13th, does he cross the Ost-Friesland Border, and enter Embden. His three Brothers, and Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick were

* Walpole, i. 436.

with him.* On catching view of Ost-Friesland Border, see, on the Border-Line, what an Arch got on its feet: Triumphal Arch, of frondent ornaments, inscriptions and insignia; "of quite extraordinary magnificence;" Arch which "sets every one into the agreeablest admiration." Above a hundred such Arches spanned the road at different points; multitudinous enthusiasm reverently escorting, "more than 20,000" by count; till we enter Embden; where all is cannon-salvo, and three-times-three; the thunder-shots continuing, "above 2,000" "of them from the walls, not to speak of response from "the ships in harbour." Embden glad enough, as would appear, and Ost-Friesland glad enough, to see their new King. July 13th, 1751; after waiting above six years.

Next day, his Majesty gave audience to the new "Asiatic Shipping Company" (of which anon), to the Stände, and Magisterial persons; — with many questions, I doubt not, about your new embankments, new improvements, prospects; there being much procedure that way, in all manner of kinds, since the new Dynasty came in, now six years ago. Embankments on your River, wide spaces changed from ooze to meadow; on the Dollart still more, which has lain 500 years hidden from the sun. Does any reader know the Dollart? Ost-Friesland has awakened to wonderful new industries within these six years; urged and guided by the new King, who has great things in view for it, besides what are in actual progress.

That of dikes, sea-embankments, for example; to

* *Helden-Geschichte*, III. 506; Seyfarth, II. 145; Rödenbeck, I. 216 (who gives a foolish German myth, of Voltaire's being passed off for the King's Baboon, &c.; Voltaire not being there at all).

Ost-Friesland, as to Holland, they are the first condition of existence; and, in the past times, of extreme Parliamentary vitality, have been slipping a good deal out of repair. Ems River, in those flat rainy countries, has ploughed out for itself a very wide embouchure, as boundary between Gröningen and Ost-Friesland. Muddy Ems, bickering with the German Ocean, does not forget to act, if Parliamentary Commissioners do. These dikes, 120 miles of dike, mainly along both banks of this muddy Ems River, are now water-tight again, to the comfort of flax and clover: and this is but one item of the diking now on foot. Readers do not know the Dollart, that uppermost round gulf, not far from Embden itself, in the waste embouchure of Ems with its continents of mud and tide. Five hundred years ago, that ugly whirl of muddy surf, 100 square miles in area, was a fruitful field, "50 Villages "upon it, one Town, several Monasteries, and 50,000 "souls:" till on Christmas midnight, A.D. 1277, the winds and the storm-rains having got to their height, Ocean and Ems did, "about midnight," undermine the place, folded it over like a friable bed-quilt, or monstrous doomed griddle-cake, and swallowed it all away. Most of it, they say, that night, the whole of it within ten years coming;* — and there it has hung, like an unlovely *goître* at the throat of Embden, ever since. One little dot of an Island, with six houses on it, near the Embden shore, is all that is left. Where probably his Majesty landed (July 15th, being in a Yacht that day); but did not see, afar off, the "sunk steeple-top," which is fabled to be visible at low-water.

* Büsching, *Erdbeschreibung*, v. 845, 846; Preuss, i. 308, 309.

Upon this Dollart itself there is now to be diking tried; King's Domain-Kammer showing the example. Which Official Body did accordingly (without Blue-Books, but in good working case otherwise) break ground, few months hence; and victoriously achieved a *Polder*, or Diked Territory, "worth about 2,000*l.* annually;" "which, in 1756, was sold to the *Stände*;" at twenty-five years' purchase, let us say, or for 50,000*l.* An example of convincing nature; which many others, and ever others, have followed since; to gradual considerable diminution of the Dollart, and relief of Ost-Friesland on this side. Furtherance of these things is much a concern of Friedrich's. The second day after his arrival, those audiences and ceremonials done, Friedrich and suite got on board a Yacht, and sailed about all over this Dollart, twenty miles out to sea; dined on board; and would have, if the weather was bright (which I hope), a pleasantly edifying day. The harbour is much in need of dredging, the building docks considerably in disrepair; but shall be refitted if this King live and prosper. He has declared Embden a "Free-Haven," inviting trade to it from all peaceable Nations; — and readers do not know (though Sir Jonas Hanway and the jealous mercantile world well did) what magnificent Shipping Companies and Sea-Enterprises, of his devising, are afoot there. Of which, one word, and no second shall follow:

"September 1st, 1750, those Carrousel gaieties scarce done, 'The Asiatic Trading Company' stept formally into existence; Embden the Headquarters of it;* chief Manager "a Ritter De la Touche; one of the Directors our fantastic

* Patent, or *Freyheits-Brief*, in *Heldex-Geschichte*, III. 457, 458.

“Bielfeld, thus turned to practical value. A Company patronised, in all ways, by the King; but, for the rest, founded, not on his money; founded on voluntary shares, which, to the regret of Hanway and others, have had much popularity in commercial circles. Will trade to China. A thing looked at with umbrage by the English, by the Dutch. A shame that English people should encourage such schemes, says Hanway. Which nevertheless many Dutch and many English private persons do, — among the latter, one English Lady (name unknown, but I always suspect ‘Miss Barbara Wyndham, of the College, Salisbury’), concerning whom there will be honourable notice, by and by.

“At the time of Friedrich’s visit, the Asiatic Company is in full vogue; making ready its first ship for Canton. First ship, *König von Preussen* (tons burden not given), actually sailed 17th February next (1752); and was followed by a second, named *Town of Embden*, on the 19th of September following; both of which prosperously reached Canton, and prosperously returned with cargoes of satisfactory profit. The first of them, *König von Preussen*, had been boarded in the Downs by an English Captain Thomson and his Frigate, and detained some days, — till Thomson ‘took Seven English seamen out of her.’ ‘Act of Parliament, express!’ said his Grace of Newcastle. Which done, Thomson found that the English jealousies would have to hold their hand; no farther, whatever one’s wishes may be.

“Nay within a year hence, January 24th, 1753, Friedrich founded another Company for India: ‘*Bengalische Handelsgesellschaft*,’ which also sent out its pair of ships, perhaps oftener than once; and pointed, as the other was doing, to wide fields of enterprise, for some time. But luck was wanting. And, ‘in part, mismanagement,’ and, in whole, the Seven-Years War put an end to both Companies before long. Friedrich is full of these thoughts, among his other Industrialisms; and never quits them for discouragement, but tries again, when the obstacles cease to be insuperable. Ever since the acquisition of Ost-Friesland, the furtherance of Sea-Commerce had been one of Friedrich’s chosen objects. ‘Let us carry our own goods at least, Silesian linens, Memel timbers, stock-fish; what need of the Dutch to do it?’ And in many branches his progress had been remarkable, —

“especially in this carrying trade, while the War lasted, and
“crippled all Anti-English belligerents. Upon which, indeed,
“and the conduct of the English Privateers to him, there is a
“Controversy going on with the English Court in those years
“(began in 1747), most distressful to his Grace of Newcastle;
“— which in part explains those stingy procedures of Captain
“Thomson (‘Home, you seven English sailors!’) when the
“first Canton ship put to sea. That Controversy is by no
“means ended after three years, but on the contrary, after
“two years more, comes to a crisis quite shocking to his Grace
“of Newcastle, and defying all solution on his Grace’s side, —
“the other Party, after such delays, five years waiting, having
“settled it for himself!” Of which, were the crisis come, we
will give some account.

On the third day of his Visit, Friedrich drove to Aurich, the seat of Government, and official little Capital of Ost-Friesland; where triumphal arches, joyful reverences, concourses, demonstrations, sumptuous Dinner one item, awaited his Majesty: I know not if, in the way thither or back, he passed those “Three
“huge Oaks” (or the rotted stems or roots of them)
“under which the Ancient Frisians, Lords of all be-
“tween Weser and Rhine, were wont to assemble in
“Parliament” (*without* Fourth Estate, or any Eloquence except of the purely Business sort), — or what his thoughts on the late Ost-Friesland Bandbox Parliaments may have been! He returned to Embden that night; and on the morrow, started homewards; we may fancy, tolerably pleased with what he had seen.

“King Friedrich’s main Objects of Pursuit, in this Period,” says a certain Author, whom we often follow, “I define as
“being Three. 1°. Reform of the Law; 2°. Furtherance of
“Husbandry and Industry in all kinds, especially of Shipping

“from Embden; 3°. Improvement of his own Domesticities
“and Household Enjoyments,” — renewal of the Reinsberg
Program, in short.

“In the First of these objects,” continues he, “King
“Friedrich’s success was very considerable, and got him
“great fame in the world. In his Second head of efforts, that
“of improving the Industries and Husbandries among his
“People, his success, though less noised of in foreign parts,
“was to the near observer still more remarkable. A perennial
“business with him, this; which, even in the time of War,
“he never neglects; and which springs out like a stemmed
“flood, whenever Peace leaves him free for it. His labours
“by all methods to awaken new branches of industry, to
“cherish and further the old, are incessant, manifold, un-
“wearied; and will surprise the uninstructed reader, when he
“comes to study them. An airy, poetising, bantering, lightly
“brilliant King, supposed to be serious mainly in things of
“War, how is he moiling and toiling, like an ever-vigilant
“Land-Steward, like the most industrious City Merchant,
“hardest-working Merchant’s Clerk, to increase his industrial
“Capital by any the smallest item!

“One day, these things will deserve to be studied to the
“bottom; and to be set forth, by writing hands that are com-
“petent, for the instruction and example of Workers, — that
“is to say, of all men, Kings most of all, when there are
“again Kings. At present, I can only say they astonish me,
“and put me to shame: the unresting diligence displayed in
“them, and the immense sum-total of them, — what man, in
“any the noblest pursuit, can say that he has stood to it, six-
“and-forty years long, in the style of this man? Nor did the
“harvest fail; slow sure harvest, which sufficed a patient
“Friedrich in his own day; harvest now, in our day, visible
“to everybody: in a Prussia all shooting into manufactures,
“into commerces, opulences, — I only hope, not *too* fast, and
“on more solid terms than are universal at present! Those
“things might be didactic, truly, in various points, to this
“Generation; and worth looking back upon, from its high
“*laissez-faire* altitudes, its triumphant Scrip-transactions,
“and continents of gold nuggets, — pleasing, it doubts not,
“to all the gods. To write well of what is called ‘Political
“Economy’ (meaning thereby increase of money’s-worth) is

13th-16th July 1751.

“reckoned meritorious, and our nearest approach to the
“rational sublime. But to accomplish said increase in a high
“and indisputable degree; and indisputably very much by
“your own endeavours wisely regulating those of others, does
“not that approach still nearer the sublime?

“To prevent disappointment, I ought to add that Friedrich
“is the reverse of orthodox in ‘Political Economy;’ that he
“had not faith in Free-Trade, but the reverse;— nor had
“ever heard of those Ultimate Evangels, unlimited Compe-
“tition, fair Start, and perfervid Race by all the world (to-
“wards ‘*Cheap-and-Nasty*,’ as the likeliest winning-post for
“all the world), which have since been vouchsafed us. Pro-
“bably in the world there was never less of a Free-Trader!
“Constraint, regulation, encouragement, discouragement,
“reward, punishment; these he never doubted were the
“method, and that government was good everywhere if wise,
“bad only if not wise. And sure enough these methods, where
“human justice and the earnest sense and insight of a Fried-
“rich preside over them, have results which differ notably
“from opposite cases that can be imagined! The desperate
“notion of giving up government altogether, as a relief from
“human blockheadism in your governors, and their want
“even of a wish to be just or wise, had not entered into the
“thoughts of Friedrich; nor driven him upon trying to believe
“that such, in regard to any Human Interest whatever, was,
“or could be except for a little while in extremely developed
“cases, the true way of managing it. How disgusting, ac-
“cordingly, is the Prussia of Friedrich to a Hanbury
“Williams; who has bad eyes and dirty spectacles, and hates
“Friedrich: how singular and lamentable to a Mirabeau
“Junior, who has good eyes, and loves him! No knave, no
“impertinent blockhead even, can follow his own beautiful
“devices here; but is instantly had up, or comes upon a turn-
“pike strictly shut for him. ‘Was the like ever heard of?’
“snarls Hanbury furiously (as an angry dog might, in a laby-
“rinth it sees not the least use for): ‘What unspeakable want
“of liberty!’— and reads to you as if he were lying outright;
“but generally is not, only exaggerating, tumbling upside
“down, to a furious degree; knocking against the labyrinth
“he sees not the least use for. Mirabeau’s Gospel of Free-

“Trade, preached in 1788,* — a comparatively recent Performance, though now some seventy or eighty years the senior of an English (unconscious) Facsimile, which we have all had the pleasure of knowing, — will fall to be noticed afterwards” (not by this Editor, we hope!).

“Many of Friedrich’s restrictive notions, — as that of watching with such anxiety that ‘money’ (gold or silver coin) be not carried out of the Country, — will be found mistakes, not in orthodox Dismal Science as now taught, but in the nature of things; and indeed the Dismal Science will generally excommunicate them in the lump, — too heedless that Fact has conspicuously vindicated the general sum-total of them, and declared it to be much truer than it seems to the Dismal Science. Dismal Science (if that were important to me) takes insufficient heed, and does not discriminate between times past and times present, times here and times there.”

Certain it is, King Friedrich’s success in National Husbandry was very great. The details of the very many new Manufactures, new successful ever-spreading Enterprises, fostered into existence by Friedrich; his Canal-makings, Road-makings, Bog-drainings, Colonisings, and unwearied endeavourings in that kind, — will require a Technical Philosopher one day; and will well reward such study, and trouble of recording in a human manner; but must lie massed up in mere outline on the present occasion. Friedrich, as Land-Father, Shepherd of the People, was great on the Husbandry side also; and we are to conceive him as a man of excellent practical sense, doing unweariedly

* *Monarchie Prussienne*, he calls it (*à Londres*, privately *Paris*, 1788), 8 voll. 8vo.; which is a Dead-Sea of Statistics, compiled by industrious Major Mauvillon, with this fresh-current of a ‘Gospel’ shining through it; very fresh and brisk, of few yards breadth; dedicated to Papa, the true *Protevangelist* of the thing.

his best in that kind, all his life long. Alone among modern Kings; his late Father the one exception; and even his Father hardly surpassing him in that particular.

In regard to Embden and the Shipping interests, Ost-Friesland awakened very ardent speculations, which were a novelty in Prussian affairs; nothing of Foreign Trade, except into the limited Baltic, had been heard of there since the Great Elector's time. The Great Elector had ships, Forts on the Coast of Africa; and tried hard for Atlantic Trade, — out of this same Embden; where, being summoned to protect in the troubles, he had got some footing as Contingent Heir withal, and kept a "Prussian Battalion" a good while. And now, on much fairer terms, not less diligently turned to account, it is his Great-Grandson's turn. Friedrich's successes in this department, the rather as Embden and Ost-Friesland have in our time ceased to be Prussian, are not much worth speaking of; but they connect themselves with some points still slightly memorable to us. How, for example, his vigilances and endeavours on this score brought him into rubbings, not collisions, but jealousies and gratings, with the English and Dutch, the reader will see anon.

Law-reform is gloriously prosperous; Husbandry the like, and Shipping Interest itself as yet. But in the Third grand Head, that of realising the Reinsberg Program, beautifying his Domesticities, and bringing his own Hearth and Household nearer the Ideal, Friedrich was nothing like so successful; in fact had no success at all. That flattering Reinsberg Program, it is

singular how Friedrich cannot help trying it by every new chance, nor cast the notion out of him that there must be a kind of Muses'-Heaven realisable on Earth! That is the Biographic Phenomenon which has survived of those Years; and to that we will almost exclusively address ourselves, on behalf of ingenuous readers.

CHAPTER IX.

SECOND ACT OF THE VOLTAIRE VISIT.

VOLTAIRE'S Visit lasted, in all, about Thirty-two Months; and is divisible into Three Acts or Stages. The first we have seen: how it commenced in brightness as of the sun, and ended, by that Hirsch business, in whirlwinds of smoke and soot, — Voltaire retiring, on his passionate prayer, to that silent Country-house which he calls the Marquisat; there to lie in hospital, and wash himself a little, and let the skies wash themselves.

The Hirsch business having blown over, as all things do, Voltaire resumed his place among the Court-Planets, and did his revolutions; striving to forget that there ever was a Hirsch, or a soot-explosion of that nature. In words nobody reminded him of it, the King least of all: and by degrees, matters were again tolerably glorious, and all might have gone well enough; though the primal perfect splendour, such fuliginous reminiscence being ineffaceable, never could be quite re-attained. The diamond Cross of Merit, the Chamberlain gold Key, hung bright upon the man; a man the admired of men. He had work to do: work of his own which he reckoned priceless (that immortal *Siècle de Louis Quatorze*; which he stood by, and honestly did, while here; the one fixed axis in those fooleries and whirlings of his); — work for the King, “two

hours, one hour, a day," which the King reckoned priceless in its sort. For Friedrich himself Voltaire has, with touches of real love coming out now and then, a very sincere admiration mixed with fear; and delights in shining to him, and being well with him, as the greatest pleasure now left in life. Besides the King, he had society enough, French in type, and brilliant enough: plenty of society; or, at his wish, what was still better, none at all. He was bedded, boarded, lodged, as if beneficent fairies had done it for him; and for all these things no price asked, you might say, but that he would not throw himself out of window! Had the man been wise — But he was not wise. He had, if no big gloomy devil in him among the bright angels that were there, a multitude of ravening tumultuary imps, or little devils very *ill-chained*; and was lodged, he and his restless little devils, in a skin far too thin for him and them! —

Reckoning up the matter, one cannot find that Voltaire ever could have been a blessing at Berlin, either for Friedrich or himself; and it is to be owned that Friedrich was not wise in so longing for him, or clasping him so frankly in his arms. As Friedrich, by this time, probably begins to discover; — though indeed to Friedrich the thing is of finite moment; by no means of infinite, as it was to Voltaire. "At worst, nothing but a little money thrown away!" thinks Friedrich: "Sure enough, this is a strange Trismegistus, this of mine: star fire-work shall we call him, or terrestrial smoke-and-soot work? But one can fence oneself against the blind vagaries of the man; and get a great deal of good by him, in the lucid intervals." To Voltaire himself the position is most agitating; but

then its glories, were there nothing more! Besides he is always thinking to quit it shortly; which is a great sedative in troubles. What with intermittencies (safe hidings in one's *Marquisat*, or vacant inter-lunar cave), with alternations of offence and reconciliation; what with occasional actual flights to Paris (whitherward Voltaire is always busy to keep a postern open; and of which there is frequent talk, and almost continual thought, all along), flights to be called "visits," and privately intending to be final, but never proving so, — the Voltaire-Friedrich relation, if left to itself, might perhaps long have straggled about, and not ended as it did.

But, alas, no relation can be left to itself in this world — especially if you have a porous skin! There were other French here, as well as Voltaire, revolving in the Court-circle; and that, beyond all others, proved the fatal circumstance to him. "*Ne savez-vous pas,*" "Don't you know," said he to Chancellor Jarriges one day, "that when there are two Frenchmen in a Foreign Court or Country, one of them must die (*faut que l'un des deux périsse*)?"* Which shocked the mind of Jarriges; but had a kind of truth, too. Jew Hirsch, run into for low smuggling purposes, had been a Cape of Storms, difficult to weather; but the continual lee-shore were those French, — with a heavy gale on, and one of the rashest pilots! He did strike the breakers there, at last; and it is well known, total shipwreck was the issue. Our Second Act, holding out dubiously, in continual perils, till Autumn 1752, will have to pass then into a Third of darker complexion, and into a Catastrophe very dark indeed.

* Seyfarth, II. 191; &c. &c.

Catastrophe, which, by further ill accident, proved noisy in the extreme; producing world-wide shrieks from the one party, stone-silence from the other; which were answered by unlimited hooting, catcalling and haha-ing from all parts of the World-Theatre, upon both the shrieky and the silent party; catcalling not fallen quite dead to this day. To Friedrich the catcalling was not momentous (being used to such things); though to poor Voltaire it was unlimitedly so: — and to readers interested in this memorable Pair of Men, the rights and the wrongs of the Affair ought to be rendered authentically conceivable, now at last. Were it humanly possible, — after so much catcalling at random! Smelfungus has a right to say, speaking of this matter:

“Never was such a jumble of loud-roaring ignorances, delusions and confusions, as the current Records of it are. Editors, especially French Editors, treating of a Hyperborean, Cimmerian subject, like this, are easy-going creatures. And truly they have left it for us in a wonderful state. Dateless, much of it, by nature; and, by the lazy Editors, *misdated* into very chaos; jumbling along there, in mad defiance of top and bottom; often the very Year given wrong: — full everywhere of lazy darkness, irradiated only by stupid rages, ill-directed mockeries: — and for issue, cheerfully malicious hootings from the general mob of mankind, with unbounded contempt of their betters; which is not pleasant to see. When mobs do get together, round any signal object; and editorial gentlemen, with talent for it, pour out from their respective barrel-heads, in a persuasive manner, instead of knowledge, ignorance set on fire, they are capable of carrying it far! — Will it be possible to pick out the small glimmerings of real light, from this mad dance of will-o’-wisps and fire-flies thrown into agitation?”

It will be very difficult, my friend; — why did

not you yourself do it? Most true, "those actual Voltaire-Friedrich *Letters* of the time are a resource, "and pretty much the sole one: Letters a good few, "still extant; which all *had* their bit of meaning; and "have it still, if well tortured till they give it out, or "give some glimmer of it out:" — but you have not tortured them; you have left it to me, if I would! As I assuredly will not (never fear, reader!) — except in the thriftiest degree.

*Detached Features (not fabulous) of Voltaire and his
Berlin-Potsdam Environment in 1751—2.*

To the outside crowd of observers, and to himself in good moments, Voltaire represents his situation as the finest in the world:

"Potsdam is Sparta and Athens joined in one; nothing but "reviewing and poetry day by day. The Algarottis, the Maupertuises, are here; have each his work, serious for himself; "then gay Supper with a King, who is a great man and the "soul of good company." * * Sparta and Athens, I tell you: "a Camp of Mars and the Garden of Epicurus; trumpets and "violins, War and Philosophy. I have my time all to myself; "am at Court and in freedom, — if I were not entirely free, "neither an enormous Pension, nor a Gold Key tearing out "one's pocket, nor a halter (*licou*), which they call *cordon* of "an *Order*, nor even the Suppers with a Philosopher who has "gained Five Battles, could yield me the least happiness." * Looked at by you, my outside friends, — ah, had I health and *you* here, what a situation!

But seen from within, it is far otherwise. Alongside of these warblings of a heart grateful to the first of Kings, there goes on a series of utterances to Niece Denis, remarkable for the misery driven into meanness that can be read in them. Ill

* *Œuvres*, LXXIV. 325, 326, 333 ("Letters, to D'Argental and others, 27th April—8th May 1751").

health, discontent, vague terror, suspicion that dare not go to sleep; a strange vague terror, shapeless or taking all shapes: a body diseased and a mind diseased. Fear, quaking continually for nothing at all, is not to be borne in a handsome manner. And it passes, often enough (in these poor *Letters*), into transient malignity, into gusts of trembling hatred, with a tendency to relieve oneself by private scandal of the house we are in. Seldom was a miserabler wrong-side seen to a bit of royal tapestry. A man hunted by the little devils that dwell unchained within himself; like Pentheus by the Mænads, like Actæon by his own Dogs. Nay, without devils, with only those terrible bowels of mine, and scorbutic gums, it is bad enough: "Glorious promotions to me here," sneers he bitterly; "but one thing is indisputable, I have lost "seven of my poor residue of teeth since I came!" In truth, we are in a sadly scorbutic state; and that, and the devils we lodge within ourselves, is the one real evil. Could not Suspicion — why cannot she! — take her natural rest; and all these terrors vanish? Oh! M. de Voltaire! — The practical purport, to Niece Denis, always is: Keep my retreat to Paris open; in the name of Heaven, no obstruction that way!

Miserable indeed; a man fatally unfit for his present element! But he has Two considerable Sedatives, all along; two, and no third visible to me. Sedative *First*: that he can, at any time, quit this illustrious Tartarus-Elysium, the envy of mankind; — and indeed, practically, he is always as if on the slip; thinking to be off shortly, for a time, or in permanence; can be off at once, if things grow too bad. Sedative *Second* is far better: His own labour on *Louis Quatorze*, which is steadily going on, and must have been a potent quietus in those Court-whirl-winds inward and outward.

From Berlin, already in Autumn 1750, Voltaire writes to D'Argental: "I shan't go to Italy this Autumn" (nor ever in

my life), “as I had projected. But I will come to see *you* in “the course of November” (far from it, I got into *Steuer-Scheine* then!) — And again, after some weeks: “I have put “off my journey to Italy for a year. Next Winter too, there- “fore, I shall see you,” on the road thither. “To my Country, “since you live in it, I will make frequent visits,” very! “Italy and the King of Prussia are two old passions with me; “but I cannot treat Frédéric-le-Grand as I can the Holy “Father, with a mere look in passing.” * Let this one, to which many might be added, serve as sample of Sedative First, or the power and intention to be off before long.

In regard to Sedative Second, again: * * “The happiest “circumstance is, ‘I brought with me all my *Louis-Four- “teenth* Papers and Excerpts. I get from Leipzig, if no nearer, “whatever Books are needed;” and labour faithfully at this immortal Production. Yes, day by day, to see growing, by the cunning of one’s own right hand, such perennial Solomon’s-Temple of a *Siècle de Louis Quatorze*: — which of your King’s or truculent Tiglath Pileasers, could do that? To poor me, even in the Potsdam tempests, it is possible: what ugliest day is not beautiful that sees a stone or two added there! — Daily Voltaire sees himself at work on his *Siècle*, on those fine terms; trowel in one hand, weapon of war in the other. And does actually accomplish it, in the course of this Year 1751, — with a great deal of punctuality and severe pains-taking; which readers of our day, fallen careless of the subject, are little aware of, on Voltaire’s behalf. Voltaire’s reward was, that he did *not* go mad in that Berlin element, but had throughout a bower-anchor to ride by. “The King of France continues me “as Gentleman of the Chamber, say you; but has taken away “my Title of Historiographer? That latter, however, shall “still be my function. “My present independence has given “weight to my verdicts on matters. Probably I never could “have written this Book at Paris.’ A consolation for one’s “exile, *mon enfant*.” **

It is proper also to observe that, besides shining at the

* To D’Argental, “Berlin, 14th September, — Potsdam, 15th October, 1750” (*Euvres*, LXXIV. 220, 237).

** To Niece Denis (*Euvres*, LXXIV. 247, &c. &c.), “28th October 1750,” and subsequent dates.

King's suppers like no other, Voltaire applies himself honestly to do for his Majesty the small work required of him, — that of Verse-correcting now and then. Two Specimens exist; two Pieces criticised, *Ode aux Prussiens*, and *The Art of War*: portions of that Reprint now going on ("to the extent of "Twelve Copies," — woe lies in one of them, most unexpected at this time!) "*au Donjon du Château*;" — under benefit of Voltaire's remarks. Which one reads curiously, not without some surprise.* Surprise, first at Voltaire's official fidelity; his frankness, rigorous strictness in this small duty: then at the kind of correcting, instructing and lessoning, that had been demanded of him by his Royal Pupil. Mere grammatical stylistic skin-deep work: nothing (or, at least, in these Specimens nothing) of attempt upon the interior structure, or the interior harmony even of utterance: solely the Parisian niceties, graces, laws of poetic language, the *fas* and the *nefas* in regard to all that: this is what his Majesty would fain be taught from the fountain-head; — one wonders his Majesty did not learn to spell, which might have been got from a lower source! — And all this Voltaire does teach with great strictness. For example, in the very first line, in the very first word, set before him:

"*Prussiens, que la valeur conduisit à la gloire*," so Friedrich had written (*Ode aux Prussiens*, which is Specimen First); and thus Voltaire criticises: "The Hero here makes his *Prussiens* "of two syllables; and afterwards, in another strophe, he "grants them three. A King is master of his favours. At the "same time, one does require a little uniformity; and the *iens* "are usually of two syllables, as *liens*, *Silésiens*, *Autrichiens*; "excepting the monosyllables *bien*, *rien*" — Enough, enough! — A severe, punctual, painstaking Voltaire, sitting with the schoolmaster's bonnet on head; ferula visible, if not actually in hand. For which, as appears, his Majesty was very grateful to the Trismegistus of men.

Voltaire's flatteries to Friedrich, in those scattered little Billets with their snatches of verse, are the prettiest in the world, — and approach very near to sincerity, though seldom quite attaining it. Something traceable of false, of suspicious, feline, nearly always, in those seductive warblings; which otherwise are the most melodious bits of idle inge-

* In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, x. 276-303.

nulty the humain brain has ever spun from itself. For instance, this heading of a Note sent from one room to another, — perhaps with pieces of an *Ode aux Prussiens* accompanying:

“ Vous qui daignez me départir
 “ Les fruits d’une Muse divine,
 “ O roi! je ne puis consentir
 “ Que, sans daigner m’en avertir,
 “ Vous alliez prendre médecine.

“ Je suis votre malade-né,
 “ Et sur la casse et le séné
 “ J’ai des notions non communes.
 “ Nous sommes de même métier;
 “ Faut-il de moi vous défier,

“ Et cacher vos bonnes fortunes?”

Was there ever such a turn given to taking physic! Still better is this other, the topic worse, — *hæmorrhoids* (a kind of annual or periodical affair with the Royal Patient, who used to feel improved after):

* * (Ten or twelve verses on another point; then suddenly —)

“ Que la veine hémorroïdale
 “ De votre personne royale
 “ Cesse de troubler le repos!

“ Quand pourrai-je d’une style honnête
 “ Dire: ‘Le cul de mon héros
 “ Va tout aussi bien que sa tête’?” *

A kittenish grace in these things, which is pleasant in so old a cat.

Smelfungus says: “He is a consummate Artist in Speech, “our Voltaire: that, if you take the word *speech* in its widest “sense, and consider the much that can be spoken, and the “infinitely more that cannot and should not, is Voltaire’s “supreme excellency among his fellow-creatures; never rivalled (to my poor judgment) anywhere before or since, — “nor worth rivalling, if we knew it well.”

Another fine circumstance is, that Voltaire has frequent leave of absence; and in effect passes a great deal of his time altogether by himself, or in his own way otherwise. What with Friedrich’s Review Journeys and Business Circuits, considerable separations do occur of themselves; and at any time, Voltaire has but to

* In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 283, 267.

plead illness, which he often does, with ground and without, and get away for weeks, safe into the distance more or less remote. He is at the Marquisat (as we laboriously make out); at Berlin, in the empty Palace, perhaps in Lodgings of his own (though one would prefer the *gratis* method); nursing his maladies, which are many; writing his *Louis Quartorze*; “lonely altogether, your Majesty, and sad of humour,” — yet giving his cosy little dinners, and running out, pretty often, if well invited, into the brilliancies and gaieties. No want of brilliant social life here, which can shine, more or less, and appreciate one’s shining. The King’s Supper-parties — Yes, and these, though the brightest, are not the only bright things in our Potsdam-Berlin world. Take with you, reader, one or two of the then and there Chief Figures; Voltaire’s fellow players; strutting and fretting their hour on that Stage of Life. They are mostly not quite strangers to you.

We know the sublime Perpetual President in his yellow wig, and sublime supremacy of Pure Science. A gloomy set figure; affecting the sententious, the emphatic, and a composed impregnability, — like the Jove of Science. With immensities of gloomy vanity, not compressible at all times. Friedrich always strove to honour his Perpetual President, and duly adore the Pure Sciences in him; but inwardly could not quite manage it, though outwardly he failed in nothing. Impartial witnesses confess, the King had a great deal of trouble with his gloomings and him. “Who is this Voltaire?” gloomily thinks the Perpetual President to himself. “A fellow with a nimble tongue, that is all. Knows nothing whatever of Pure Sciences, except what fraction or tincture he has begged or stolen from my-

self. And here is the King of the world in raptures with him!"

Voltaire from of old had faithfully done his kowtoos to this King of the Sciences; and, with a sort of terror, had suffered with incredible patience a great deal from him. But there comes an end to all things; Voltaire's patience not excepted. It lay in the fates that Mau-pertuis should steadily accumulate, day after day, and now more than ever heretofore, upon the sensitive Voltaire. Till, as will be seen, the sensitive Voltaire could endure it no longer; but had to explode upon this big Bully (accident lending a spark); to go off like a Vesuvius of crackers, fire-serpents and sky-rockets; envelope the red wig, and much else, in delirious conflagration; — and produce the catastrophe of this Berlin Drama.

D'Argens, poor dissolute creature, is the best of the French lot. He has married, after so many temporary marriages with Actresses, one Actress in permanence, Mamsell Cochois, a patient kind being; and settled now, at Potsdam here, into perfectly composed household life. Really loves Friedrich, they say; the only Frenchman of them that does. Has abundance of light sputtery wit, and Provençal fire and ingenuity; no ill nature against any man. Never injures anybody, nor lies at all about anything. A great friend of fine weather; regrets, of his inheritances in Provence, chiefly one item, and this not overmuch, — the bright southern sun. Sits shivering in winter time, wrapping himself in more and more flannel, two dressing-gowns, two nightcaps: — loyal to this King, in good times and in evil.

Was the King's friend for thirty years; helped several meritorious people to his Majesty's notice; and never did any man a mischief in that quarter. An erect, guileless figure; very tall; with vivid countenance, chaotically vivid mind; full of bright sallies, irregular ingenuities; had a hot temper too, which did not often run away with him, but sometimes did. He thrice made a visit to Provence, — in fact ran away from the King, feeling bantered and roasted to a merciless degree, — but thrice came back. "At the end of the first stage, he had always privately forgiven the King, and determined that the pretended visit should really be a visit only." "Reads the King's Letters," which are many to him, "always bareheaded, in spite of the draughts." *

Algarotti is too prudent, politely egoistic and self-contained, to take the trouble of hurting anybody, or get himself into trouble for love or hatred. He fell into disfavour not long after that unsuccessful little mission in the first Silesian War, of which the reader has lost remembrance. Good for nothing in diplomacy, thought Friedrich, but agreeable as company. "Company in tents, in the seat of War, has its unpleasantness," thought Algarotti; — and began very privately sounding the waters at Dresden for an eligible situation; so that there has ensued a quarrel since; then humble apologies followed by profound silence, — till now there is reconciliation. It is admitted Friedrich had some real love for Algarotti; Algarotti, as we gather, none at all for him; but only for his greatness. They parted again (February 1753)

* Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, i. 11-75, &c. &c.

without quarrel, but for the last time;* — and I confess to a relief on the occasion.

Friedrich, readers know by this time, had a great appetite for conversation: he talked well, listened well; one of his chief enjoyments was, to give and receive from his fellow-creatures in that way. I hope, and indeed have evidence, that he required good sense as the staple; but in the form, he allowed great latitude. He by no means affected solemnity, rather the reverse; goes much upon the bantering vein; far too much, according to the complaining parties. Took pleasure (cruel mortal!) in stirring up his company by the whip, and even by the whip applied to *raws*; for we find, he had “established,” like the Dublin Hackney-Coachman, “raws for himself;” and habitually plied his implement there, when desirous to get into the gallop. In an inhuman manner, said the suffering Cattle; who used to rebel against it, and go off in the sulks from time to time. It is certain he could, especially in his younger years, put up with a great deal of zanyism, ingenious foolery and rough tumbling, if it had any basis to tumble on; though with years he became more saturnine.

By far his chief Artist in this kind, indeed properly the only one, was La Mettrie, whom we once saw transiently as Army-Surgeon at Fontenoy: he is now out of all that (flung out, with the dogs at his heels); has been safe in Berlin for three years past. Friedrich not only tolerates the poor madcap, but takes some pleasure in him: madcap we say, though poor La Mettrie had remarkable gifts, exuberant laughter one

* Algarotti Correspondence (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 86).

of them, and was far from intending to be mad. Not Zanyism, but Wisdom of the highest nature, was what he drove at, — unluckily, with open mouth, and mind all in tumult. La Mettrie had left the Army, soon after that busy Fontenoy evening: Chivalrous Grammont, his patron and protector, who had saved him from many scrapes, lay shot on the field. La Mettrie, rushing on with mouth open and mind in tumult, had, from of old, been continually getting into scrapes. Unorthodox to a degree; the Sorbonne greedy for him long since; such his audacities in print, his heavy hits, boisterous, quizzical, logical. And now he had set to attacking the Medical Faculty, to quizzing Medicine in his wild way; Doctor Astruc, Doctor This and That, of the first celebrity, taking it very ill. So that La Mettrie had to demit; to get out of France rather in a hurry, lest worse befel.

He had studied at Leyden, under Boerhaave. He had in fact considerable medical and other talent, had he not been so tumultuous and open-mouthed. He fled to Leyden; and shot forth, in safety there, his fiery darts upon Sorbonne and Faculty, at his own discretion, — which was always a *minimum* quantity: — he had, before long, made Leyden also too hot for him. His Books gained a kind of celebrity in the world; awoke laughter and attention, among the adventurous of readers; astonishment at the blazing mad-cap (a *bon diable*, too, as one could see); and are still known to Catalogue-makers, — though, with one exception, *L'Homme Machine*, not otherwise, nor read at all. *L'Homme Machine* (Man a Machine) is the exceptional Book; smallest of Duodecimos to have so much wildfire in it. This *Man a Machine*, though

tumultuous La Mettrie meant nothing but open-mouthed Wisdom by it, gave scandal in abundance; so that even the Leyden Magistrates were scandalised; and had to burn the afflicting little Duodecimo by the common hangman, and order La Mettrie to disappear instantly from their City.

Which he had to do, — towards King Friedrich, usual refuge of the persecuted; seldom inexorable, where there was worth, even under bad forms, recognisable; and not a friend to burning poor men or their books, if it could be helped. La Mettrie got some post, like D'Arget's, or still more nominal; "readership;" some small pension to live upon; and shelter to shoot forth his wildfire, when he could hold it no longer: fire, not of a malignant incendiary kind, but pleasantly lambent, though maddish, as Friedrich perceived. Thus had La Mettrie found a Goshen; — and stood in considerable favour, at Court and in Berlin Society in the years now current. According to Nicolai, Friedrich never esteemed La Mettrie, which is easy to believe, but found him a jester and ingenious madcap, out of whom a great deal of merriment could be had, over wine or the like. To judge by Nicolai's authentic specimen, their Colloquies ran sometimes pretty deep into the cynical, under showers of wildfire playing about; and the high-jinks must have been highish.* When there had been enough of this, Friedrich would lend his La Mettrie to the French Excellency, Mylord Tyrconnel, to oblige his Excellency, and get La Mettrie out of the way for a while. Milord is at Berlin; a Jacobite Irishman, of blustering Irish

* *Anekdoten*, vi. 197-227.

qualities, though with plenty of sagacity and rough sense; likes La Mettrie; and is not much a favourite with Friedrich.

Tyrconnel had said, at first, — when Rothenburg, privately from Friedrich, came to consult him, “What are, in practical form, those ‘assistances from the Most Christian Majesty,’ should we *make* Alliance with him, as your Excellency proposes, and chance to be attacked?” — “*Morbleu*, assistances enough” (enumerating several): “*mais morbleu, si vous nous trompez, vous serez écrasés* (if you deceive us, you will be “squelched)!” * “He had been chosen for his rough tongue,” says Valori; our French Court being piqued at Friedrich and his sarcasms. Tyrconnel gives splendid dinners; Voltaire often of them; does not love Potsdam, nor is loved by it. Nay, I sometimes think a certain *Demon Newswriter* (of whom by and by), but do not know, may be some hungry Attaché of Tyrconnel’s. Hungry Attaché, shut out from the divine Suppers and upper planetary movements, and reduced to look on them from his cold hutch, in a dog-like angry and hungry manner? His flying allusions to Voltaire, “*son* (Friedrich’s) *squelette d’Apollon*, skeleton of an Apollo,” and the like, are barkings almost rabid.

Of the military sort, about this time, Keith and Rothenburg appear most frequently as guests or companions. Rothenburg had a great deal of Friedrich’s regard. Winterfeld is more a practical Counsellor, and does not shine in learned circles. A fiery soldier; — a man probably of many talents and qualities,

* Valori, II. 130, &c.

though of distinctly decipherable there is no record of him or them. He had a Parisian Wife; who is sometimes on the point of coming with Niece Denis to Berlin, and of setting up their two French households there; but never did it, either of them, to make an Uncle or a Husband happy. Rothenburg was bred a Catholic: "he headed the subscription for the famous '*Katholische Kirche*,'" so delightful to the Pope and liberal Christians in those years; "but never gave a sixpence of money," says Voltaire once: Catholic *Kirk* was got completed with difficulty; stands there yet, like a large wash-bowl set, bottom uppermost, on the top of a narrowish tub; but none of Rothenburg's money is in it. In Voltaire's Correspondence there is frequent mention of him; not with any love, but with a certain secret respect, rather inclined to be disrespectful, if it durst or could: the eloquent vocal individual not quite at ease beside the silent thinking and acting one. What we know is, Friedrich greatly loved the man. There is some straggle of *Correspondence* between Friedrich and him left; but it is worth nothing; gives no testimony of that, or of anything else noticeable:—and that is the one fact now almost alone significant of Rothenburg. Much loved and esteemed by the King; employed diplomatically, now and then; perhaps talked with on such subjects, which was the highest distinction. Poor man, he is in very bad health in these months; has never rightly recovered of his wounds; and dies in the last days of 1751, — to the bitter sorrow of the King, as is still on record. A highly respectable dim figure, far more important in Friedrich's History than he looks. As King's guest, he can in these months play no part.

Highly respectable too, and well worth talking to, though left very dim to us in the Books, is Marshal Keith; who has been growing gradually with the King, and with everybody, ever since he came to these parts in 1747. A man of Scotch type; the broad accent, with its sagacities, veracities, with its stedfastly fixed moderation, and its sly twinkles of defensive humour, is still audible to us through the foreign wrappages. Not given to talk, unless there is something to be said; but well capable of it then. Friedrich, the more he knows him, likes him the better. On all manner of subjects he can talk knowingly, and with insight of his own. On Russian matters Friedrich likes especially to hear him, — though they differ in regard to the worth of Russian troops. "Very considerable military qualities in those Russians," thinks Keith: "imperturbably obedient, patient; of a tough fibre, and are beautifully strict to your order, on the parade-ground or off." "Pooh, mere rubbish, *mon cher*," thinks Friedrich always. To which Keith, unwilling to argue too long, will answer: "Well, it is possible enough your Majesty may try them, some day; if I am wrong, it will be all the better for us!" Which Friedrich had occasion to remember by and by. Friedrich greatly respects this sagacious gentleman with the broad accent: his Brother, the Lord Marischal, is now in France: Ambassador at Paris, since September 1751:* "Lord Marischal, a Jacobite, for Prussian Ambassador in Paris; Tyrconnel, a Jacobite, for French Ambassador in Berlin!" grumble the English.

* "Left Potsdam, 28th August" (Rödenbeck, i. 220).

Fractions of Events and Indications, from Voltaire himself, in this Time; more or less illuminative when reduced to Order.

Here, selected from more, are a few "fire-flies," — not dancing or distracted, but authentic all, and stuck each on its spit; shedding a feeble glimmer over the physiognomy of those Fifteen caliginous Months, to an imagination that is diligent. Fractional utterances of Voltaire to Friedrich and others (in abridged form, abridgment indicated): the exact dates are oftenest irretrievably gone; but the glimmer of light is indisputable, all the more as, on Voltaire's part, it is mostly involuntary. Grouping and sequence must be other than that of Time.

Potsdam, 5th June 1751. — King is off on that Ost-Friesland jaunt; Voltaire at Potsdam, "at what they call the Marquisat," in complete solitude, — preparing to die before long, — sends his Majesty some poor trifles of Scribbling, proof of my love, Sire: "since I live solitary, when you are not at Potsdam, it "would seem I came for you only" (note that, your Majesty)! * * "But in return for the rags here sent, I expect the Sixth "Canto of your *Art*" (*Art de la Guerre*, one of the Two pupil-and-schoolmaster "Specimens" mentioned above); "I expect "the *Roof* to the Temple of Mars. It is for you, alone of men, "to build that Temple; as it was for Ovid to sing of Love, and "for Horace to give an *Art of Poetry*." (Laying it on pretty thick!) * *

Then again, later (after severe study, ferula in hand): "Sire, I return your Majesty your Six Cantos; I surrender at "discretion (*lui laisse carte-blanche*) on that question of '*victoire*.' "The whole Poem is worthy of you: if I had made this "Journey only to see a thing so unique, I ought not to regret "my Country." * * And again (still no date): "*Grand Dieu!* "is not all that" (*History of the Great Elector*, by your Majesty, which I am devouring with such appetite) "neat, elegant,

“precise, and, above all, philosophical!” — “Sire, you are
“adorable; I will pass my days at your feet. Oh, never
“make game of me (*des niches*)!” Has he been at that, say
you! “If the Kings of Denmark, Portugal, Spain, &c., did
“it, I should not care a pin; they are only Kings. But you
“are the greatest man that perhaps ever reigned.” *

Is on leave of absence, near by; wishes to be called again (No date). — “Sire, if you like free criticism, if you tolerate sin-
“cere praises, if you wish to perfect a Work” (*Art de la
Guerre*, or some other as sublime), “which you alone in Europe
“are capable of doing, you have only to bid a Hermit come
“upstairs. At your orders for all his life.” **

In Berlin Palace: please, don't turn me out! (No date) — * *
“Next to you, I love work and retirement. Nobody whatever
“complains of me. I ask of your Majesty, in order to keep
“unaltered the happiness I owe to you, this favour, Not to
“turn me out of the Apartment you deigned to give me at
“Berlin, till I go for Paris” (always talking of that). “If I
“were to leave it, they would put in the Gazettes that I” —
Oh, what wouldn't they put in, of one that, belonging to
King Friedrich, lives as it were in the Disc of the Sun, con-
spicuous to everybody! — “I will go out” (of the Apartment),
“when some Prince, with a Suite needing it to lodge in,
“comes; and then the thing will be honourable. Chasot”
(gone to Paris) “has been talking” — unguarded things of
me! “I have not uttered the least complaint of Chasot: I never
“will of Chasot: nor of those who have set him on” (Mau-
pertuis belike): “I forgive every thing, I!” ***

Rothenburg is ill; Voltaire has been to see him (“Berlin, 14th,”
no month; year, too surely, 1751, as we shall find! Letter is
in Verse). — “Lieberkühn was going to kill poor Rothenburg;
“to send him off to Pluto, — for liking his dish a little; —
“monster Lieberkühn! But Doctor Joyous,” your reader,
La Mettrie, — led by, need I say whom? — “has brought him

* In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 271, 273.

** Ib. 281.

*** Ib. 270.

“back to us:—think of Lieberkühn’s solemn stare! Pretty
 “contrasts, those, of sublime Quacksalverism, with Sense
 “under the mask of Folly. May the hæmorrhoidal vein” —
 (follows *here*, note it, exquisite reader, that of “*cul de mon*
heros,” cited above!) — * *

And then (a day or two after; King, too hæmorrhoidal to
 come twenty miles, but anxious to know): “Sire, no doubt
 “Doctor Joyous (*le médecin joyeux*) has informed your Majesty
 “that when we arrived, the Patient was sleeping tranquil; and
 “Cothenius assured us, in Latin, that there was no danger. I
 “know not what has passed since, but I am persuaded your
 “Majesty approves my journey” (of a street or two), — *must*
 you speak of it, then!

Goes to an Evening-Party now and then (To Niece Denis). —
 * * “Madame Tyrconnel” (French Excellency’s Wife) “has
 “plenty of fine people at her house on an evening; perhaps too
 “many” (one of the first houses in Berlin, this of Milord Tyr-
 connel’s, which we frequent a good deal). * * “Madame got
 “very well through her part of *Andromaque*” (in those old
 playacting times of ours): “never saw actresses with finer
 “eyes,” — how should you!

“As to Milord Tyrconnel, he is an Anglais of dignity,”
 — Irish in reality, and a thought blustering. “He has a
 “condensed (*serré*) caustic way of talk; and I know not what
 “of frank which one finds in the English, and does not usually
 “find in persons of his trade. French Tragedies played at
 “Berlin, I myself taking part; an Englishman Envoy of France
 “there: strange circumstances these, aren’t they?” * Yes,
 that latter especially; and Milord Maréchal our Prussian En-
 voy with you! Which the English note, sulkily, as a weather-
 symptom.

At Potsdam, Big Devils of Grenadiers (No date). — * * “But,
 “Sire, one isn’t always perched on the summit of Parnassus;
 “one is a man. There are sicknesses about; I did not bring
 “an athlete’s health to these parts; and the scorbutic humour
 “which is eating my life renders me truly, of all that are sick,
 “the sickest. I am absolutely alone from morning to night.

* To D’Argental this (*Euvres de Voltaire*, LXXIV. 289.)

“My one solace is the necessary pleasure of taking the air. I bethink me of walking, and clearing my head a little, in your Gardens at Potsdam. I fancy it is a permitted thing; I present myself, musing; — I find huge devils of Grenadiers, who clap bayonets in my belly, who cry *Furt, Sacrament, and Der König*” (*Off, Sackermant, The King*, quite tolerably spelt)! “And I take to my heels, as Austrians and Saxons would do before them. Have you ever read, that in Titus’s or Marcus-Aurelius’s Gardens, a poor devil of a Gaulish Poet” — In short, it shall be mended.*

Have been laying it on too thick (No date; in Verse). — “Marcus Aurelius was wont to” — (Well, we know who that is: What of Marcus, then?) — — “A certain lover of his glory” (*still in verse*) spoke once, at Supper, of a magnanimity of Marcus’s; — at which Marcus” (*flattery too thick*) “rather gloomed, and sat quite silent, — which was another fine saying of his” (*ends verse, starts prose*):

“Pardon, Sire, some hearts that are full of you! To justify myself, I dare supplicate your Majesty to give one glance at this Letter (lines pencil-marked), which has just come from M. de Chauvelin, Nephew of the famous *Garde-des-Sceaux*. Your Majesty cannot gloom at him, writing these from the fulness of his heart; nor at me, who” — Pooh; no, then! Perhaps do you a *niche* again, — poor restless fellow! **

Potsdam Palace (No date): *Sire, may I change my room?* * * “I ascend to your ante-chambers, to find some one by whom I may ask permission to speak with you. I find nobody; I have to return:” and what I wanted was this, “your protection for my *Siècle de Louis Quatorze*, which I am about to print in Berlin.” Surely, — but also this:

“I am unwell, I am a sick man born. And withal I am obliged to work, almost as much as your Majesty. I pass the whole day alone. If you would permit that I might shift to the Apartment next the one I have, — to that where General Bredow slept last winter, — I should work more commodiously. My Secretary (Collini) and I could work together there. I should have a little more sun, which is a great point

* *Œuvres de Frederic*, xxii. 273.** *Ib.* 280.

“for me. — Only the whim of a sick man, perhaps! Well, “even so, your Majesty will have pity on it. You promised to “make me happy.”*

I suspect that I am suspected (No date). — “Sire, if I am not “brief, forgive me. Yesterday the faithful D’Arget told me “with sorrow that in Paris people were talking of your Poem.” Horrible; but, oh Sire, — me? — “I showed him the eighteen “Letters that I received yesterday. They are from Cadiz,” all about Finance, no blabbing there! “Permit me to send “you now the last six from my Niece, numbered by her own “hand” (no forgery, no suppression); “deign to cast your “eyes on the places I have underlined, where she speaks of “your Majesty, of D’Argens, of Potsdam, of D’Ammon” (to whom she can’t be Phyllis, innocent being)! — *Mon cher Voltaire*, must I again do some *niche* upon you, then? Tie some tin-canister to your too-sensitive tail? What an element you inhabit within that poor skin of yours!**

Majesty invites us to a Literary Christening, Potsdam (No date. These ‘Six Twins’ are the “*Art de la Guerre*,” in Six Chants; part of that revised Edition which is getting printed “*Au Donjon du Château*,” time must be, well on in 1751). Friedrich writes to Voltaire:

“I have just been brought to bed of Six Twins; which “require to be baptised, in the name of Apollo, in the waters “of Hippocrene. *La Henriade* is requested to become god- “mother: you will have the goodness to bring her, this “evening at five, to the Father’s Apartment. D’Arget *Lucina* “will be there; and the Imagination of *Man-a-Machine* will “hold the poor infants over the Font.”***

Deign to say if I have offended. — * * “As they write to “me from Paris that I am in disgrace with you, I dare to beg “very earnestly that you will deign to say if I have displeased “in anything! May go wrong by ignorance or from over- “zeal; but with my heart never! I live in the profoundest “retreat; giving to study my whole” — “Your assurances “once vouchsafed” (famous Document of August 23d). “I

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 277.

** *Ib.* 269.

*** *Ib.* 266.

“write only to my Niece. I” (a page more of this) — have my sorrows and merits, and absolutely no silence at all!* “In the gift of Speech, he is the most brilliant of mankind,” said Smelfungus; but in the gift of Silence, what a deficiency! Friedrich will have to do that for Two, it would seem.

Berlin, 28th December 1751: Louis Quatorze; and Death of Rothenburg. — “Our *Louis Quatorze* is out. But, Heavens, “see, your Majesty: a Pirate Printer, at Frankfurt-on-Oder, “has been going on parallel with us, all the while; and here “is his foul blotch of an Edition on sale, too! Bielfeld,” fantastic fellow, “had proof-sheets; Bielfeld sent them to a “Professor there, though I don’t blame Bielfeld: result too “evident. Protect me, your Majesty; Order all wagons, “especially wagons for Leipzig, to be stopped, to be searched, “and the Books thrown out, — it costs you but a word!”

Quite a simple thing: “All Prussia to the rescue!” thinks an ardent Proprietor of these Proof-sheets. But then, next day, hears that Rothenburg is dead. That the silent Rothenburg lay dying, while the vocal Voltaire was writing these fooleries, to a King sunk in grief. “Repent, be sorry, be ashamed!” he says to himself; and does instantly try; — but with little success; Frankfurt-on-Oder, with its Bielfeld proof-sheets, still jangling along, contemptibly audible, for some time.** And afterwards, from Frankfurt-on-Mayn new sorrow rises on *Louis Quatorze*, as will be seen. — Friedrich’s grief for Rothenburg was deep and severe; “he had visited him that last night,” say the Books; “and quitted his bedside, silent, and all in tears.” It is mainly what of Biography the silent Rothenburg now has.

From the current Narratives, as they are called, readers will recollect, out of this Voltaire Period, two small particles of Event amid such an ocean of noisy froth, — two and hardly more: that of the “Orange-Skin,” and that of the “Dirty Linen.” Let us put these two, on their basis; and pass on:

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 289.

** *Ib.* 285-7.

The Orange-Skin (Potsdam, 2d September 1751, To Niece Denis). — Good Heavens, *mon enfant*, what is this I hear (through the great Dionysius'-Ear I maintain, at such expense to myself)! * * “La Mettrie, a man of no consequence, “who talks familiarly with the King after their reading; and “with me too, now and then: La Mettrie swore to me, that “speaking to the King, one of those days, of my supposed “favour, and the bit of jealousy it excites, the King answered “him: ‘I shall want him still about a year: — you squeeze “the orange, you throw away the skin (*on en jette l'écorce*)!’ Here is a pretty bit of babble (lie, most likely, and bit of mischievous fun) from Dr. Joyous. “It cannot be true, No! And yet — and yet —?” Words cannot express the agonising doubts, the questionings, occasionally the horror of Voltaire: poor sick soul, keeping a Dionysius'-Ear to boot! This blurt of La Mettrie's goes through him like a shot of electricity through an elderly sick Household-Cat; and he speaks of it again and ever again, — though we will not farther.

Dirty Linen (Potsdam, 24th July 1752, To Niece Denis). — * * “Maupertuis has discreetly set the rumour going, that I “found the King's Works very bad; that I said to some one, “on Verses from the King coming in, ‘Will he never tire, “then, of sending me his dirty linen to wash?’ You obliging “Maupertuis!”

Rumour says, it was General Mannstein, once Aide-de-Camp in Russia, who had come to have his *Work on Russia* revised (excellent Work, often quoted by us*), when the unfortunate Royal Verses came. Perhaps M. de Voltaire did say it: — why not, had it only been prudent? He really likes those Verses much more than I; but knows well enough, *sub rosa*, what kind of Verses they are. This also is a horrible suspicion; that the King should hear of this, — as doubtless the King did, though without going delirious upon it at all.** Thank you, my Perpetual President, not the less! —

* Did get out at last, — in England, through Lord Marischal, and David Hume: see *Preface* to it (London, 1760).

** “To Niece Denis,” dates as above (*Œuvres de Voltaire*, LXXIV. 408, LXXV. 17).

Of Maupertuis, in successive Phases. — * * “Maupertuis “is not of very engaging ways; he takes my dimensions “harshly with his quadrant: it is said there enters something “of envy into his *data*.” * * “A somewhat surly gentleman; “not too sociable; and, truth to say, considerably sunk here” (*assez baissé*, my D’Argental).

* * “I endure Maupertuis, not having been able to soften “him. In all countries there are insociable fellows, with “whom you are obliged to live, though it is difficult. He has “never forgiven me for” — “omitting to cite him,” &c. — “At “Paris he had got the Academy of Sciences into trouble, and “himself into general dislike (*détester*); then came this Berlin “offer. Old Fleuri, when Maupertuis called to take leave, “repeated that verse of Virgil, *Nec tibi regnandi veniat tam “dira cupido*. Fleuri might have whispered as much to him- “self: but he was a mild sovereign Lord, and reigned in a “gentle polite manner. I swear to you, Maupertuis does “not, in his shop” (the Academy here) — “where, God be “thanked, I never go.

“He has printed a little Pamphlet, on Happiness (*Sur le “Bonheur*); it is very dry and miserable. Reminds you of “Advertisements for things lost, — so poor a chance of find- “ing them again. Happiness is not what he gives to those “who read him, to those who live with him; he is not himself “happy, and would be sorry that others were” (to Niece “Denis this).

* * “A very sweet life here, Madame” (Madame d’Ar- gental, an outside party): “it would have been more so, if “Maupertuis had liked. The wish to please, is no part of his “geometrical studies; the problem of being agreeable to live “with, is not one he has solved.” * — Add this Anecdote, which is probably D’Arget’s, and worth credit:

“Voltaire had dinner-party, Maupertuis one of them; “party still in the drawing-room, dinner just coming up. ““President, your Book, *Sur le Bonheur*, has given me ““pleasure,” said Voltaire, politely” (very politely, consider- ing what we have just read); ““given me pleasure, — a

* *Œuvres de Voltaire*, LXXIV. 330, 504 (4th May 1751, and 14th March 1752), to the D’Argentals; — to Niece Denis (6th November 1750, and 24th August 1751), LXXIV. 250, 385.

“‘few obscurities excepted, of which we will talk together
“‘some evening.’ ‘Obscurities?’ said Maupertuis, in a gloomy
“‘arbitrary tone: ‘There may be such for you, Monsieur!’
“‘Voltaire laid his hand on the President’s shoulder” (yellow
wig near by), “looked at him in silence, with many-twinkling
“‘glance, gaiety the topmost expression, but by no means the
“‘sole one: ‘President, I esteem you, *Je vous estime, mon Pré-*
“‘sident: you are brave; you want war: we will have it.
“‘But, in the mean while, let us eat the King’s roast meat.’” *

Friedrich’s Answers to these Voltaire Letters, if he wrote any, are all gone. Probably he answered almost nothing; what we have of his, relates always to specific business, receipt of *Louis Quatorze*, and the like; and is always in friendly tone. Handsomely keeping Silence for Two! Here is a snatch from him, on neutral figures and movements of the time.

Friedrich to Wilhelmina (November 17th, 1751). “I think
“the Margraf of Anspach will not have stayed long with you.
“He is not made to taste the sweets of society: his passion
“for hunting, and the tippling life he leads this long time,
“throw him out when he comes among reasonable persons.”

* * “I expect my Sister of Brunswick, with the Duke and
“their eldest Girl, the 4th of next month,” — to Carnival
here. “It is seven years since the Queen (our Mamma) has
“seen her. She holds a small Board of Wit at Brunswick;
“of which your Doctor,” — (Doctor Superville, Dutch-
French, whose perennial merit now is, That he did not burn
Wilhelmina’s *Memoirs*, but left them safe to posterity, for
long centuries), — “of which your Doctor is the director and
“oracle. You would burst outright into laughing when she
“speaks of those matters. Her natural vivacity and haste
“has not left her time to get to the bottom of anything; she
“skips continually from one subject to the other, and gives
“twenty decisions in a minute.” **

* Duvernet (2d form of him, always), p. 176.

** *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. i. 202: — On Superville, see Preuss’s Note, ib. 56.

About a month before Rothenburg's death, which was so tragical to Friedrich, there had fallen out, with a hideous dash of farce in it, the death of La Mettrie. Here are Two Accounts, by different hands, — which represent to us an immensity of babble in the then Voltaire circle.

La Mettrie dies. — Two accounts: 1°. King Friedrich's: to Wilhelmina. "21st November 1751. * * We have lost "poor La Mettrie. He died for a piece of fun: ate out of "banter a whole pheasant-pie; had a horrible indigestion, "took it into his head to have blood let, and convince the "German Doctors that bleeding was good in indigestion. "But it succeeded ill with him: he took a violent fever, which "passed into putrid; and carried him off. He is regretted "by all that knew him. He was gay; *bon diable*, good Doctor, "and very bad Author: by avoiding to read his Books, one "could manage to be well content with himself." *

2°. Voltaire's: to Niece Denis (*not* his first to her): Potsdam, 24th December 1751. * * "No end to my astonishment. "Milord Tyrconnel," always ailing (died here himself), "sends to ask La Mettrie to come and see him, to cure him or "amuse him. The King grudges to part with his Reader, "who makes him laugh. La Mettrie sets out; arrives at his "Patient's just when Madame Tyrconnel is sitting down to "table: he eats and drinks, talks and laughs more than all "the guests; when he has got crammed (*en a jusqu'au menton*), "they bring him a pie, of eagle disguised as pheasant, which "had arrived from the North, plenty of bad lard, pork-hash "and ginger in it; my gentleman eats the whole pie, and dies "next day at Lord Tyrconnel's, assisted by two Doctors," Cothenius and Lieberkühn, "whom he used to mock at. * * * "How I should have liked to ask him, at the article of death, "about that Orange-skin!" **

Add this trait, too, from authentic Nicolai, to complete the matter: "An Irish Priest, Father Macmahon, Tyrconnel's "Chaplain" (more power to him), "wanted to convert La "Mettrie: he pushed into the sick-room; — encouraged by "some who wished to make La Mettrie contemptible to "Friedrich" (the charitable souls). "La Mettrie would have

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. i. 203.

** *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv. 439; ib. 450.

“nothing to do with this Priest and his talk; who, however, still sat and waited. La Mettrie, in a twinge of agony, cried out, ‘*Jésus Marie!*’ ‘*Ah, vous voilà enfin retourné à ces noms consolateurs!*’ exclaimed the Irishman. To which La Mettrie answered (in polite language, to the effect), ‘Bother you!’ and expired, a few minutes after.” *

Enough of this poor madcap. Friedrich’s *Eloge* of him, read to the Academy some time after, it was generally thought (and with great justice), might as well have been spared. The Piece has nothing noisy, nothing untrue; but what has it of importance? And surely the subject was questionable, or more. La Mettrie might have done without Eulogy from a King of men.

* * “He had been used to put himself at once on the “most familiar footing with the King” (says Thiébault, unbelievable). “Entered the King’s apartment, as he would “that of a friend; plunged down whenever he liked, which “was often, and lay upon the sofas: if it was warm, took off “his stock, unbuttoned his waistcoat, flung his periwig on “the floor;” ** — highly probable, thinks stupid Thiébault!

“The truth is,” says Nicolai, “the King put no real value “on La Mettrie. He considered him as a merry-andrew “fellow, who might amuse you, when half seas-over (*entre “deux vins*). De la Mettrie showed himself unworthy of any “favour he had. Not only did he babble, and repeat about “Town, what he heard at the King’s table; but he told “everything in a false way, and with malicious twists and “additions. This he especially did at Lord Tyrconnel, the “then French Ambassador’s table, where at last he died.” *** But could not take the *Orange-Skin* along with him; alas, no! —

On the whole, be not too severe on poor Voltaire! He is very fidgetty, noisy; something of a pickthank, of a wheedler; but, above all, he is scorbutic, dyspeptic; hag-ridden, as soul seldom was; and (in his oblique

* Nicolai. *Anekdoten*, i. 20 n.

** Thiébault, v. 405 (calls him “*La Methérie*,” knows, as usual, nothing)

*** Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, i. 20.

way) *appeals* to Friedrich and us, — not in vain. And in short, we perceive, after the First Act of the Piece, beginning in preternatural radiances, ending in whirlwinds of flaming soot, he has been getting on with his Second Act better than could be expected. Gyrating again among the bright planets, circum-jovial moons, in the Court Firmament; is again in favour, and might — Alas, he had his *fellow-moons*, his Maupertuis above all! Incurable that Maupertuis misery; gets worse and worse, steadily from the first day. No smallest entity that intervenes, not even a wandering La Beaumelle with his Book of *Pensees*, but is capable of worsening it. Take this of Smelfungus; this Pair of Cabinet-Sketches, — “hasty outlines; extant chiefly,” he declares, “by Voltaire’s blame:”

La Beaumelle. — “Voltaire has a fatal talent of getting “into quarrels with insignificant accidental people; and “instead of silently, with cautious finger, disengaging any “bramble that catches to him, and thankfully passing on, “attacks it indignantly with potent steel implements, wood- “axes, war-axes; brandishing and hewing; — till he has “stirred up a whole wilderness of bramble-bush, and is him- “self bramble-chips all over. M. Angliviel de La Beaumelle, “for example, was nothing but a bramble: some conceited “Licentiate of Theology, who, finding the Presbytery of “Geneva too narrow a field, had gone to Copenhagen, as “Professor of Rhetoric or some such thing; and, — finding “that field also too narrow, and not to be widened by at- “tempts at Literature, *Mes Pensées* and the like, in such “barbarous Country, — had now” (end of 1751) “come to “Berlin; and has Presentation Copies of *Mes Pensées*, ou le “*Qu’en dira-t-on*, flying right and left, in hopes of doing “better there. Of these *Pensées* (Thoughts so-called) I will “give but one specimen” (another, that of “King Friedrich a common man,” being carefully suppressed in the Berlin Copies, of La Beaumelle’s distributing):

“There have been greater Poets than Voltaire; there
 “was never any so well recompensed: and why? Because
 “Taste (*goût*, inclination) sets no limits to its recompenses.
 “The King of Prussia overloads men of talent with his bene-
 “fits for precisely the reasons which induce a little German
 “Prince to overload with benefits a buffoon or a dwarf.” **
 Could there be a phenomenon more indisputably of bramble
 nature?

“He had no success at Berlin, in spite of his merits; could
 “not come near the King at all; but assiduously frequented
 “Maupertuis, the flower of human thinkers in that era, —
 “who was very humane to him in consequence. ‘How is it,
 “O flower of human thinkers, that I cannot get on with his
 “Majesty, or make the least way?’ ‘*Hélas, Monsieur*, you
 “have enemies!’ answered he of the red wig; and told La
 “Beaumelle (hear it, ye Heavens), ‘That M. de Voltaire had
 “called his Majesty’s attention to the *Pensée* given above,
 “one evening at Supper Royal; ‘heard it myself, Monsieur —
 “husht!’ Upon which —

““Upon which, see, paltry La Beaumelle has become my
 “enemy for life!’ shrieks Voltaire many times afterwards:
 “‘And it was false, I declare to Heaven, and again declare;
 “it was not I, it was D’Argens quizzing me about it, that
 “called his Majesty’s attention to that *Pensée* of Blockhead
 “La Beaumelle, — you treacherous Perpetual President,
 “stirring up enemies against me, and betraying secrets of the
 “King’s table.’ Sorrow on your red wig, and you! — It is
 “certain La Beaumelle, soon after this, left Berlin: not in
 “love with Voltaire. And there soon appeared, at Frankfurt-
 “on-Mayn, a Pirate Edition of our brand-new *Siècle de Louis*
 “*Quatorze* (with Annotations scurrilous and flimsy); — La
 “Beaumelle the professed Perpetrator; ‘who received for
 “the job 7*l.* 10*s.* net!’ ** asseverates the well-informed Vol-
 “taire. Oh, M. de Voltaire, and why not leave it to him,
 “then? Poor devil, he got put into the Bastille too, by and
 “by; Royal Persons being touched by some of his stupid
 “foot-notes.

“La Beaumelle had a long course of it, up and down the
 “world, in and out of the Bastille; writing much, with in-

* *Œuvres de Voltaire*, xxvii. 220 n.

** *Ib.* xxvii. 219, 236.

“considerable recompense, and always in a wooden manner, “worthy of his First vocation in the Geneva time. ‘A man “of pleasing physiognomy,’ says Formey, ‘and expressed “himself well. I received his visit, 14th January 1752,’ — “to which latter small circumstance (welcome as a fixed date “to us here) La Beaumelle’s Biography is now pretty much “reduced for mankind.* He continued Maupertuis’s adorer; “and was not a bad creature, only a dull wooden one, with “obstinate temper. A *Life of Maupertuis* of his writing was “sent forth lately,** after lying hidden a hundred years: “but it is dull, dead, painfully ligneous, like all the rest; “and of new or of pleasant tells us nothing.

“His enmity to M. de Voltaire did prove perpetual: — a “bramble that might have been dealt with by fingers, or by “fingers and scissors, but could not by axes, and their hewing “and brandishing. ‘This is the ninety-fifth anonymous calum- “ny of La Beaumelle’s, this that you have sent me!’ says “Voltaire once. The first stroke or two had torn the bramble “quite on end: ‘He says he will pursue you to Hell even,’ “writes one of the Voltaire kind friends from Frankfurt, on that “7l. 10s. business. ‘*A l’Enfer?*’ answers M. de Voltaire, with “a toss: ‘Well, I should think so, he, and at a good rate of “speed. But whether he will find *me* there, must be a ques- “tion!’ If you want to have an insignificant accidental “fellow trouble you all your days, this is the way of handling “him when he first catches hold.

Abbé de Prades. — “De Prades, ‘Abbé de Prades, Reader “to the King,’ though happily not an Enemy of Voltaire’s, is “in some sort La Beaumelle’s counterpart, or brother with “a difference; concerning whom also, one wants only to “know the exact date of his arrival. As La Beaumelle felt “too strait-tied in the Geneva vestures (where it had been “good for him to adjust himself, and stay); so did De Prades “in the Sorbonne ditto, — and burst out, on taking Orders, “not into eloquent Preachings or edifying Devotional Exer- “cises; but into loud blurts of mere heresy and heterodoxy. “Blurts which were very loud, and I believe very stupid;

* Formey, II. 221.

** *Vie de Maupertuis* (cited above), Paris, 1856.

“which failed of being sublime even to the Philosophic
“world; and kindled the Sorbonne, into burning his Book,
“and almost burning himself, had not he at once run for it.

“Ran to Holland, and there continued blurting more at
“large, decidedly stupid for most part, thinks Voltaire, ‘but
“with glorious Passages, worth your Majesty’s attention;’ —
“upon which, D’Alembert too helping, poor De Prades was
“invited to the Readership, vacant by La Mettrie’s eagle-pie;
“and came gladly, and stayed. At what date? one occa-
“sionally asks: for there are Royal Letters, dateless, but
“written in his hand, that raise such question in the utter
“dimness otherwise. Date is ‘September 1752.’* Farther
“question one does not ask about De Prades. Rather an
“emphatic intrusive kind of fellow, I should guess; — wrote,
“he, not Friedrich, that *Abridgment of Fleury’s Ecclesiastical*
“*History*, and other the like dreary Pieces, which used to be
“inflicted on mankind as Friedrich’s.

“For the rest, having place and small pension, — not, like
“La Beaumelle, obliged to pirate and annotate for 7*l.* 10*s.*, —
“he went on steadily, a good while; got a Canonry of Glo-
“gau” (small Catholic benefice, bad if it was not better than
its now occupant); — “and unluckily, in the Seven-Years
“War time, fell into treasonous Correspondence with his
“Countrymen; which it was feared might be fatal, when
“found out. But no, not fatal. Friedrich did lock him in
“Magdeburg for some months; then let him out: ‘Home to
“Glogau, sirrah; stick to your Canonry henceforth, and let
“us hear no more of you at all!’ Which shall be his fate in
“these pages also.”

Good, my friend; no more of him, then! Only re-
collect “September 1752,” if dateless Royal Letters in
De Prades’s hand turn up.

* Preuss, I. 368; II. 115.

CHAPTER X.

DEMON NEWSWRITER, OF 1752.

It must be owned, the King's French Colony of Wits were a sorry set of people. They tempt one to ask, What is the good of wit, then, if this be it? Here are people sparkling with wit, and have not understanding enough to discern what lies under their nose. Cannot live wisely with anybody, least of all with one another.

In fact, it is tragic to think how ill this King succeeded in the matter of gathering friends. With the whole world to choose from, one fancies always he might have done better! But no, he could not;—and chiefly for this reason! His love of Wisdom was nothing like deep enough, reverent enough; and his love of *Esprit* (the mere Garment or Phantasm of Wisdom) was too deep. Friends do not drop into one's mouth. One must know how to choose friends; and that of *esprit*, though a pretty thing, is by no means the one requisite, if indeed it be a requisite at all. This present Wit Colony was the best that Friedrich ever had; and we may all see how good it was. He took, at last more and more, into bantering his Table-Companions (which I do not wonder at), as the chief good he could get of them. And had, as we said, especially in his later time, in the manner of Dublin Hackney-Coachmen, established upon each animal its *raw*; and

makes it skip amazingly at touch of the whip. "Cruel mortal!" thought his cattle: — but, after all, how could he well help it, with such a set?

Native Literary Men, German or Swiss, there also were about Friedrich's Court: of them happily he did not require *esprit*; but put them into his Academy; or employed them in practical functions, where honesty and good sense were the qualities needed. Worthy men, several of these; but unmemorable nearly all. We will mention Sulzer alone, — and not for *Theories* and *Philosophies of the Fine Arts** (which then had their multitudes of readers); but for a Speech of Friedrich's to him once, which has often been repeated. Sulzer has a fine rugged wholesome Swiss-German physiognomy, both of face and mind; and got his admirations, as the Berlin *Hugh Blair* that then was: a Sulzer whom Friedrich always rather liked.

Friedrich had made him School Inspector; loved to talk a little with him, about business, were it nothing else. "Well, Monsieur Sulzer, how are your Schools getting on?" asked the King one day, — long after this, but nobody will tell me exactly when, though the fact is certain enough: "How goes our Education business?" "Surely not ill, your Majesty; and much better in late years," answered Sulzer. — "In late years: why?" "Well, your Majesty, in former time, the notion being that mankind were naturally inclined to evil, a system of severity prevailed in schools: but now, when we recognise that the inborn inclination of men is rather to good than to evil, schoolmasters have adopted a more generous procedure." "Inclination rather to good?" said Friedrich, shaking his old head,

* *Allgemeine Theorie der Schönen Künste*, 3 voll.; &c. &c.

with a sad smile: "Alas, dear Sulzer, *Ach, mein lieber Sulzer*, I see you don't know that damned race of creatures (*Er kennt nicht diese verdammte Race*) as I do!"* Here is a speech for you! "Pardon the King, who was himself so beneficent and excellent a King!" cry several Editors of the rosepink type. This present Editor, for his share, will at once forgive; but how can he ever forget! —

"Perhaps I mistake," owns Voltaire, in his Pasquinade of a *Vie Privée*, "but it seems to me, at these Suppers there was a great deal of *esprit* (real wit and brilliancy) going. The King had it, and made others have; and, what is extraordinary, I never felt myself so free at any table." "Conversation most pleasant," testifies another, "most instructive, animated; not to be matched, I should guess, elsewhere in the world."** Very sprightly indeed: and a fund of good sense, a basis of practicality and fact, necessary to be in it withal; though otherwise it can foam over (if some La Mettrie be there, and a good deal of wine in him) to very great heights.

A Demon Newswriter gives an "Idea" of Friedrich; intelligible to the Knowing Classes in England and elsewhere.

Practically I can add only, That these Suppers of the gods begin commonly at half-past eight ("Concert

* Nicolai, III. 274; — the thing appears to have been said in French (*'Je vois bien, mon cher Sulzer, que vous ne connaissez pas, comme moi, cette race maudite à laquelle nous appartenons'*); but the German form is irresistibly attractive, and is now heard proverbially from time to time in certain mouths.

** Bielfeld, *Letters*; Voltaire, *Vie Privée*.

just over"); and last till towards midnight, — not later conveniently, as the King must be up at five (in Summer time at four), and "needs between five and six hours of sleep." Or would the reader care to consult a Piece expressly treating on all these points; kind of *Manuscript Newspaper*, fallen into my hands, which seems to have had a widish circulation in its day.* I have met with Two Copies of it, in this Country: one of them, to appearance, once the property of George Selwyn. The other is among the Robinson Papers: doubtless very luculent to Robinson, who is now home in England, but remembers many a thing. Judging from various symptoms, I could guess this Ms. to have been much about, in the English Aristocratic Circles of that time; and to have, in some measure, given said Circles their "Idea" (as they were pleased to reckon it) of that wonderful and questionable King: — highly distracted "Idea;" which, in diluted form, is still the staple English one.

By the label, *Demon Newswriter*, it is not meant that the Author of this poor Paper was an actual Devil, or infernal Spiritual Essence of miraculous spectral nature. By no means! Beyond doubt, he is some poor Frenchman, more or less definable as flesh-and-blood; gesturing about, visibly, at Berlin in 1752; in cocked hat and bright shoe-buckles; grinning elaborate salutations to certain of his fellow-creatures there. Possibly some hungry *Attaché* of Milord Tyrconnel's Legation; fatally shut out from the beatitudes of this barbarous Court, and willing to seek solacement, and turn a dis-

* "*Idée de la Personne, de la Manière de Vivre, et de la Cour du Roi de Prusse: juin 1752.*" In the Robinson Papers (one Copy) now in the British Museum.

honest penny, in the *per-contra* course? Who he is, we need not know or care: too evident, he has the sad quality of transmuting, in his dirty organs, heavenly Brilliancy, more or less, into infernal Darkness and Hatefulness; which I reckon to have been, at all times, the principal function of a Devil; — function still carried on extensively, under Firms of another title, in this world.

Some snatches we will give. For, though it does not much concern a Man or King, seriously busy, what the idle outer world may see good to talk of him, his Biographers, in time subsequent, are called to notice the matter, as part of his Life-element, and characteristic of the world he had round him. Friedrich's affairs were much a wonder to his contemporaries. Especially his Domesticities, an item naturally obscure to the outer world, were wonderful; sure to be commented upon, to all lengths; and by the unintelligent, first of all. Of contemporary mankind, as we have sometimes said, nobody was more lied of: — of which, let this of the Demon Newswriter be example, one instead of many. The Demon Newswriter, deriving only from outside gossip and eaves-dropping, is wrong very often, — in fact, he is seldom right, except on points which have been Officially fixed, and are within reach of an inquisitive Clerk of Legation. Wrong often enough, even in regard to external particulars, how much more as to internal; — and will need checking, as we go along.

Demon speaks first of Friedrich's stature, 5 ft. 6 in. (as we know better than this Demon); "pretty well proportioned, "not handsome, and even something of awkward (*gauche*), "acquired by a constrained bearing" (head slightly off the

perpendicular, acquired by his flute, say the better informed). "Is of the greatest politeness. Fine tone of voice, — fine even in swearing, which is as common with him as "with a grenadier," adds this Demon; not worth attending to, on such points.

"Has never had a nightcap" (sleeps bareheaded; in his later times, would sleep in his hat, which was always soft as duffel, kneaded to softness as its first duty, and did very well): "Never a nightcap, dressing-gown, or pair of slippers" (*true*); "only a kind of cloth cloak" (*not quite*), "much worn" "and very dirty, for being powdered in. The whole year "round he goes in the uniform of his First Battalion of "Guards: — blue with red facings, button-hole trimmings in "silver, frogs at the inner end; coat buttons close to the "shape; waistcoat is plain yellow" (straw-colour); "hat "(three-cornered) has edging of Spanish lace, white plume" (horizontal, resting on the lace all round): "boots on his legs "all his life. He cannot walk with shoes" (pooh, you —!).

"He rises daily at five:" — No, he doesn't at all! In fact, we had better clap the lid on this Demon, ill-informed as to all these points; and, on such suggestion, give the real account of them, distilled from Preuss, and the abundant authentic sources.

Preuss says (if readers could but remember him): "An "Almanac lies on the King's Table, marking for each day, "what specific duties the day will bring. From five to six "hours of sleep: in summer he rises about three, seldom after "four; in winter perhaps an hour later. In his older time, "seven hours sleep came to be the stipulated quantity; and "he would sleep occasionally eight hours or even nine, in "certain medical predicaments. Not so in his younger years: "4 A.M. and 5, the set hours then. Summer and winter, fire "is lighted for him a quarter of an hour before. King rises; "gets into his clothes: 'stockings, breeches, boots, he did "sitting on the bed' (for one loves to be particular); the rest "in front of the fire, in standing posture. Washing followed; "more compendious than his Father's used to be.

"Letters specifically to his address, a courier (leaving "Berlin, 9 P.M.) had brought him, in the dead of night: these "on the instant of the King's calling, 'Here!' a valet in the "antechamber brought in to him, to be read while his hair

“was being done. His uniform the King did not at once put
“on; but got into a *Casaquin*” (loose article of the dressing-
gown kind, only shorter than ours) “of rich stuff, sometimes
“of velvet with precious silver embroideries. These Casa-
“quins were commonly sky-blue (which colour he liked), pre-
“sents from his Sisters and Nieces. Letters being glanced
“over, and hair-club done, the Lifeguard General-Adjutant
“hands-in the Potsdam Report (all strangers that have
“entered Potsdam or left it, the principal item): this, with a
“Berlin Report, which had come with the Letters; and what
“of Army-Reports had arrived (Adjutant-General delivering
“these), — were now glanced over. And so, by five o’clock
“in the summer morning, by six in the winter, one sees, in the
“gross, what one’s Day’s-work is to be; the miscellaneous
“stones of it are now mostly here, only mortar and walling of
“them to be thought of. General-Adjutant and his affairs
“are first settled: on each thing, a word or two, which the
“General-Adjutant (always a highly confidential Officer,
“a Hacke, a Winterfeld, or the like) pointedly takes down.

“General-Adjutant gone, the King, in sky-blue casaquin”
(often in very faded condition) “steps into his writing-room;
“walks about, reading his Letters more completely; drink-
“ing, first, several glasses of water; then coffee, perhaps
“three cups with or without milk” (likes coffee, and very
strong). “After coffee he takes his flute; steps about practis-
“ing, fantasizing: he has been heard to say, speaking of
“music and its effects on the soul, That during this fantasizing
“he would get to considering all manner of things, with no
“thought of what he was playing; and that sometimes even
“the luckiest ideas about business matters have occurred to
“him while dandling with the flute. Sauntering so, he is gra-
“dually breakfasting withal: will eat, intermittently, small
“chocolate cakes; and after his coffee, cherries, figs, grapes,
“fruits in their season” (very fond of fruit, and has elaborate
hot-houses). “So passes the early morning.”

“Between nine and ten, most of one’s plan-work being got
“through, the questions of the day are settled, or laid hold of
“for settling. Between nine and ten, King takes to reading
“the ‘Excerpts’ (I suppose, of the more intricate or lengthier
“things) of Yesterday, which his three Cabinet Rathes” (Clerk
Eichel and the other Two) “have prepared for him. King

“summons these Three, one after the other, according to
“their Department; hands them the Letters just read, the
“Excerpts now decided on, and signifies, in a minimum of
“words, what the answers are to be, — Clerk, always in full
“dress, listening with both his ears, and pencil in hand. May
“have, of Answers, *Cabinet-Orders* so-called, perhaps a dozen,
“to be ready with before evening.*

“Eichel and Company dismissed, King flings off his casa-
“quin, takes his regimental coat; has his hair touched off
“with pomade, with powder; and is buttoned and ready in
“about five minutes; — ready for Parade, which is at the
“stroke of eleven, instead of later, as it used to be in Papa’s
“time. If eleven is not yet come, he will get on horseback;
“go sweeping about, oftenest with errands still, at all events
“in the free solitude of air, till Parade-time do come. The
“Parole” (Sentry’s-word of the Day) “he has already given
“his Adjutant-General. Parole, which only the Adjutant
“and Commandant had known till now, is formally given out;
“and the troops go through their exercises, manœuvres,
“under a strictness of criticism which never abates.” “Parade
“he, by no chance, ever misses,” says our Demon friend.

“At the stroke of twelve,” continues Preuss, “dinner is
“served. Dinner threefold; that is, a second table and a
“third. Only two courses, dishes only eight, even at the
“King’s Table (eight also at the Marshal’s or second Table);
“guests from seven to ten. Dinner plentiful and savoury
“(for the King had his favourites among edibles), by no means
“caring to be splendid, — yearly expense of threefold Dinner
“(done accurately by contract) was 1,800*l.*” Linsenbarth,
we saw, at the Third Table, and how he fared. “The
“dinner-service was of beautiful porcelain; not silver, still
“less gold, except on the grandest occasions. Every guest
“eats at discretion,” — of course! — “and drinks at discre-
“tion, Moselle, or Pontac” (kind of claret); “Champagne
“and Hungary are handed round on the King’s signal. King
“himself drinks Bergerac, or other clarets, with water.
“Dinner lasts till two; — if the conversation be seductive, it

* “In a certain Copy or Final-Register Book” (Herr Preuss’s Windfall, of which, *infra*), “entitled *Kabinetsorderkopialbuch*, of One of the three
“Clerks, years 1746-1752, there are, on the average, ten *Cabinet-Orders*
“daily, Sundays included” (Preuss, i. 352 n.).

“has been known to stretch to four. The King’s great passion
“is for talk of the right kind; he himself talks a great deal,
“tippling wine and water to the end, and keeps on a level
“with the rising tide.

“With a bow from Majesty, dinner ends; guests gently,
“with a little saunter of talk to some of them, all vanish; and
“the King is in his own Apartment again. Generally flute-
“playing for about half an hour; till Eichel and the others
“come with their day’s work: tray-loads of Cabinet-Orders,
“I can fancy; which are to be ‘executed,’ that is, to be
“glanced through, and signed. Signature for most part is
“all; but there are Marginalia and Postscripts, too, in great
“number, often of a spicy biting character; which, in our
“time, are in request among the curious.” Herr Preuss, who
has right to speak, declares that the spice of mockery has
been exaggerated; and that serious sense is always the aim
both of Document and of Signer. Preuss had a windfall;
12,000 of these Pieces, or more, in a lump, in the way of gift;
which fell on him like manna, — and led, it is said, to those
Friedrich studies, extensive faithful quarryings in that vast
wilderness of sliding shingle and chaotic boulders.

“Coffee follows this despatch of Eichel and Consorts; the
“day now one’s own.” Scandalous rumours, prose and verse,
connect themselves with this particular epoch of the day;
which appear to be wholly *lies*. Of which presently. “In this
“after-dinner period fall the literary labours,” says Preuss:
— a facile pen, this King’s; only two hours of an afternoon
allowed it, instead of all day and the top of the morning.
“About six, or earlier even, came the Reader” (La Mettrie or
another), “came artists, came learned talk. At seven is
“Concert, which lasts for an hour; half-past eight is
“Supper.”*

Demon Newswriter says, of the Concert: “It is mostly of
“wind-instruments,” King himself often taking part with
his flute; “performers the best in Europe. He has three” —
what shall we call them? of male gender, — “a counter-alt,
“and Mamsell Astrua, an Italian; they are unique voices.
“He cannot bear mediocrity. It is but seldom he has any
“singing here. To be admitted, needs the most intimate

* Preuss, I. 344-347 (and with intermittencies, pp. 356, 361, 363, &c. to
376): abridged.

“favour; now and then some young Lord, of distinction, if “he meet with such.” Concert, very well; — but let us now, suppressing any little abhorrences, hear him on another subject:

“Dinner lasts one hour” (says our Demon, no better informed): “upon which the King returns to his Apartment “with bows. It pretty often happens that he takes with him “one of his young fellows. These are all handsome, like a “picture (*faits à peindre*), and of the beautifullest face,” — adds he, still worse informed; poisonous malice mixing itself, this time, with the human darkness, and reducing it to diabolic. This Demon’s Paper abounds with similar allusions; as do the more desperate sort of Voltaire utterances, — *Vie Privée* treating it as known fact; Letters to Denis in occasional paroxysms, as rumour of detestable nature, probably true of one who is so detestable, at least so formidable, to a guilty sinner his Guest. Others, not to be called diabolical, as Herr Dr. Büsching, for example, speak of it as a thing credible; as good as known to the well-informed. And, beyond the least question, there did a thrice-abominable rumour of that kind run, whispering audibly, over all the world; and gain belief from those who had appetite. A most melancholy business. Solacing to human envy; — explaining also, to the dark human intellect, why this King had commonly no Women at his Court. A most melancholy portion of my raw-material, this; concerning which, since one must speak of it, here is what little I have to say:

10. That proof of the *negative*, in this or in any such case, is by the nature of it impossible. That it is indisputable Friedrich did not now live with his Wife, nor seem to concern himself with the empire of women at all; having, except now and then his Sisters and some Foreign Princess on short visit, no women in his Court; and though a great judge of Female merits, graces and accomplishments, seems to worship women in that remote way alone, and not in any nearer. Which occasioned great astonishment in a world used so much to the contrary. And gave rise to many conjectures among the idle of mankind, “What, on Earth, or under Earth, can be the meaning of it?” — and among others, to the above scandalous rumour, as some solacement to human malice and impertinent curiosity.

20. That an opposite rumour, — which would indeed have been pretty fatal to this one, but perhaps still more disgraceful in the eyes of a Demon Newswriter, — was equally current; and was much elaborated by the curious impertinent. Till Nicolai got hold of it, in Herr Dr. Zimmermann's responsible hands; and conclusively knocked it on the head.*

30. That, for me, proof in the affirmative, or probable indication that way, has not anywhere turned up. Nowhere for me, in these extensive minings and siftings. Not the least of probable indication; but contrariwise, here and there, rather definite indications pointing directly the opposite way.** Friedrich, in his own utterances and occasional rhymes, is abundantly cynical; now and then rises to a kind of epic cynicism, on this very matter. But at no time can the painful critic call it cynicism as of *other* than an observer; always a kind of vinegar cleanness in it, *except* in theory. Cynicism of an impartial observer in a dirty element; observer epically sensible (when provoked to it) of the brutal contemptibilities which lie in Human Life, alongside of its big struttings and pretensions. In Friedrich's utterances there is that kind of cynicism undeniable; — and yet he had a modesty almost female in regard to his own person; "no servant having ever seen him in an exposed state."*** Which had considerably strengthened rumour No. 2. O ye poor impious Long-eared, — Long-eared I will call you, instead of Two-horned and with only One hoof cloven! Among the tragical platitudes of Human Nature, nothing so fills a considering brother mortal with sorrow and despair, as this innate tendency of the common crowd in regard to its Great Men, whensoever, or almost whensoever, the Heavens do, at long intervals, vouchsafe us, as their all-including blessing, anything of such! Practical "*Blasphemy*," — is it not, if you reflect? Strangely possible that sin, even now. And ought to be religiously abhorred by every soul that has the least piety or nobleness. Act not the mutinous flunkey, my friend; though there be great wages going in that line.

40. That in these circumstances, and taking into view the otherwise known qualities of this high Fellow-Creature,

* See Zimmermann's *Fragmente*, and Nicolai patiently pounding it to powder (whoever is curious on this disgusting subject).

** For example ("Correspondence with *Fredersdof*"), *Œuvres*, XXVII. III. 145.

*** Preuss, I. 376.

the present Editor does not, for his own share, value the rumour at a pin's fee. And leaves it, and recommends his readers to leave it, hanging by its own head, in the sad subterranean regions, — till (probably not for a long while yet) it drop to a far Deeper and dolefuller Region, out of our way altogether.

“Lamentable, yes,” comments Diogenes; “and especially so, that the idle public has a hankering for such things! But are there no obscene details at all, then? grumbles the disappointed idle public to itself, something of reproach in its tone. A public idle-minded; much depraved in every way. Thus, too, you will observe of dogs: two dogs, at meeting, run, first of all, to the shameful parts of the constitution; institute a strict examination, more or less satisfactory, in that department. That once settled, their interest in ulterior matters seems pretty much to die away, and they are ready to part again, as from a problem done.” — Enough, oh, enough!

Practically we are getting no good of our Demon; — and will dismiss him, after a taste or two more.

This Demon Newswriter has, evidently, never been to Potsdam; which he figures as the abode of horrid cruelty, a kind of Tartarus on Earth; — where there is a dreadful scarcity of women, for one item; lamentable to one's moral feelings. Scarcity nothing like so great, even among the soldier-classes, as the Demon Newswriter imagines to himself; nor productive of the results lamented. Prussian soldiers are not encouraged to marry, if it will hurt the service; nor do their wives march with the Regiment except in such proportions as there may be sewing, washing, and the like women's work fairly wanted in their respective Companies: the Potsdam First Battalion, I understand, is hardly permitted to marry at all. And in regard to lamentable results, that of “*Liebsten-Scheine, Sweetheart-Tickets*,” — or actual military legalising of Temporary Marriages, with regular privileges attached, and fixed rules to be observed, — might perhaps be the notablest point, and the *semi-lamentablest*, to a man or demon in the habit of lamenting.* For the rest, a

* Preuss, I. 426.

considerably dreadful place this Potsdam, to the flaccid, esurient and disorderly of mankind; — “and strict as Fate” (Demon correct for once) “in inexorably punishing military sins.

“This King,” he says, “has a great deal of *esprit*; much “less of real knowledge (*connaissances*) than is pretended. “He excels only in the military part; really excellent there. “Has a facile expeditious pen and head; understands what “you say to him, at the first word. Not taking nor wishing “advice; never suffering replies or remonstrances, not even “from his Mother. Pretty well acquainted with Works of “*Esprit*, whether in Prose or in Verse: burning” (very hot indeed) “to distinguish himself by performance of that kind; “but unable to reach the Beautiful, unless held up by some- “body (*étayé*). It is said that, in a splenetic moment, his “Skeleton of an Apollo” (*squelette d’Apollon*, M. de Voltaire, who is lean exceedingly) “exclaimed once, some time ago, ““When is it, then, that he will have done sending me his ““dirty linen to wash?”

“The King is of a sharp mocking tongue withal; pricking “into whoever displeases him; often careless of policy in “that. Understands nothing of Finance, or still less of “Trade; always looking direct towards more money, which “he loves much; incapable of sowing” (as some of *us* do!) “for a distant harvest. Treats almost all the world as slaves. “All his subjects are held in hard shackles. Rigorous for “the least shortcoming, where his interest is hurt: — never “pardons any fault which tends to inexactitude in the Mili- “tary Service. Spandau very full,” — though I did not myself count. “Keeps in his pay nobody but those useful “to him, and capable of doing employments well” (*true, always*); “and the instant he has no more need of them, dis- “missing them with nothing” (*false, generally*). “The Sub- “sidies imposed on his subjects are heavy; in constant pro- “portion to their Feudal Properties, and their Leases of “Domains (*Contrats et Baux*); and, what is dreadful, are “exacted with the same rigour if your Property gets into “debt,” — no remission by the iron grip of this King in the name of the State! Sell, if you can find a Purchaser; or get confiscated altogether; that is your only remedy. Surely a tyrant of a King.

“People who get nearest him will tell you that his Politeness is not natural, but a remnant of old habit, when he had need of everybody, against the persecutions of his Father. He respects his Mother; the only Female for whom he has a sort of attention. He esteems his Wife, and cannot endure her; has been married nineteen years, and has not yet addressed one word to her” (how true!). “It was but a few days ago she handed him a Letter, petitioning some things of which she had the most pressing want. He took the Letter, with that smiling, polite and gracious air which he assumes at pleasure; and without breaking the seal, tore the Letter up before her face, made her a profound bow, and turned his back on her.” Was there ever such a Pluto varnished into Literary Rosepink? Very proper Majesty for the Tartarus that here is.

* * “The Queen-Mother,” continues our Small Devil, “is a good fat woman, who lives and moves in her own way (*rondement*). She has 16,000*l.* a year for keeping up her House. It is said she hoards. Four days in the week she has Apartment” (Royal Soiree); “to which you cannot go without express invitation. There is supper-table of twenty-four covers; only eight dishes, served in a shabby manner (*indécemment*) by six little scoundrels of Pages. Men and women of the Country” (shivering Natives, cheering their dull abode) “go and eat there. Steward Royal sends the invitations. At eleven, everybody has withdrawn. Other days, this Queen eats by herself. Stewardess Royal and three Maids of Honour have their separate table; two dishes the whole. She is shabbily lodged” (in my opinion), “when at the Palace. Her Monbijou, which is close to Berlin” (now well within it), “would be pretty enough, for a private person.

“The Queen Regnant is the best woman in the world. All the year” (*not quite*) “she dines alone. Has Apartment on Thursdays; everybody gone at nine o’clock. Her morsels are cut for her, her steps are counted, and her words are dictated; she is miserable, and does what she can to hide it” — according to our Small Devil. “She has scarcely the necessaries of life allowed her,” — spends regularly two-thirds of her income in charitable objects; translates French-Calvinist Devotional Works, for benefit of the

German mind; and complains to no Small Devil, of never so sympathising nature. "At Court she is lodged on the "second floor" (scandalous). "Schönhausen her Country "House, with the exception of the Garden which is pretty "enough, — our Shopkeepers of the Rue St. Honoré would "sniff at such a lodging.

"Princess Amelia is rather amiable" (thank you for nothing, Small Devil); "often out of temper because — this "is so shocking a place for Ladies, especially for maiden "Ladies. Lives with her Mother; special income very small; "— Coadjutress of Quedlinburg; will be actual Abbess," in a year or two.*

"Eldest Prince, Heir Apparent," — do not speak of him, Small Devil, for you are misinformed in every feature and particular: — enough, "he is facsimile of his Brother. He "has only 18,000*l.* a-year, for self, Wife, Household, and "Children" (two, both Boys); "— and is said" (falsely) "to "hoard, and to follow Trade, extensive Trade with his "Brother's Woods.

"Prince Henri, who is just going to be married," — thank you, Demon, for reminding us of that. Bride is Wilhelmina, Princess of Hessen-Cassel. Marriage, 25th June 1752; — did not prove, in the end, very happy. A small contemporary event; which would concern Voltaire and others that concern us. Three months ago, April 14th, 1752, the Berlin Powder-Magazine flew aloft with horrible crash;* — and would be audible to Voltaire, in this his Second Act. Events, audible or not, never cease.

"Prince Henri," in Demon's opinion, "is the amiablest "of the House. He is polite, generous, and loves good com- "pany. Has 12,000*l.* a-year left him by Papa." Not enough, as it proved. "If, on this Marriage, his Brother, who "detests him" (witness Reinsberg and other evidences, now and onward), "gives him nothing, he won't be well off. They "are furnishing a House for him, where he will lodge after "wedding. Is reported to be — *Potzdamiste*" (says the scandalous Small Devil, whom we are weary of contradicting), — Potsdamite, in certain respects. "Poor Princess, what a "destiny for you!

* 11th April 1756: Preuss, xxvii. p. xxxiv. (of Preface).

** In *Helden-Geschichte* (iii. 531) the details.

“Prince Ferdinand, little scraping of a creature (*petit chafouin*), crapulous to excess, niggardly in the extreme, “whom everybody avoids,” — much more whose Portrait, by a Magic-lantern of this kind: which let us hastily shut, and fling into the cellar! — “Little Ferdinand, besides his “15,000*l.* a-year, Papa’s bequest, gets considerable sums “given him. Has lodging in the Kings-House; goes shifting “and visiting about, wherever he can live gratis; and strives “all he can to amass money. Has to be in boots and uniform, “every three days. Three months of the year practically “with his regiment: but the shifts he has for avoiding ex- “pense are astonishing.” * *

What an illuminative “Idea” are the Walpole-Sei-
wyn Circles picking up for their money! —

CHAPTER XI.

THIRD ACT AND CATASTROPHE OF THE VOLTAIRE VISIT.

MEANTIME there has a fine Controversy risen, of mathematical, philosophical, and at length of very miscellaneous nature, concerning that König-Maupertuis dissentience on the *Law of Thrift*. Wonderful Controversy, much occupying the so-called Philosophic or Scientific world; especially the idler population that inhabit there. Upon this item of the Infinitely Little, — which has in our time sunk into Nothing-at-all, and, but for Voltaire and the accident of his living near it, would be forgotten altogether, — we must not enter into details; but a few words to render Voltaire's share in it intelligible will be, in the highest degree, necessary. Here, in brief form, rough and ready, are the successive stages of the Business; the origin and first stage of which have been known to us for some time past:

“September 1750, König, his well-meant visit to Berlin
 “proving so futile, had left Maupertuis in the humour we saw;
 “— pirouetting round his Apartment, in tempests of rage at
 “such contradiction of sinners on his sublime Law of Thrift;
 “and fulminating permission to König: ‘No time to read
 “‘your Paper of Contradictions; publish it in Leipzig, in
 “‘Jericho; anywhere in the Earth, in Heaven, in the Other
 “‘Place, where you have the opportunity!’ König, return-
 “ing on these terms, had nothing for it but to publish his
 “Paper; and did publish it, in the Leipzig *Acta Eruditorum*

March 1751—March 1753.

“for March 1751. There it stands, legible to this day: and
 “if any of the human species should again think of reading it,
 “I believe it will be found a reasonable, solid and decisive
 “Paper; of stedfast, openly articulate, by no means insolent,
 “tone; considerably modifying Maupertuis’s Law of Thrift,
 “or Minimum of Action; — fatal to the claim of its being a
 “‘Sublime Discovery,’ or indeed, so far as *true*, any discovery
 “at all.* By way of finis to the Paper, there is given, what
 “proves extremely important to us, an Excerpt from an old
 “*Letter of Leibnitz’s*; which perhaps it will be better to present
 “here *in corpore*, as so much turned on it afterwards. König
 “thus winds up:

“I add only a word, in finishing; and that is, that it ap-
 “pears Mr. Leibnitz had a theory of Action, perhaps much
 “more extensive than one would suspect at present. There
 “is a Letter written by him to Mr. Hermann” (an ancient
 mathematical sage at Basel), “where he uses these expres-
 “sions: ‘*Action is not what you think; the consideration of*
 “‘*Time enters into it; Action is as the product of the mass by the*
 “‘*space and the velocity, or as the time by the vis viva. I have re-*
 “‘*marked that in the modifications of motion, the action becomes*
 “‘*usually a maximum or a minimum: — and from this there might*
 “‘*several propositions of great consequence be deduced. It might*
 “‘*serve to determine the curves described by bodies under attrac-*
 “‘*tion to one or more centres. I had meant to treat of these things*
 “‘*in the Second Part of my Dynamique; which I suppressed,*
 “‘*the reception of the First, by prejudice in many quarters, having*
 “‘*disgusted me.*’”** Your Minimum of Action, it would ap-

* In *Acta Eruditorum* (Lipsiæ, 1751): “*De universali Principio Equi-
 “librii et Motûs.*” By no means uncivil to Maupertuis; though obliged to
 controvert him. For example: “*Quæ itaque de Minimâ Actionis in modifi-
 “cationibus modum obtinente in genere proferuntur vehementer laudo;*”
 “continent” nempe “*fecundum longeque pulcherrimum Dynamices sub-
 “limioris principium, cujus vim in difficillimis quæstionibus sæpe expertus*
 “*fui.*”

** *Maupertuisiana*, No. II. 22 (from *Acta Eruditorum*, ubi suprâ). In
Maupertuisiana, No. IV. 166, is the whole Letter, “Hanover, 16th October
 1707;” no address left, judged to be to Hermann. *Maupertuisiana* (Ham-
 burg, 1753) is a mere Bookseller’s or even Bookbinder’s Farrago, with
 printed *Titlepage* and *List*, of the chief Pamphlets which had appeared on
 this Business (sixteen by count, various type, all 8vo size, in my copy). Of

pear, then, is in some cases a Maximum; nothing can be said but that, in every case, it is *either* a Maximum or Minimum. What a stroke for our *Law of Thrift*, the “at last conclusive “Proof” of an Intelligent Creator, as the Perpetual President had fancied it! “So-ho, what is this! My Discovery an Error? And Leibnitz discovered it, so far as true?” —

“*May 28th — 8th October 1751.* Maupertuis, compressing “himself what he can, writes to König: ‘Very good, Mon-
“sieur. But please inform me where is that Letter of Leib-
“nitz’s; I have never seen or heard of it before, — and I
“want to make use of it myself.’ To which König answers:
“‘Henzi gave it me, in Copy,’ — (unfortunate Conspirator
“Henzi, who lost his head three years ago, by sentence of
“the Oligarch Government at Berne):* — ‘he, poor fellow
“had no end of Papers and Excerpts; had, as we know,
“above a hundred volumes of the latter kind; this, and some
“other Letters of Leibnitz’s, among them, — I send you the
“whole Letter, copied faithfully from his Copy.’** To that
“effect, still in perfect good-humour, was König’s reply to
“his Maupertuis.

“‘Hm, Copy? By Henzi?’ grumbles Maupertuis to him-
“self: — ‘Search in Berne, then; it must be there, if any-
“where!’ To König Maupertuis answers nothing: but
“sulkily resolves on having Search made; — and, to give
“solemnity to the matter, requests his Excellency Marquis
“de Paulmy, the French Ambassador at Berne, to ask the
“Government there, — Government having seized all Henzi’s
“Papers, on beheading him. Excellency Paulmy does, ac-

which only No. II. (König’s *Appel au Public*) and No. IV. (2d edition of said *Appel*, with *Appendix of Correspondence*) are illuminative to read.

* Government by “The Two Hundred;” of Select-Vestry nature, very stiff, arbitrary, and become rife in abuses; against whom had risen angry mutterings more than once, and in 1749, a Select Plot (not select *enough*, for they discovered it in time). Poor Ex-Captain Henzi, “Clerk of the Salt-Office,” most frugal, studious, and quiet of men; a very miracle, it would appear, of genius, solid learning, philosophy, and piety, — not the chief or first of the conspirators, but by far the most distinguished, — was laid hold of, July 2d, 1749, and beheaded, with another of them, a day or two after. Much bewailed in a private way, even by the better kinds of people. (Copious account of him in *Adelung*, VII. 86-91).

** “The Hague, 26th June,” in *Maupertuisiana*, No. IV. 130.

“cordingly, make inquiry in the highest quarter; some inquiries up and down. Not the least account of this, or of any Leibnitz Letter, to be had from among Henzi’s Papers, — the ‘hundred volumes,’ seemingly, exist no longer; — Original of this Leibnitz Piece is nowhere. For eight months the highest Authorities have been looking about (with one knows not what vivacity or skill in searching), and have found nothing whatever.” Stage second of the Business finishes in this manner.

How lucky for the Perpetual President, had he stopped here! To König and the common contradiction of sinners, he could have opposed, as it was apparently his purpose to do, an Olympian silence, “Pshaw!” Whereby the small matter, interesting to few, would have dropped gently into dubiety, into oblivion, and been got well rid of. But this of the great Leibnitz, touching on one’s *Law of Thrift*; and not only “discovering” it, half a century beforehand, but discovering that it was not true: to Leibnitz, one must speak; — and the abstruse question is, What is one to say? “Find me the original; let us be certain, first:” that you can say: that is one clear point; and pretty much the only one. The rest, at this time, as I conjecture, may have been not a little abstruse to the Perpetual President!

And now, had the Perpetual President but stopped here, there might still have rested a saving shadow of suspicion on König’s Excerpt, That it was not exact, that it might be wrong in some vital point: — “You never showed me the Original, Monsieur!” Unluckily, the Perpetual President did not stop. One cannot well fancy him believing, now or ever, that König had forged the Excerpt. Most likely he had the fatal persuasion that these were Leibnitz’s words; and the question, What was to be said or done, if the Original

should turn up? might justly be alarming to a Son of the Pure Sciences. But at this point a new door of escape disclosed itself: "Where is the Original, I say!" — and he rushed, full speed, into that; galloping triumphantly, feeling all safe.

"October 7th (1751), Maupertuis summons his Academy: "Messieurs, permit me to submit a case perhaps requiring "your attention. One of our number dissents from your "President's Discovery of the Law of Thrift; which surely "he is free to do: but furthermore he gives an Excerpt pur- "porting to be from Leibnitz; whereby it would appear that "your President's Discovery, sanctioned in your Acts as new, "is not new, but Leibnitz's (so far as it is good for anything). "— possibly stolen, therefore; and, at any rate, fifty-four "years old. In self-defence, I have demanded to see the "Original of said Excerpt; and the Hon. Member in ques- "tion does not produce it. What say you?" "Shame to him!" "say they all" — (there seem to be but few Scientific Mem- bers, and most of them, it is insinuated, have Pensions from the King through their Perpetual President); — "and de- termine to make a Star-chamber matter of it!

"Accordingly, next day, *October 8th*, Secretary Formey "writes officially to König, 'Produce that Letter within one "month,' — and has got his Majesty to order, That our Prus- "sian Minister at the Hague shall take charge of delivering "such message, and shall mark on what day. Thing serious, "you see! — Prussian Minister at the Hague delivers, and "dockets accordingly. To König's astonishment; who is in "a scene of deep trouble at this time; Royal Highness the "Stadtholder suddenly dead, or dying: 'died, October 22d; "leaving a very young Heir, and a very sorrowful Widow "and Country.' Much to think of, that lies apart from the "Maupertuis matter! Which latter, however, is so very "serious too, his Prussian Majesty's Minister at Berne is now "charged to make new perquisition for the Leibnitz Original "there: In short, within one month that Document is pe- "remptorily wanted at Berlin."

High proceedings, these; — and calculated to have one result, if no other. Namely, that, at this point, as readers can fancy, the idler Public, seeing a street-quarrel in progress, began to take interest in the Question of *Minimum*; and quasi-scientific gentlemen to gather round, and express, with cheery capable look, their opinions, — still legible in the vanished *Jugemens Libres* (of Hamburg), *Gazette des Savans* (Leipzig), and other poor Shadows of *Journals*, if you daringly evoke them from the other side of Styx. Which, the whole matter being now so indisputably extinct, shadowy, Stygian, we will not here be guilty of doing; but hasten to the catastrophes, that have still a memorability.

“König, having in fact nothing more to say about the “Leibnitz Excerpt, was in no breathless haste to obey his “summons; he sat almost two months before answering any- “thing. Did then write, however, in a friendly strain to “Maupertuis (December 10th, 1751).* Almost on which “same day, as it chanced, the *Académie*, after *two months’* “dignified waiting, had in brief terms repeated its order on “König.** To which König makes no special answer (having “as good as answered the day before); — but does silently “send off to Switzerland to make inquiries; and does write “once or twice more, when there is occasion for explaining; — “always in a clear, sonorous, manfully firm and respectful “tone: ‘That he himself had, or has, no kind of reason to “doubt the authenticity of the Leibnitz Letter; that to him- “self (and, so far as he can judge, to Maupertuis) the ques- “tion of its authenticity is without special interest; — he, “König, having thrown it in as a mere marginal illustration, “which decides nothing, either for or against the Law of “Thrift. That he has, in obedience to the Academy, caused “search to be made in Switzerland, especially at Basel, “where he judged the chance might lie; but that of this

* *Maupertuisiana*, No. iv. 132.

** December 11th, 1751 (Ib. 137).

“particular Letter nothing has come to light; that he has
 “two other Leibnitz Letters, of indifferent tenor, in the late
 “Henzi’s hand, if these will serve in aught,* — but what
 “farther can he do?’ In short, König speaks always in a
 “clear business-like manful tone; the one person that makes
 “a really respectful and respectable figure in this Con-
 “troversy of the Infinitely Little. A man whom, viewed
 “from this quiet distance, it seems almost inconceivably ab-
 “surd to have suspected of forging for so small an object.
 “Oh, my President, that *dira regnandi cupido*! —

“Question is, however, What the Academy will do? One
 “Member, ‘the best Geometer among them’” (whose name is
 not given, but which the Berlin Academy should write in big
 letters across this sad Page of their Annals, by way of erasure
 to the same), “dissented from the high line of procedure;
 “asserting König’s innocence in this matter; nay, hinting
 “agreement with König’s opinion. But was met by such a
 “storm, that he withdrew from the deliberations; which
 “henceforth went their own bad course, unanimous though
 “slow. And so the matter pendulates, all through Winter
 “1751-2, and was much the theme of idle men.”

Voltaire heard of it vaguely all along; but not with
 distinctness till the end of July following. As Spring
 advanced, Maupertuis had fallen ill of lungs, —
 threatened with spitting of blood (“owing to excess of
 brandy,” hints the malicious Voltaire, “which is fashion-
 able at St. Malo,” birthplace of Maupertuis), — and
 could not farther direct the Academy in this affair.
 The Academy needs no direction farther. Here, very
 soon, for a sick President’s consolation, is what the
 Academy decides on, by way of catastrophe:

Thursday Evening, 13th April 1752, The Academy met;
 Curator, Monsieur de Keith, presiding; about a score of
 acting Members present. To whom Curator de Keith, as the
 first thing, reads a magnanimous brief Letter from our Perpe-

* *Maupertuisiana*, No. iv. 155; and ib. 172-192, the Letters themselves.

tual President: "That, for two reasons, he cannot attend on
"this important occasion: First, because he is too ill, which
"would itself be conclusive; but, secondly, and *à fortiori*,
"because he is in some sense a party to the cause, and ought
"not if he could." Whereupon, Secretary Formey having
done his Documentary flourishings, Curator Euler, — (great
in Algebra, apparently not very great in common sense and
the rules of good temper), — reads considerable "Report;" *
reciting, not in a dishonest, but in a dim, wearisome way,
the various steps of the Affair, as readers already know them;
and concludes with this extraordinary practical result: "Things
"being so (*les choses étant telles*); the Fragment being of it-
"self suspect" (what could Leibnitz know of Maxima and
Minima? They were not developed till one Euler did it,
quite in late years!), ** "of itself suspect; and Monsieur
"König having failed to" &c. &c., — "it is assuredly manifest
"that his cause is one of the worst (*des plus mauvaises*), and
"that this Fragment has been forged." Singular to think!
"And the Academy, all things duly considered, will not
"hesitate to declare it false (*supposé*), and thereby deprive it
"publicly of all authority which may have been ascribed to
"it" (*Hear, Hear*, from all parts).

Curator de Keith then collects the votes, — twenty-three
in all; some sixteen are of working Members; two are from
accidental Strangers ("travelling students," say the enemy);
the rest from Curators of Quality: — Vote is unanimous,
"Adopt the Report. Fragment evidently forged, and cannot
"have the least shadow of authority (*aucune ombre d'autorité*).
"Forged by whom, we do not now ask; nor what the Academy
"could, on plain grounds, now do to Monsieur König" (*not*
"nail his ears to the pump, oh no!); "enough, it is forged, and
"so remains." Signed, "Curator de Keith," and Six other
Office-bearers; "Formey, Perpetual Secretary," closing
the list.

At the name Keith, a slight shadow (very slight, for how
could Keith help himself?) crosses the mind: "Is this, by ill
"luck, the Feldmarschall Keith?" No, reader; this is Lieute-
nant-Colonel Keith; he of Wesel, with "Effigy nailed to the
"Gallows" long since; whom none of us cares for. Sulzer,

* Is No. I. of *Maupertuisiana*.

** Ib. No. I. 22.

I notice too, is of this long-eared Sanhedrim. *Ach, mein lieber Sulzer*, you don't know (do you, then?) *diese verdammte Race*, — to what heights and depths of stupid malice, and malignant length of ear, they are capable of going. "Thursday, "13th April," this is Forger König's doom: — and, what is observable, next morning, with a crash audible through Nature, the Powder-Magazine flew aloft, killing several persons!* Had no hand, he, I hope, in that latter atrocity?

On authentic sight of this Sentence (for which König had at once, on hearing of it, applied to Formey, and which comes to him, without help of Formey, through the Public Newspapers), König, in a brief, proud enough, but perfectly quiet, mild and manful manner, resigns his Membership. "Ceases, "from this day (June 18th, 1752), to have the honour of being "longing to your Academy; 'an honour I had been the "prouder of, as it came to me unasked;" — and will wish you, "from the outside henceforth, successful campaigns in the "field of Science."** And sets about preparing his Pamphlet to instruct mankind on the subject. Maupertuis, it appears, did write, and made others write to König's Sovereign Lady, the Dowager Princess of Orange, "How extremely handsome it would be, could her Most Serene Highness, a friend "to Pure Science, be pleased to induce Monsieur König not "to continue this painful Controversy, but to sit quiet with "what he had got."† Which her Most Serene Highness by no means thought the suitable course. Still less did König himself; whose *Appeal to the Public*, with *Defence of Appeal*, — reasonably well done, as usual, and followed and accompanied by the multitude of Commentators, — appeared in due course †† Till, before long, the Public was thoroughly instructed; and nobody, hardly the signing Curators, or thin Euler himself, not to speak of Perpetual Formey, who had never been strong in the matter, could well believe in "forgery," or care to speak farther on such a subject. Subject gone wholly to the Stygian Fens, long since; "forgery" not now imaginable by anybody!

* Suprà, p. 112.

** Maupertuisiana, No. iv. 129.

† Voltaire (infra).

†† "September 1752, König's Appel" (Preuss, in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xv, 60n.).

The rumour of these things rose high and wide; and the quantity of publishing upon them, quasi-scientifically and otherwise, in the serious vein and the jocose, was greater than we should fancy.* Voltaire, for above a month past, had been fully aware of the case (24th July 1752, writing to Niece, "heard yesterday"); not without commentary to oneself and others. Voltaire, with a kind of love to König, and a very real hatred to Maupertuis and to oppression generally, took pen himself, among the others (König's *Appeal* just out), — could not help doing it, though he had better not! The following small Piece is perhaps the one, if there be one, still worth resuscitating from the Inane Kingdoms. Appeared in the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée* (mild-shining Quarterly Review of those days), July — September Number.

"Answer from" (very privately Voltaire, calling himself) "a Berlin Academician to a Paris One."

"Berlin, 18th September 1752. This is the exact truth, in reply to your inquiry. M. Moreau de Maupertuis, in a Pamphlet entitled *Essai de Cosmologie*, pretended that the only proof of the Existence of God is the circumstance that $AR + nRB$ is a Minimum." (Only proof! voilà!) "He asserts that in all possible cases, 'Action is a Minimum,' what has been demonstrated false; and he says, 'He discovered this Law of Minimum,' what is not less false."

"M. König, as well as other Mathematicians, wrote against this strange assertion; and, among other things, M. König cited some sentences of a Letter by Leibnitz, in which that great man says, He has observed 'that, in the modifications

* "Letter from a Marquis;" "Letter from Mr. T * * * to M. S * * *" (Mr. T. lives in London; — "*je traverse le Queen's Square, et je rencontre notre ami D * * : 'Avez-vous lu l'Appel au Public?' dit-il*" —); "Letter by Euler in the Berlin Gazette," &c. &c. (in *Maupertuisiana*).

“of motion, the Action usually becomes either a Maximum or
“else a Minimum.”

“M. Moreau de Maupertuis imagined that, by producing
“this Fragment, it had been intended to snatch from him the
“glory of his pretended discovery, — though Leibnitz says
“precisely the contrary of what he advances. He forced some
“pensioned members of the Academy, who are dependent on
“him, to summon M. König” — As we know too well; and
cannot bear to have repeated to us, even in the briefest and
spiciest form! “Sentence (*Jugement*) on M. König, which
“declares him guilty of having assaulted the glory of the
“Sieur Moreau Maupertuis by *forging* a Leibnitz Letter.” —
“Wrote then, and made write, to her Serene Highness the
“Princess of Orange, who was indignant at so insolent” — * *
and in fine,

“Thus the Sieur Moreau Maupertuis has been convicted,
“in the face of Scientific Europe, not only of plagiarism and
“blunder, but of having abused his place to suppress free dis-
“cussion, and to persecute an honest man who had no crime
“but that of not being of his opinion. Several members of
“our Academy have protested against so crying a procedure;
“and would leave the Academy, were it not for fear of dis-
“pleasing the King, who is protector of it.” *

King Friedrich's position, in the middle of all this,
was becoming uncomfortable. Of the controversy he
understood, or cared to understand, nothing; had to
believe steadily that his Academy must be right; that
König was some loose bird, envious of an eagle
Maupertuis, sitting aloft on his high Academic perch:
this Friedrich took for the truth of the matter; — and
could not let himself imagine that his sublime Perpetual
President, who was usually very prudent and Jove-
like, had been led, by his truculent vanity (which
Friedrich knew to be immense in the man, though
kept well out of sight), into such playing of fantastic

* *Œuvres de Voltaire*, LXIII. 227 (in *Maupertuisiana*, No. XVI).

tricks before high Heaven and other onlookers. This view of the matter had hitherto been Friedrich's; nor do I know that he ever inwardly departed from it; — as outwardly he, for certain, never did; standing, King-like, clear always for his Perpetual President, till this hurricane of Pamphlets blew by. Voltaire's little Piece, therefore, was the unwelcomest possible.

This new bolt of electric fire, launched upon the storm-tost President, from Berlin itself, and even from the King's House itself, — by whom, too clearly recognisable, — what an irritating thing! Unseemly, in fact, on Voltaire's part; but could not be helped by a Voltaire charged with electricity. Friedrich, evidently in considerable indignation, finding that public measures would but worsen the uproar, took pen in hand; wrote rapidly the indignant *Letter from an Academician of Berlin to an Academician of Paris*:* which Piece, of some length, we cannot give here; but will briefly describe as manifesting no real knowledge of the *Law-of-Thrift* Controversy; but as taking the above loose view of it, and as directed principally against "the "pretended Member of our Academy" (mischievous Voltaire, to wit), whom it characterises as "such a "manifest retailer of lies," a "concocter of stupid "libels:" "have you ever seen an action more malicious, more dastardly, more infamous?" — and other had terms, the hardest he can find. This is the privilege of anonymity, on both sides of it.

But imagine now a King and his Voltaire doing witty discourse over their Supper of the gods (as, on the set days, is duly the case); with such a conscious-

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xv. 59-64 (not dated; datable "October 1752").

ness, burning like Bude light, though close veiled, on the part of Host and Guest! The Friedrich-Voltaire relation is evidently under sore stress of weather, in those winter-autumn months of 1752, — brown leaves, splashy rains, and winds moaning outwardly withal. And, alas, the irrepressibly electric Voltaire, still far from having ended, still only just beginning his Anti-Maupertuis discharges, has, in the interim, privately got his *Doctor Akakia* ready. Compared to which, the former missile is as a popgun to a park of artillery shotted with old nails and broken glass! — Such a constraint, at the Royal dinner-table, amid wine and wit, could not continue. The credible account is, it soon cracked asunder; and, after the conceivable sputterings, sparklings and flashings of various complexion, issued in lambent airs of “tacit mutual understanding;” “and in reading of *Akakia* together, — with peals of “laughter from the King,” as the common French Biographers assert.

“Readers know *Akakia*,” * says Smelfungus: “it is one of “the famous feats of Satirical Pyrotechny; only too pleasant “to the corrupt Race of Adam! There is not much, or indeed “anything, of true poetic humour in it: but there is a gaiety “of malice, a dexterity, felicity, inexhaustibility of laughing “mockery and light banter, capable of driving a Perpetual “President delirious. What an Explosion of glass-crackers, “fire-balls, flaming-serpents; — generally, of sleeping gun- “powder, in its most artistic forms, — flaming out sky-high “over all the Parish, on a sudden! The almost sublime of “Maupertuis, which exists in large quantities, here is a new “artist who knows how to treat it. The engineer of the Sub- “lime (always painfully engineering thitherward without “effect), — an engineer of the Comic steps in on him, blows

* *Diatribes du Docteur Akakia* (in Voltaire, *Œuvres*, LXI. 19-62).

“him up with his own petards in the most unexampled
 “manner. Not an owlery has that poor Maupertuis, in the
 “struggle to be sublime (often nearly successful, but never
 “once quite), happened to drop from him, but Voltaire picks
 “it up; manipulates it, reduces it to the sublimely ridiculous;
 “lodges it, in the form of burning dust, about the head of *mon*
 “*Président*. Needless to say of the Comic engineer that he is
 “unfair, perversely exaggerative, reiterative, on the owleries
 “of poor Maupertuis; — it is his function to *be* all that.
 “Clever, but wrong, do you say? Well, yes: — and yet the
 “ridiculous does require ridicule; wise Nature has silently so
 “ordered. And if ever truculent President in red wig, with
 “his absurd truculences, tyrannies, and perpetual struggles
 “after the sublime, did deserve to be exploded in laughter,
 “it could not have been more consummately done; — though
 “perversely always, as must be owned.

““The hole bored through the Earth,’ for instance: really,
 “one sometimes reflects on such a thing; How you would see
 “daylight, and the antipodal gentleman (if he bent a little
 “over) foot to foot; how a little stone flung into it would
 “exactly (but for air and friction) *reach* the other side of the
 “world; would then, in a computable few moments, come
 “back quiescent to your hand, and so continue forevermore;
 “— with other the like uncriminal fancies.

““The Latin Town,’ again: truly, if learning the Ancient
 “Languages be human Education, it might, with a Greek
 “Ditto, supersede the Universities, and prove excellently
 “serviceable in our struggle Heavenward by that particular
 “route. I can assure M. de Voltaire, it was once practically
 “proposed to this King’s Great-grandfather, the Grosse Kur-
 “fürst; — who looked into it, with face puckered to the in-
 “tensest, in his great care for furtherance of the Terrestrial
 “Sciences and Wisdoms; but forbore for that time.* Then
 “as to ‘Dissecting the Brains of Patagonians;’ what harm, if
 “you can get them gross enough? And as to that of ‘exalting
 “your mind to predict the future,’ does not, in fact, man look
 “*before* and *after*; are not Memory and (in a small degree)
 “Prophecy the Two Faculties he has?

* Minute details about it in Stenzel, II. 234-238; who quotes “Erman”
 (a poor old friend of ours) “*Sur le Projet d’une Ville Savante dans le Brande-
 bourg* (Berlin, 1792):” date of the Project was 1667.

“These things, — which are mostly to be found in the
 “‘*Lettres de Maupertuis*’ (Dresden, 1752, then a brand-new
 “Book), but are now clipt out from the Maupertuis Treatises,
 “— we can fancy to be almost sublimities. Almost, unfortun-
 “ately not altogether. And then there is such a Sisypheus-
 “effort visible in dragging them aloft so far: and the nimble
 “wicked Voltaire so seizes his moment, trips poor Sisypheus;
 “and sends him down, heels over head, in a torrent of roaring
 “*débris!* ‘From gradual transpiration of our vital force
 “comes Death; which perhaps, by precautions, might be
 “‘indefinitely retarded,’ says Maupertuis. ‘Yes, truly,’
 “answers the other: ‘if we got ourselves japanned, coated with
 “‘resinous varnish (*induits de poix résineux*); who knows!’ Not
 “a sublime owlery can you drop, but it is manipulated, ground
 “down, put in rifled cannon, comes back on you as tempests
 “of burning dust.” Enough to send Maupertuis pirouetting
 through the world, with red wig unquenchably on fire!

Peals of laughter (once you are allowed to be non-official) could not fail, as an ovation, from the King; — so report the French Biographers. But there was, besides, strict promise that the Piece should be suppressed: “Never do to send our President pirouetting through the world, in this manner, with his wig on fire; promise me, on your honour!” Voltaire promised. But, alas, how could Voltaire perform! Once more the rhadamanthine fact is: Voltaire, as King’s Chamberlain, was bound, without any promise, to forbear, and rigidly suppress such an *Akakia* against the King’s Perpetual President. But withal let candid readers consider how difficult it was to do. The absurd blustering Turkey-cock, who has, every now and then, been tyrannising over you for twenty years, here you have him filled with gunpowder, so to speak, and the train laid. There wants but one spark — (edition printed in Holland, edition done in Berlin, plenty of editions made or makeable by a little sur-

reptitious legerdemain, — and I never knew whether it was *Akakia* in print, or *Akakia* in manuscript, that King and King's Chamberlain were now reading together, nor does it matter much): — your Turkey surreptitiously stuffed with gunpowder, I say; train ready waiting; one flint-spark will shoot him aloft, scatter him as flaming ruin on all the winds: and you are, once and always, to withhold said spark. Perhaps, had *Akakia* not yet been written — But all lies ready there; one spark will do it, at any moment; — and there are unguarded moments, and the Tempter must prevail! —

On what day *Akakia* blazed out at Berlin, surreptitiously forwarded from Holland or otherwise, I could never yet learn (so stupid these reporters). But “on November 2d,” the King makes a Visit to sick Maupertuis, which is published in all the Newspapers;* — and one might guess the *Akakia* conflagration, and cruel haha-ings of mankind, to have been tacitly the cause. Then or later, sure enough, *Akakia* does blaze aloft about that time; and all Berlin, and all the world, is in conversation over Maupertuis and it, — 30,000 copies sold in Paris: — and Friedrich naturally was in a towering passion at his Chamberlain. Nothing for the Chamberlain but to fly his presence; to shriek, piteously, “Accident, your Majesty! Fatal treachery and accident; after such precautions too!” — and fall sick to death (which is always a resource one has); and get into private lodgings in the *Tauben-Strasse*,**

* Rördenbeck, in: *Die Helden-Geschichte*, III. 531, “2d November 1752, 5 P.M.”

** At a “Hofrath Francheville's” (kind of subaltern Literary Character, see Denina, II. 57), “*Tauben-Strasse* (Dove-street), No. 20:” staid there till “March 1753” (Note by Preuss: *Œuvres de Frédéric*, XXII. 306n.).

till one either die, or grow fit to be seen again: "Ah, Sire" — let us give the Voltaire shriek of *Not-guilty*, with the Friedrich Answer; both dateless unluckily:

Voltaire. "Ah, mon Dieu, Sire, in the state I am in! I swear to you again, on my life, which I could renounce without pain, that it is a frightful calumny. I conjure you to summon all my people, and confront them. What? You will judge me without hearing me! I demand justice or death."

Friedrich. "Your effrontery astonishes me. After what you have done, and what is clear as day, you persist, instead of owning yourself culpable. Do not imagine you will make people believe that black is white; when one" (*on*, meaning *I*) "does not see, the reason is, one does not want to see everything. But if you drive the affair to extremity, — all shall be made public; and it will be seen whether, if your Works deserve statues, your conduct does not deserve chains." *

Most dark element (not in date only), with terrific thunder and lightning. Nothing for it but to keep one's room, mostly one's bed, — "Ah, sire, sick to death!"

December 24th, 1752, there is one thing dismally distinct, Voltaire himself looking on (they say), from his windows in Dove-Street: the Public Burning of *Akakia*, near there, by the common Hangman. Figure it; and Voltaire's reflections on it: — haggardly clear that Act Third is culminating; and that the final catastrophe is inevitable and nigh. We must be brief. On the eighth day after this dread spectacle (New-year's day 1753), Voltaire sends, in a Packet to the Palace, his Gold Key and Cross of Merit. On the in-

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 302, 301.

terior wrappage is an Inscription: "I received them
"with loving emotion, I return them with grief; as a
"broken-hearted Lover returns the Portrait of his
"Mistress:

"Je les reçus avec tendresse,

"Je vous les rends avec douleur;

"C'est ainsi qu'un amant, dans son extrême ardeur,

"Rend le portrait de sa maîtresse."

And, — in a Letter enclosed, tender as the Song of Swans, — has one wish: Permission for the waters of Plombières, some alleviations amid kind nursing friends there; and to die craving blessings on your Majesty.*

Friedrich, though in hot wrath, has not quite come that length. Friedrich, the same day, towards evening, sends Fredersdorf to him, with Decorations back. And a long dialogue ensues between Fredersdorf and Voltaire; in which Collini, not eaves-dropping, "heard the voice of M. de Voltaire at times very loud." Precise result unknown. After which, for three months more, follows waiting and hesitation and negotiation, also quite obscure. Confused hithering and thithering about permission for Plombières, about repentance, sorrow, amendment, blame; in the end, reconciliation, or what is to pass for such. Recorded for us in that whirl of misdated Letter-clippings; in those Narratives, ignorant, and pretending to know: perhaps the darkest Section in History, Sacred or Profane, — were it of moment to us, here or elsewhere!

Voltaire has got permission to return to Potsdam; Apartment in the Palace-ready again: but he still

* Collini, p. 48; *Letter*, in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 305.

lingers in Dove-Street; too ill, in real truth, for Potsdam society on those new terms. Does not quit Francheville's "till March 5th;" and then only for another Lodging, called "the Belvedere," of suburban or rural kind. His case is intricate to a degree. He is sick of body; spectre-haunted withal, more than ever; — often thinks Friedrich, provoked, will refuse him leave. And, alas, he would so fain *not* go, as well as go! Leave for Plombières, — leave in the angrily contemptuous shape, "Go, then, forever and a day!" — Voltaire can at once have: but to get it in the friendly shape, and as if for a time only? His prospects at Paris, at Versailles, are none of the best; to return as if dismissed will never do! Would fain not go, withal; — and has to diplomatise at Potsdam, by D'Argens, De Prades, and at Paris simultaneously, by Richelieu, D'Argenson and friends. He is greatly to be pitied; — even Friedrich pities him, the martyr of bodily ailments and of spiritual; and sends him "extract of quinquina" at one time.* Three miserable months; which only an Œdipus could read, and an Œdipus who had nothing else to do! The issue is well known. Of precise or indisputable, on the road thither, here are fractions that will suffice:

Voltaire to one Bagieu his Doctor, at Paris ("Berlin, 19th "December" 1752, week before his *Akakia* was burnt). * *
 "Wish I could set out on the instant, and put myself into your
 "hands and into the arms of my family! I brought to Berlin
 "about a score of teeth, there remain to me something like
 "six; I brought two eyes, I have nearly lost one of them; I
 "brought no erysipelas, and I have got one, which I take a
 "great deal of care of." "Meanwhile I have buried almost

* Letter of Voltaire's.

“all my Doctors; even La Mettrie. Remains only that I bury “Codénius” (Cothenius), “who looks too stiff, however,” — and, at any rate, return to *you* in Spring, when roads and weather improve. *

Friedrich to Voltaire (Potsdam, uncertain date). “There “was no need of that pretext about the waters of Plombières, “in demanding your leave (*congé*). You can quit my service “when you like: but, before going, be so good as return me “the Contract of your Engagement, the Key” (Chamberlain’s), “the Cross” (of Merit), “and the Volume of Verses “which I confided to you.

“I wish my Works, and only they, had been what you and “König attacked. Them I sacrifice, with a great deal of “willingness, to persons who think of increasing their own “reputation by lessening that of others. I have not the folly “nor vanity of certain Authors. The cabals of literary people “seem to me the disgrace of Literature. I do not the less “esteem honourable cultivators of Literature; it is only the “caballers and their leaders that are degraded in my eyes. “On this, I pray God to have you in his holy and worthy “keeping. — FRIEDRICH.” **

Voltaire spectrally given (Collini loquitur). “One evening “walking in the garden” (at rural Belvedere, — after March “5th), talking of our situation, he asked me, ‘Could you drive ““a coach and two?’ I stared at him a moment; but knowing “that there must be no direct contradiction of his ideas, I said ““Yes.’ — ‘Well, then, listen; I have thought of a method for “getting away. You could buy two horses; a chariot after “that. So soon as we have horses, it will not appear strange “that we lay in a little hay.’ — ‘Yes, Monsieur; and what “should we do with that?’ said I. ‘*Le voici* (this is it). We “will fill the chariot with hay. In the middle of the hay we “will put all our baggage. I will place myself, disguised, “on the top of the hay; and give myself out for a Calvinist “Curate going to see one of his Daughters married in the “next Town. You shall drive: we take the shortest road for

* *Œuvres de Voltaire*, LXXV. 141.

** In De Prades’s hand; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 308-9: Friedrich’s own Minute to De Prades has, instead of these last three lines: “That I “have not the folly and vanity of authors, and that the cabals of literary “people seem to me the depth of degradation,” &c.

“the Saxon Border; safe there, we sell chariot, horses, hay;
“then straight to Leipzig, by post.’ At which point, or soon
“after, he burst into laughing.” *

Voltaire to Friedrich (“Berlin, Belvedere,” rural lodging, ** “12th March” 1753). “Sire, I have had a Letter from
“König, quite open, as my heart is. I think it my duty to
“send your Majesty a duplicate of my Answer.” “Will
“submit to you every step of my conduct; of my whole life, in
“whatever place I end it. I am König’s friend; but assuredly
“I am much more attached to your Majesty; and if he were
“capable the least in the world of failing in respect” (as is
rumoured), “I would” — Enough!

Friedrich relents (To Voltaire; De Prades writing, Friedrich covertly dictating: no date). “The King has held his
“Consistory; and it has there been discussed, Whether your
“case was a mortal sin or a venial? In truth, all the Doctors
“owned that it was mortal, and even exceedingly confirmed
“as such by repeated lapses and relapses. Nevertheless, by
“the plenitude of the grace of Beelzebub, which rests in the
“said King, he thinks he can absolve you, if not in whole, yet
“in part. This would be, of course, in virtue of some act of
“contrition and penitence imposed on you: but as, in the
“Empire of Satan, there is a great respect had of genius, I
“think, on the whole, that, for the sake of your talents, one
“might pardon a good many things which do discredit to your
“heart. These are the Sovereign Pontiff’s words; which I
“have carefully taken down. They are a Prophecy rather.” ***

Voltaire to De Prades (“Belvedere, 15th March” 1753).
“Dear Abbé, — Your style has not appeared to me soft. You
“are a frank Secretary of State: — nevertheless I give you
“warning, it is to be a settled point that I embrace you before
“going. I shall not be able to kiss you; my lips are too
“choppy from my devil of a disorder” (*scurvy*, I hear). “You
“will easily dispense with my kisses; but don’t dispense, I
“pray you, with my warm and true friendship.

“I own I am in despair at quitting you, and quitting the
“King; but it is a thing indispensable. Consider with our

* Collini, p. 53.

** “In the *Stralauer Vorstadt* (*hodie*, Woodmarket Street):” Preuss’s
Note to this Letter, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 306 n.

*** *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 307.

“dear Marquis” (D’Argens), “with Fredersdorf, — *parbleu*,
“with the King himself, How you can manage that I have the
“consolation of seeing him before I go. I absolutely will
“have it; I will embrace with my two arms the Abbé and the
“Marquis. The Marquis shan’t be kissed, any more than
“you; nor the King either. But I shall perhaps fall blubber-
“ing; I am weak, I am a drenched hen. I shall make a
“foolish figure: never mind; I must, once more, have sight of
“you two. If I cannot throw myself at the King’s feet, the
“Plombières waters will kill me. I await your answer, to
“quit this Country as a happy or as a miserable man. Depend
“on me for life. — V.” * — This is the last of these obscure
Documents.

Three days after which, “evening of March 18th,”**
Voltaire, Collini with him and all his packages, sets
out for Potsdam; King’s guest once more. Sees the
King in person “after dinner, next day;” stays with
him almost a week, “quite gay together,” “some pri-
vate quizzing even of Maupertuis” (if we could believe
Collini or his master on that point); means “to return
in October, when quite refitted,” — does at least (note
it, reader), on that ground, retain his Cross and Key,
and his Gift of the *Œuvre de Poésies*: which he had
much better have left! And finally, morning of March
25th, 1753.*** drives off, — towards Dresden, where
there are Printing Affairs to settle, and which is the
nearest safe City; — and Friedrich and he, intending
so or not, have seen one another for the last time.
Not quite intending that extremity, either of them, I
should think; but both aware that living together was
a thing to be avoided henceforth.

“Take care of your health, above all; and don’t

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 308.

** Collini, pp. 55, 56.

*** Collini, p. 56; see Rödenbeck, i. 252.

25th March 1753.

forget that I expect to see you again after the Waters!" such was Friedrich's adieu, say the French Biographers,* "who is himself just going off to the Silesian Reviews," add they; — who does, in reality, drive to Berlin that day; but not to the Silesian Reviews till May following. As Voltaire himself will experience, to his cost!

* Collini, p. 57; Duvernet, p. 186; *Œuvres de Voltaire*, LXXV. 187 ("will return in October").

CHAPTER XII.

OF THE AFTERPIECE, WHICH PROVED STILL MORE TRAGICAL.

VOLTAIRE, once safe on Saxon ground, was in no extreme haste for Plombières. He deliberately settled his Printing Affairs, at Dresden; then at Leipzig; — and scattered through Newspapers, or what portholes he had, various fiery darts against Maupertuis; aggravating the humours in Berlin, and provoking Maupertuis to write him an express Letter. Letter which is too curious, especially the Answer it gets, to be quite omitted:

Maupertuis to Voltaire (at Leipzig).

“Berlin, 3d April 1753. If it is true that you design to “attack me again” (with your *La-Beaumelle* doggeries and scurrilous discussions), “I declare to you that I have still “health enough to find you wherever you are, and to take “the most signal vengeance on you (*vengeance la plus éclatante*). Thank the respect and the obedience which have “hitherto restrained my arm, and saved you from the worst “adventure you have ever yet had. — MAUPERTUIS.”

Voltaire's Answer (from Leipzig, a few days after).

“*M. le Président*, — I have had the honour to receive your “Letter. You inform me that you are well; that your strength “is entirely returned; and that, if I publish *La Beaumelle's* “Letter” (private Letter of his, lent me by a Friend, which proves that *you* set him against me), “you will come and as-

“sassinate me. What ingratitude to your poor medical man
 “Akakia! * * If you exalt your soul so as to discern futurity,
 “you will see that if you come on that errand to Leipzig,
 “where you are no better liked than in other places, and
 “where your Letter is in safe Legal hands, you run some risk
 “of being hanged. Poor me, indeed, you will find in bed; and
 “I shall have nothing for you but my syringe and vessel of
 “dishonour: but so soon as I have gained a little strength, I
 “will have my pistols charged *cum pulvere pyrio*; and multi-
 “plying the mass by the square of the velocity, so as to
 “reduce the action and you to zero, I will put some lead in
 “your head; — it appears to have need of it. *Adieu, mon Prési-*
dent. — AKAKIA.” *

Here, in the history of Duelling, or challengings to mortal combat, is a unique article! At which the whole world haha'd again; perhaps King Friedrich himself; though he was dreadfully provoked at it, too: “No mending of that fellow!” — and took a resolution in consequence, as will be seen.

Dresden and Leipzig done with, Voltaire accepted an invitation to the Court of Sachsen-Gotha (most polite Serene Highnesses there, and especially a charming Duchess, — who set him upon doing the *Annales de l'Empire*, decidedly his worst Book). “About April 21st,” Voltaire arrived, stayed till the last days of May; ** and had, for five weeks, a beautiful time at Gotha; — Wilhelmina's Daughter there (young Duchess of Würtemberg, on visit, as it chanced), *** and all manner of graces, melodies and beneficences; a little

* Duvernet, pp. 186, 187; *Œuvres de Voltaire*, LXI. 55-60.

** *Œuvres de Voltaire*, LXXV. 182 n. (Clogenson's Note).

*** Wilhelmina-Friedrich Correspondence (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, XXVII. III. 258, 249).

working, too, at the *Annales*, in the big Library, between whiles. Five decidedly melodious weeks. Beautiful interlude, or half-hour of orchestral fiddling in this Voltaire Drama; half-hour which could not last! On the heel of which there unhappily followed an After-piece or codicil to the Berlin Visit; which, so to speak, set the whole theatre on fire, and finished by explosion worse than *Akakia* itself. A thing still famous to mankind; — of which some intelligible notion must be left with readers.

The essence of the story is briefly this. Voltaire, by his fine deportment in parting with Friedrich, had been allowed to retain his Decorations, his Letter of Agreement, his Royal *Book of Poesies* (one of those "Twelve Copies," printed *au Donjon du Château*, in happier times!) — and, in short, to go his ways, as a friend, not as a run-away or one dismissed. But now, by his late procedures at Leipzig, and "firings out of portholes" in that manner, he had awakened Friedrich's indignation again, — Friedrich's regret at allowing him to take those articles with him; and produced a resolution in Friedrich to have them back. They are not generally articles of much moment; but as marks of friendship, they are now all falsities. One of the articles might be of frightful importance: that Book of Poesies; thrice-private *Œuvre de Poésies*, in which are satirical spurts affecting more than one crowned head: one shudders to think what fires a spiteful Voltaire might cause by publishing these! This was Friedrich's idea; — and by no means a chimerical one, as the Fact proved; said *Œuvre* being actually reprinted upon him, at Paris afterwards (not by Voltaire), in the crisis of the Seven-Years War, to put him out with his Uncle

of England, whom it quizzed in passages.* “We will have those articles back,” thinks Friedrich; that *Œuvre* most especially! No difficulty: wait for him at Frankfurt, as he passes home; demand them of him there.” And has (directly on those new “firings through port-holes” at Leipzig) bidden Fredersdorf take measures accordingly.**

Fredersdorf did so; early in April and onward, had his Official Person waiting at Frankfurt (one Freytag, our Prussian Resident there, very celebrated ever since), vigilant in the extreme for Voltaire’s arrival, — and who did not miss that event. Voltaire, arriving at last (May 31st), did, with Freytag’s hand laid gently on his sleeve, at once give up what of the articles he had about him; — the *Œuvre*, unluckily, not one of them; and agreed to be under mild arrest (“*Parole d’honneur*; in the *Lion-d’Or* Hôtel here!”) till said *Œuvre* should come up. Under Fredersdorf’s guidance, all this, and what follows; King Friedrich, after the general Order given, had nothing more to do with it, and was gone upon his Reviews.

In the course of two weeks or more, the *Œuvre de Poésies* did come. Voltaire was impatient to go. And he might perhaps have at once gone, had Freytag been clearly instructed, so as to know the essential from the unessential here. But he was not; — poor subaltern Freytag had to say, on Voltaire’s urgencies:

* Title of it is, *Œuvres du Philosophe de Sans-Souci* (Paris, pretending to be “Potsdam,” 1760), 1 vol. 12mo: at Paris, “in January” this; whereupon, at Berlin, with despatch, “April 9th,” “the real edition” (properly castrated) was sent forth, under title, *Poésies Diverses*, 1 vol. big 8vo. (Preuss, in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, x Preface, p. x. See *Formey*, II. 225, under date misprinted “1763”).

** “Friedrich to Wilhelmina, 12th April 1753” (*Œuvres*, xxvii. III. 227).

“I will at once report to Berlin; if the answer be (as we hope), ‘All right,’ you are that moment at liberty!” This was a thing unexpected, astonishing to Voltaire; a thing demanding patience, silence: in three days more, with silence, as turns out, it would have been all beautifully over, — but he was not strong in those qualities!

Voltaire’s arrest hitherto had been merely on his word of honour, “I promise, on my honour, not to go “beyond the Garden of this Inn.” But he now, without warning anybody, privately revoked said word of honour; and Collini and he, next morning, whisked shiftily into a hackney-coach, and were on the edge of being clear off. To Freytag’s terror and horror; who, however, caught them in time: and was rigorous enough now, and loud enough; — street-mob gathering round the transaction; Voltaire very loud, and Freytag too, — the matter taking fire here; and scenes occurring, which Voltaire has painted in a highly flagrant manner!

On the third day, Answer from Berlin had come, as expected; answer (as to the old score): “All right; let him go!” But to punctual Freitag’s mind, here is now a new considerable item of sundries: insult to his Majesty, to wit; breaking his Majesty’s arrest, in such insolent loud manner: — and Freitag finds that he must write anew. Post is very slow; and, though Fredersdorf answers constantly, from Berlin, “Let him go, let him go,” there have to be writings and re-writings; and it is not till July 7th (after a detention, not of nearly three weeks, as it might and would have been, but of five and a day) that Voltaire gets off, and then too at full gallop, and in a very unseemly way.

This is authentically the world-famous Frankfurt Affair; — done by Fredersdorf, as we say; Friedrich, absent in Silesia, or in Preussen even, having no hand in it, except the original Order left with Fredersdorf. Voltaire has used his flamingest colours on this occasion, being indeed dreadfully provoked and chagrined; painting the thing in a very flagrant manner, — known to all readers. Voltaire's flagrant Narrative had the round of the world to itself, for a hundred years; and did its share of execution against Friedrich. Till at length, recently, a precise impartial hand, the Herr Varnhagen, thought of looking into the Archives; and has, in a distinct, minute and entertaining way, explained the truth of it to everybody; — leaving the Voltaire Narrative in rather sad condition.* We have little room; but must give, compressed, from Varnhagen and the other evidences, a few of the characteristic points. The story falls into two Parts.

Part I. Fredersdorf sends Instructions; the "Œuvre de Poésies" is got; but —

April 11th, 1753 (few days after that of Maupertuis's Cartel, Voltaire having set to firing through portholes again, and the King being swift in his resolution on it), Factotum Fredersdorf, who has a free-flowing yet a steady and compact pen, directs Herr Freytag, our Resident at Frankfurt-on-Mayn, To procure from the Authorities there, on Majesty's request, the necessary powers; then vigilantly to look out for Voltaire's arrival; to detain the said Voltaire, and, if necessary, arrest him, till he deliver certain articles belonging to his Majesty: Cross of Merit, Gold Key, printed *Œuvre de Poésies* and Writings (*Skripturen*) of his Majesty's; in short, various articles, — the specification of which is somewhat indistinct.

* Varnhagen von Ense, *Voltaire in Frankfurt am Mayn, 1753* (Separate, as here, 12mo, p. 92; or in *Berliner Kalender* for 1846).

In Fredersdorf's writing, all this; not so mathematically luminous and indisputable as, in Eichel's, it would have been. Freytag put questions, and there passed several Letters between Fredersdorf and him; but it was always uncomfortably hazy to Freytag, and he never understood or guessed that the *Œuvre de Poésies* was the vital item, and the rest formal in comparison. Which is justly considered to have been an unlucky circumstance, as matters turned. For help to himself, Freytag is to take counsel with one Hofrath Schmidt; a substantial experienced Burgher of Frankfurt, whose rathship is Prussian.

April 21st, Freytag answers, That Schmidt and he received his Majesty's All-gracious Orders, the day before yesterday (Post takes eight days, it would seem); that they have procured the necessary powers; and are now, and will be, diligently watchful to execute the same. Which, one must say, they in right earnest are; patrolling about, with lips strictly closed, eyes vividly open; and have a man or two privately on watch at the likely stations, on the possible highways; — and so continue, Voltaire doing his *Annals of the Empire*, and enjoying himself at Gotha, for weeks after,* — much unconscious of their patrolling.

Freytag is in no respect a shining Diplomatist; — probably some *Emeritus* Lieutenant, doing his function for 30*l.* a-year: but does it in a practical solid manner. Writes with stiff brevity, stiff but distinct; with perfect observance of grammar both in French and German; with good practical sense, and faithful effort to do aright what his order is: no trace of "Monsir," of "*Œuvre de Poésies*," to be found in Freytag; and most, or all, of the ridiculous burs stuck on him by Voltaire, are to be pulled off again as — as fibs, or fictions, solacing to the afflicted Wit. Freytag is not of quick or bright intellect: and unluckily, just at the crisis of Voltaire's actual arrival, both Schmidt and Fredersdorf are off to Embden, where there is "Grand Meeting of the Embden Shipping Company" (with comfortable dividends, let us hope), — and have left Freytag to his own resources, in case of emergency.

Thursday, May 31st, "about eight in the evening," Voltaire does arrive, — most prosperous journey hitherto, by Cassel, Marburg, Warburg, and other places famous then or since;

* "Left Gotha, 25th May" (Clog. in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, LXXV. 192 n.).

Landgraf of Hessen (wise Wilhelm, whom we knew) honourably lodging him; innkeepers calling him "Your Excellency," or "M. le Comte;" — and puts up at the Golden Lion at Frankfurt, where rooms have been ordered; Freytag well aware, though he says nothing.

Friday morning, June 1st, "his Excellency and Suite" (Voltaire and Collini) have their horses harnessed, carriage out, and are about taking the road again, — when Freytag, escorted by a Dr. Rücker, "Frankfurt Magistrate *de mauvaise mine*,"* and a Prussian recruiting Lieutenant, presents himself in Voltaire's apartment! Readers know Voltaire's account and Monsir Collini's; and may now hear Freytag's own, which is painted from fact:

"Introductory civilities done (*nach gemachten Politessen*), "I made him acquainted with the will of your most All-gracious Majesty. He was much astonished (*bestürzt*," no wonder); "he shut his eyes, and flung himself back in his "chair.** Calls in his friend Collini, whom, at first, I had requested to withdraw. Two coffers are produced, and opened, by Collini; visitation, punctual, long and painful, lasted from nine A.M. till five P.M. Packets are made, — a great many Papers, "and one Poem which he was unwilling to quit" (perilous *La Pucelle*); — inventories are drawn, duly signed. Packets are signeted, mutually sealed, Rücker claps on the Town-seal first, Freytag and Voltaire following with theirs. "He made thousand protestations of his fidelity to "your Majesty; became pretty weak" (like fainting, think you, Herr Resident?), "and indeed he looks like a skeleton." — "We then made demand of the Book, *Œuvre de Poésies*: "That, he said, was in the Big Case; and he knew not "whether at Leipzig or Hamburg" (knew very well where it was); and finding nothing else would do, wrote for it, showing Freytag the Letter; and engaged, on his word of honour, not to stir hence till it arrived.

Upon which, — what is farther to be noted, though all seems now settled, — Freytag, at Voltaire's earnest entreaty, "for behoof of Madame Denis, a beloved Niece, Monsieur, who is waiting for me hourly at Strasburg, whom such fright might be the death of!" — puts on paper a few words (the few

* Collini, p. 77.

** Varnhagen, p. 16.

which Voltaire has twisted into "Monsir," "Poéshies," and so forth), to the effect, "That whenever the *Œuvre* comes, Voltaire shall actually have leave to go." And so, after eight-hours labour (nine A.M. to five P.M.), everything is hushed again. Voltaire, much shocked and astonished, poor soul, "sits quietly down to his *Annales*" (says Collini), — to working, more or less; a resource he often flies to, in such cases. Madame Denis, on receiving his bad news at Strasburg, sets off towards him; arrives some days before the *Œuvre* and its Big Case. King Friedrich had gone, May 1st, for some weeks, to his Silesian Reviews; June 1st (very day of this great sorting in the Lion d'Or), he is off again, to utmost Prussia this time; — and knows, hitherto and till quite the end, nothing, except that Voltaire has not turned up anywhere.

* * Voltaire cannot have done much at his *Annals*, in this interim at the Golden Lion, "where he has liberty to walk in the Garden." He has been, and is, secretly corresponding, complaining and applying, all round, at a great rate: to Count Stadion the Imperial Excellency at Mainz, to French friends, to Princess Wilhelmina, ultimately to Friedrich himself.* He has been receiving visits, from Serene Highnesses, "Duke of Meiningen" and the like, who happen to be in Town. Visit from iniquitous Dutch Bookseller, Van Duren (Printer of the *Anti-Macchiavel*); with whom we had such controversy once. Iniquitous, now opulent and prosperous, Van Duren, happening to be here, will have the pleasure of calling on an old distinguished friend: distinguished friend, at sight of him entering the Garden, steps hastily up, gives him a box on the ear, without words but an interjection or two; and vanishes within doors. That is something! "Monsieur," said Collini, striving to weep, but unable, "you have had a blow from the greatest man in the world."** In short, Voltaire has been exciting great sen-

* In *Œuvres de Voltaire*. LXXV. 207-14, &c., Letters to Stadion (of strange enough tenor: see Varnhagen, pp. 30, &c.). In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, XXII. 303, and in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, LXXV. 185, is the Letter to Friedrich (dateless, totally misplaced, and rendered unintelligible, in both Works): Letter sent through Wilhelmina (see her fine remarks in forwarding it *Œuvres de Frédéric*, XXVII. III. 234).

** Collini, p. 182.

sation in Frankfurt; and keeping Freytag in perpetual fear and trouble.

Monday, 18th June, The big Case, lumbering along, does arrive. It is carried straight to Freytag's; and at eleven in the morning, Collini eagerly attends to have it opened. Freytag, — to whom Schmidt has returned from Embden, but no Answer from Potsdam, or the least light about those *Skripturen*, — is in the depths of embarrassment; cannot open, till he know completely what items and *Skripturen* he is to make sure of on opening: "I cannot, till the King's answer come!" — "But your written promise to Voltaire?" "Tush, that was my own private promise, Monsieur; my own private prediction of what would happen; a thing *pro formâ*, and to save Madame Denis's life. Patience; perhaps it will arrive this very day. Come again to me, at three P.M.; — there is Berlin post today; then again in three days: — I surely expect the Order will come by this post or next; God grant it may be by this!" Collini attends at three; there is Note from Fredersdorf: King's Majesty absent in Preussen all this while; expected now in two days. Freytag's face visibly brightens: "Wait till next post; three days more, only wait!"* And, in fact, by next post, as we find, the *Open-Sesame* did punctually come. Voltaire, and all this big cawing rookery of miseries and rages, would have at once taken wing again, into the serene blue, could Voltaire but have had patience three days more! But that was difficult for him, too difficult.

Part II. Voltaire, in spite of his efforts, does get away
(June 20th—July 7th).

Wednesday, June 20th, Voltaire and Collini ("word of honour" fallen dubious to them, dubious or more), — having laid their plan, striving to think it fair in the circumstances, — walk out from the Lion d'Or, "Voltaire in black velvet coat,"** with their valuablest effects (*La Pucelle* and money-box included); leaving Madame Denis to wait the disemprisonment of *Œuvre de Poésies*, and wind up the general business. Walk out, very gingerly, — duck into a hackney-coach; and attempt to escape by the Mainz Gate! Freytag's spy runs breathless with the news; never was a Freytag in

* Varnhagen, pp. 39-41.

** Ib. p. 46.

such taking. Terrified Freytag has to "throw on his coat;" order out three men to gallop by various routes; jump into some Excellency's coach (kind Excellency lent it), which is luckily standing yoked near by; and shoot with the velocity of life and death towards Mainz Gate. Voltaire, whom the well-affected Porter, suspecting something, has rather been retarding, is still there: "Arrested, in the King's name!" — and there is such a scene! For Freytag, too, is now raging, ignited by such percussion of the terrors; and speaks, not like what they call "a learned sergeant," but like a drilled sergeant in heat of battle: Voltaire's tongue, also, and Collini's, — "Your Excellenz never heard such brazen-faced lies thrown on a man; that I had offered, for 1,000 thalers, to let them go; that I had" — In short, the thing has caught fire; broken into flaming chaos come again.

"Freytag" (to give one snatch from Collini's side) "got into the carriage along with us, and led us, in this way, across the mob of people to Schmidt's" (to see what was to be done with us). "Sentries were put at the gate to keep out the mob; we are led into a kind of counting-room; clerk, maid- and man-servants are about; Madam Schmidt passes before Voltaire with a disdainful air, to listen to Freytag, recounting," in the tone not of a *learned* sergeant, what the matter is. They seize our effects; under violent protest, worse than vain. "Voltaire demands to have at least his snuffbox, cannot do without snuff; they answer, 'It is usual to take everything.'"

"His," Voltaire's, "eyes were sparkling with fury; from time to time he lifted them on mine, as if to interrogate me. All on a sudden, noticing a door half-open, he dashes through it, and is out. Madam Schmidt forms her squad, shopmen and three maid-servants; and, at their head, rushes after. 'What?' cries he, 'cannot I be allowed to — to vomit, then?'" They form circle round him, till he do it; call out Collini, who finds him "bent down, with his fingers in his throat, attempting to vomit; and is terrified; '*Mon Dieu*, are you ill, then?' He answered in a low voice, tears in his eyes, '*Fingo, fingo* (I pretend),' and Collini leads him back, *re infectâ*. "The Author of the *Henriade* and *Mérope*; what a spectacle!" † * * "Not for two hours had they

† Collini, p. 81, 86.

“done with their writings and arrangings. Our portfolios “and *cassette* (money-box) were thrown into an empty trunk” (what else could they be thrown into?) — “which was locked “with a padlock, and sealed with a paper, Voltaire’s arms on “the one end, and Schmidt’s cipher on the other. Dorn, “Freytag’s Clerk, was bidden lead us away. Sign of the “*Bouc*” (or *Billy-Goat*; there henceforth; *Lion d’Or* refusing to be concerned with us farther); twelve soldiers; Madame Denis with curtains of bayonets, — and other well-known fragrancies. * * The 7th of July, Voltaire did actually go; and then in an extreme hurry, — by his own blame, again.

These final passages we touch only in the lump; Voltaire’s own Narrative of these being so copious, flamingly impressive, and still known to everybody. How much better for Voltaire and us, had nobody ever known it; had it never been written; had the poor hubbub, no better than a chance street-riot all of it, after amusing old Frankfurt for a while, been left to drop into the gutters forever! To Voltaire and various others (me and my poor readers included), that was the desirable thing.

Had there but been, among one’s resources, a little patience and practical candour, instead of all that vituperative eloquence, and power of tragicomic description! Nay, in that case, this wretched street-riot hubbub need not have been at all. Truly M. de Voltaire had a talent for speech, but lamentably wanted that of silence! — We have now only the sad duty of pointing out the principal mendacities contained in M. de Voltaire’s world-famous Account (for the other side has been heard since that); and so of quitting a painful business. The principal mendacities, — deducting all that about “*Poéshies*” and the like, which we will define as poetic fiction, — are:

1°. That of the considerable files of soldiers (almost a Company of Musketeers, one would think) stuck up round M. de Voltaire and Party, in *The Billy-Goat*; Madame Denis's bed-curtains being a screen of bayonets, and the like. The exact number of soldiers I cannot learn: "a *Schildwache* of the Townguard" (means one; surely does not mean Four?) "for each prisoner," reports the arithmetical Freytag; which, in the extreme case, would have been twelve in whole (as Collini gives it); and "next day we reduced them to two," says Freytag.

2°. That of the otherwise frightful night Madame Denis had; "the fellow Dorn" (Freytag's Clerk, a poor, hard-worked frugal creature, with frugal wife and family not far off) "insisting to sit in the Lady's bedroom; there emptying "bottle after bottle; nay at last" (as Voltaire bethinks him, after a few days) "threatening to" — Plainly to *excel* all belief! A thing not to be spoken of publicly: indeed, what Lady could speak of it at all, except in hints to an Uncle of advanced years? — Proved fact being, that Madame Denis, all in a flutter, that first night at *The Billy-Goat*, had engaged Dorn, "for a louis-d'or, to sit in her bed-room; and did actually pay him a louis-d'or for doing so! This is a very bad mendacity; clearly conscious on M. de Voltaire's part, and even constructed by degrees.

3°. Very bad also is that of the moneys stolen from him by those Official people. M. de Voltaire knows well enough how he failed to get his moneys, and quitted Frankfurt in a hurry! Here, inexorably certain from the Documents, and testimonies on both parts, is that final Passage of the long Firework; last crackle of the rocket before it dropped perpendicular:

July 6th, complete *Open-Sesame* having come, Freytag and Schmidt duly invited Voltaire to be present at the opening of seals (his and theirs), and to have his moneys and effects returned from that "old trunk" he speaks of. But Voltaire had by this time taken a higher flight. *July 6th*, Voltaire was protesting before Notaries, about the unheard-of violence done him, the signal reparations due; and disdained, for the moment, to concern himself with moneys or opening of seals: "Seals, moneys? Ye atrocious Highway-men!"

Upon which, they sent poor Dorn with the sealed trunk *in corpore*, to have it opened by Voltaire himself. Collini, in *The Billy-Goat*, next morning (July 7th), says, he (Collini) had just loaded two journey-pistols, part of the usual carriage furniture, and they lay on the table. At sight of poor Dorn darkening his chamber-door, Voltaire, the prey of various flurries and highflown vehemences, snatched one of the pistols ("pistol without powder, without flint, without lock," says Voltaire; "efficient pistol just loaded," testifies Collini); — snatched said pistol; and clicking it to the cock, plunged Dorn-ward, with furious exclamations: not quite unlikely to have shot Dorn (in the fleshy parts), — had not Collini hurriedly struck up his hand, "*Mon Dieu, Monsieur!*" and Dorn, with trunk, instantly vanished. Dorn, naturally, ran to a Lawyer. Voltaire, dreading Trial for Intended Homicide, instantly gathered himself; and shot away, self and *Pucelle* with Collini, clear off; — leaving Niece Denis, leaving moneys and other things, to wait till tomorrow, and settle as they could.

After due lapse of days, in the due legal manner, the Trunk was opened; "the 19*l.* of expenses" (19*l.* and odd shillings, not 100*l.* or more, as Voltaire variously gives it) was accurately taken from it by Schmidt and Freytag, to be paid where due, — (in exact liquidation, "Landlord of *The Billy-Goat*" so much, "Hackney-Coachmen, Riding Constables sent in chase," so much, as per bill); — and the rest, 76*l.* 10*s.* was punctually locked up again, till Voltaire should apply for it. "Send it after him," Friedrich answered, when inquired of; "Send it after him; but not" (reflects he) "unless there is somebody to take his Receipt for it," — our gentleman being the man he is. Which case, or any application from Voltaire, never turned up. "Robbed by those highway-men of Prussian Agents!" exclaimed Voltaire everywhere, instead of applying. Never applied; nor ever forgot. Would fain have engaged Collini to apply, — especially when the French Armies had got into Frankfurt, — but Collini did not see his way.*

* Three Letters to Collini on the subject (January — May 1759), *Collini*, pp. 208-211.

So that, except as consolatory scolding-stock for the rest of his life, Voltaire got nothing of his 76l. 10s., "with jewels and snuffbox," always lying ready in the Trunk for him. And it had, I suppose, at the long last, to go by *Right of Windfall* to somebody or other: — unless, perhaps, it still lie, overwhelmed under dust and lumber, in the garrets of the old Rathhaus yonder, waiting for a legal owner? What became of it, no man knows; but that no doit of it ever went Freytag's or King Friedrich's way, is abundantly evident. On the whole, what an entertaining Narrative is that of Voltaire's; but what a pity he had ever written it!

This was the finishing Catastrophe, tragical exceedingly; which went loud-sounding through the world, and still goes, — the more is the pity. Catastrophe due throughout to three causes: *First*, That Fredersdorf, not Eichel, wrote the Order; and introduced the indefinite phrase *Scripturen*, instead of sticking by the *Œuvre de Poésies*, the one essential point. *Second*, That Freytag was of heavy pipe-clay nature. *Third*, That Voltaire was of impatient explosive nature; and, in calamities, was wont, not to be silent and consider, but to lift up his voice (having such a voice), and with passionate melody appeal to the Universe, and to worse, by way of helping himself! —

"The poor Voltaire, after all!" ejaculates Smelfungus. "Lean, of no health, but melodious extremely (in a shallow sense); and truly very lonely, old and weak, in this world. "What an end to Visit Fifth; began in Olympus, terminates in the Lock-up! His conduct, except in the Jew Case, has "nothing of bad, at least of unprovokedly bad. 'Lost my

“teeth,” said he, when things were at zenith. “Thought I
 “should never weep again,” — now when they are at nadir.
 “A sore blow to one’s Vanity, in presence of assembled man-
 “kind; and made still more poignant by noises of one’s own
 “adding. France forbidden to him” (by expressive signal-
 “ings); “miraculous Goshen of Prussia shut: ‘these old eyes,
 “which I thought would continue dry till they closed for-
 “ever, were streaming in tears;” * — but soon brightened
 up again: Courage!

How Voltaire now wanders about for several years, doing his *Annales*, and other Works; now visiting Lyon City (which is all in *gaudeamus* round him, though Cardinal Tencin does decline him as dinner-guest); now lodging with Dom Calmet in the Abbey of Senones (ultimately in one’s own first-floor, in Colmar near by), digging, in Calmet’s Benedictine Libraries, stuff for his *Annales*; — wandering about (chiefly in Elsass, latterly on the Swiss Border), till he find rest for the sole of his foot:** all this may be known to readers; and we must say nothing of it. Except only that, next year, in his tent, or hired lodgings at Colmar, the Angels visited him (Abraham-like, after a sort). Namely, that one evening (late in October 1754), a knock came to his door, “Her Serene Highness of Baireuth wishes to see you, at the Inn over there!” “Inn, Baireuth, say you? Heavens, what?” — Or, to take it in the prose form:

* Letter from “Mainz, 9th July,” third day of route or flight; To Niece Denis, left behind (*Œuvres*, LXXV. 220).

** Purchased *Les Délices* (The Delights), as he named it, a glorious Summer-Residence, on the Lake, near Geneva (supplemented by a Winter ditto, *Monrion*, near Lausanne), “in February 1755” (*Œuvres*, xvii. 243 n.); — then purchased *Ferney*, not far off, “in October 1758;” and continued there, still more glorious, for almost twenty years thenceforth (ib. LXXVII. 398, XXXIX. 307: thank the exact “Clog.” for both these Notes).

“January 26th, 1753, about eight P.M.” (while Voltaire sat desolate in Francheville’s, far away), “the Palace at Baireuth, — Margraf with candle at an open window, and gauze curtains near, — had caught fire; inexorably flamed up, and burnt itself to ashes, it and other fine edifices adjoining.* Wilhelmina is always very ill in health; they are now rebuilding their Palace: Margraf has suggested, ‘Why not try Montpellier; let us have a winter there!’ On that errand they are (end of October 1754) got the length of Colmar; and do the Voltaire miracle in passing. Very charming to the poor man, in his rustication here.

“‘Eight hours in a piece, with the Sister of the King of Prussia,’ writes he: think of that, my friends! ‘She loaded me with bounties; made me a most beautiful present. Insisted to see my Niece; would have me go with them to Montpellier.’** Other interviews and meetings they had, there and further on: Voltaire tried for the Montpellier; but could not.*** Wilhelmina wintered at Montpellier, without Voltaire (‘Thank your stars!’ writes Friedrich to her. The Friedrich-Wilhelmina *Letters* are at their best, during this Journey; here unfortunately very few†). Winter done, Wilhelmina went still South, to Italy, to Naples, back by Venice: — at Naples, undergoing the Grotto del Cane and neighbourhood, Wilhelmina plucked a Sprig of Laurel from Virgil’s Grave, and sent it to her Brother in the prettiest manner; — is home at Baireuth, new Palace ready, August 1755.”

These points, hurriedly put down, careful readers will mark, and perhaps try to keep in mind. Wilhelmina’s Tourings are not without interest to her friends. Of her Voltaire acquaintanceship, especially, we shall hear again. With Voltaire, Friedrich himself had no

* Holle, *Stadt Bayreuth*, (Bayreuth, 1833), p. 178.

** Letters (in *Œuvres*, LXXV. 450, 452), “Colmar, 23d October, &c., 1754.”

*** Wrote to Friedrich about it (one of his first Letters after the Explosion), applying to Friedrich “for a Passport” or Letter of Protection; which Friedrich answers by De Prades, openly laughing at it (*Œuvres*, XXXIII. 6).

† *Œuvres de Frédéric*, XXVII. III. 248-273 (September 1754, and onwards):

farther Correspondence, or as good as none, for four years and more. What Voltaire writes to him (with Gifts of Books and the like, in the tenderest regretful pathetically *cooing* tone, enough to mollify rocks), Friedrich usually answers by De Prades, if at all, — in a quite discouraging manner. In the end of 1757, on what hint we shall see, the Correspondence recommenced, and did not cease again so long as they both lived.

Voltaire at Potsdam is a failure, then. Nothing to be made of that. Law is reformed; Embden has its Shipping Companies; Industry flourishes: but as to the Trismegistus of the Muses coming to our Hearth—! Some Eight of Friedrich's years were filled by these Three grand Heads of Effort; perfect Peace in all his borders: and in 1753 we see how the celestial one of them has gone to wreck. "Understand at last, your Majesty, that there is no Muses'-Heaven possible on Telluric terms; and cast that notion out of your head!"

Friedrich does cast it out, more and more, henceforth, — "*Ach, mein lieber Sulzer, what was your knowledge, then, of that damned race?*" Casts it out, we perceive, — and, in a handsome silently stoical way. Cherishing no wrath in his heart against any poor devil; still, in some sort, loving this and the other of them; Chasot, Algarotti, Voltaire even, who have gone from him, too weak for the place: "Too weak, alas, yes; and I, was I wise to try them, then?" With a fine humanity, new hope inextinguishably welling up; really with a loyalty, a modesty, a cheery brother-manhood unexpected by readers.

Eight of the Eleven Peace Years are gone in these courses. The next three, still silent and smooth to the outward eye, were defaced by subterranean mutterings, electric heralds of coming storm. "Meaning battle and wrestle again?" thinks Friedrich, listening intent. A far other than welcome message to Friedrich. A message ominous; thrice unwelcome, not to say terrible. Requires to be scanned with all one's faculty; to be interpreted; to be obeyed, in spite of one's reluctances and lazinesses. To plunge again into the Mahlstrom, into the clash of Chaos, and dive for one's Silesia, the third time; — horrible to lazy human nature: but if the facts are so, it must be done! —

CHAPTER XIII.

ROMISH-KING QUESTION; ENGLISH-PRIVATEER QUESTION.

THE Public Events so-called, which have been occupying mankind during this Voltaire Visit, require now mainly to be forgotten; — and may, for our purposes, be conveniently riddled down to Three. *First*, King of the Romans Question; *Second*, English-Privateer Question; and then, hanging curiously related to these Two, a *Third*, or “English-French Canada-Question.” Of some importance all of them; extremely important to Friedrich, especially that Third and least expected of them.

Witty Hanbury Williams, the English Excellency at Berlin, busy intriguing little creature, became distasteful there, long since; and they had to take him away: “recalled,” say the Documents, “22d January 1751.” Upon which, no doubt, he made a noise in Downing Street; and got, it appears, “re-credentials to Berlin, 4th March 1751;”* but I think did not much reside, nor intend to reside; having all manner of wandering Continental duties to do; and a world of petty businesses, and wide-spread intrigues, Russian, German and other, on hand. Robinson, too, is now home; returned, 1748 (Treaty of Aix in his pocket); and a Sir Robert Murray Keith (first of that name;

* Manuscript List in State-Paper-Office.

for there came afterwards another, Son of the first), had succeeded him in that Austrian post. Busy people, these and others; now legationing in Foreign parts: able in their way; but whose work proved to be that of spinning ropes from sand, and must not detain us at this time.

The errand of all these Britannic Excellencies is upon a notable scheme, which Royal George and his Newcastle have devised, Of getting all made tight, and the Peace of Aix double-rivetted, so to speak, and rendered secure against every contingency, — by having Archduke Joseph at once elected “King of the Romans.” King of the Romans straightway; whereby he follows at once as Kaiser, should his Father die; and is liable to no French or other intriguing; and we have taken a bond of Fate that the Balance cannot be canted again. Excellent scheme, think both these heads; and are stirring Germany with all their might, purse in hand, to coöperate, and do it. Inconceivable what trouble these prescient minds are at, on this uncertain matter. It was Britannic Majesty’s and Newcastle’s main problem in this world, for perhaps four years (1749—1753): — “My own child,” as a fond Noodle of Newcastle used to call it; though I rather think it was the other that begot the wretched object, but had tired sooner of nursing it under difficulties.

Unhappily there needs unanimity of all the Nine Electors. The poorer you can buy; “Bavarian Subsidy,” or annual pension, is only 45,000*l.*, for this invaluable object; Köln’s is only — a mere trifle:*

* Debate on “Bavarian Subsidy” (in Walpole, *George the Second*, i. 49): endless Correspondence between Newcastle and his Brother (curious to

trifles all, in comparison of the sacred Balance, and dear Hanover kept scathless. But unfortunately Friedrich, whom we must not think of buying, is not enthusiastic in the cause! Far from it. The now Kaiser has never yet got him, according to bargain, a Reichs-Guarantee for the Peace of Dresden; and needs endless flagitating to do it.* The chase of security and aggrandisement to the House of Austria is by no means Friedrich's chief aim! This of King of the Romans never could be managed by Britannic Majesty and his Newcastle.

It was very triumphant, and I think at its hopefullest, in 1750, soon after starting, — when Excellency Hanbury first appeared at Berlin on behalf of it. That was Excellency Hanbury's first journey on this errand; and he made a great many more, no man readier; a stirring, intriguing creature (and always with such moneys to distribute); had victorious hopes now and then, — which one and all proved fatuous.** In 1751 and 1752, the darling Project met cross tides, foul winds, political whirlpools ("Such a set are those German Princes!") — and swam, indomitable, though near desperate, as Project seldom did; till happily, in 1753, it sank drowned: — and left his Grace of Newcastle asking, "Well-a-day! And is not England drowned too?" We hope not.

read, though of the most long-eared description on the Duke's part), in Coxe's *Pelham*, II. 338-465 ("31st May 1750 — 3d November 1752"): precise Account (if anybody now wanted it), in *Adelung*, vii. 146, 149, 154, et seq.

* Does it, at length, by way of furtherance to this Romish-King Business, "23d January — 14th May 1751" (*Adelung*, vii. 217).

** "June 1750," Hanbury for Berlin (Britannic Majesty much anxious Hanbury were there): Hanbury to Warsaw next (hiring Polish Majesty there); at Dresden, does make victorious Treaty, September 1751; at Vienna, 1753 (still on the same quest). Coxe's *Pelham*, II. 339, 196, 469.

“Owing mainly to Friedrich’s opposition!” exclaimed Noodle and the Political Circles. Which, — (though it was not the fact; Friedrich’s opposition, once that Reichs-Guarantee of his own was got, being mostly passive, “Push it through the stolid element, then, *you* stolid fellows, if you can!”) — awoke considerable outcry in England. Lively suspicion there, of treasonous intentions to the Cause of Liberty, on his Prussian Majesty’s part; and, — coupled with other causes that had risen, — a great deal of ill-nature, in very dark condition, against his Prussian Majesty. And it was not Friedrich’s blame, chiefly or at all. If indeed Friedrich would have forwarded the Enterprise: — but he merely did not; and the element was viscous, stolid. Austria itself had wished the thing; but with nothing like such enthusiasm as King George; — to whom the refusal, by Friedrich and Fate, was a bitter disappointment. Poor Britannic Majesty: Archduke Joseph came to be King of the Romans, in due course, right enough. And long before that event (almost before George had ended his vain effort to hasten it), Austria turned on its pivot; and had clasped, not England to its bosom, but France (thanks to that exquisite Kaunitz); and was in arms *against* England, dear Hanover, and the Cause of Liberty! Vain to look too far ahead, — especially with those fish-eyes. Smelfungus has a Note on Kaunitz; readable, though far too irreverent to that superlative Diplomatist, and unjust to the real human merits he had.

“The struggles of Britannic George to get a King of the Romans elected were many. Friedrich never would bite at this salutary scheme for strengthening the House of Austria:

“‘A bad man, is not he?’ And all the while, the Court of
 “Austria seemed indifferent, in comparison; — and Graf von
 “Kaunitz-Rietberg, Ambassador at Paris, was secretly busy,
 “wheeling Austria round on its axis, France round on its;
 “and bringing them to embrace in political wedlock! Feat
 “accomplished by his Excellency Kaunitz (Paris, 1752-3); —
 “accomplished, not consummated; left ready for consum-
 “mating when he, Kaunitz, now home as Prime Minister, or
 “helmsman on the new tack, should give signal. Thought
 “to be one of the cleverest feats ever done by Diplomatic art.

“Admirable feat, for the Diplomatic art which it needed;
 “not, that I can see, for any other property it had. Feat
 “which brought, as it was intended to do, a Third Silesian
 “War; death of about a million fighting men, and endless
 “woes to France and Austria in particular. An exquisite
 “Diplomatist this Kaunitz; came to be Prince, almost to be
 “God-Brahma in Austria, and to rule the Heavens and Earth
 “(having skill with his Sovereign Lady, too), in an exquisite
 “and truly surprising manner. Sits there sublime, like a
 “gilt crockery Idol, supreme over the populations, for near
 “forty years.

“One reads all Biographies and Histories of Kaunitz:*
 “one catches evidence of his well knowing his Diplomatic
 “element, and how to rule it and impose on it. Traits there
 “are of human cunning, shrewdness of eye; — of the loftiest
 “silent human pride, stoicism, perseverance of determina-
 “tion, — but not, to my remembrance, of any conspicuous
 “human wisdom whatever. One asks, Where is his wisdom?
 “Enumerate, then, do me the pleasure of enumerating, What
 “he contrived that the Heavens answered Yes to, and not No
 “to? All silent! A man to give one thoughts. Sits like a
 “God-Brahma, human idol of gilt crockery, with nothing in
 “the belly of it (but a portion of boiled chicken daily, very
 “ill-digested); and such a prostrate worship, from those
 “around him, as was hardly seen elsewhere. Grave, inwardly
 “unhappy-looking; but impenetrable, uncomplaining. Seems
 “to have passed privately an Act of Parliament: ‘Kaunitz-
 “Rietberg here, as you see him, is the greatest now alive; he,
 “‘I privately assure you!’ — and, by continued private de-
 “termination, to have got all men about him to ratify the

* Hormayr's (in *Oesterreichischer Plutarch*, iv. 3tes, 231-283); &c. &c.

“same, and accept it as valid. Much can be done in that way
“with stupidish populations; nor is Beau Brummel the only
“instance of it, among ourselves, in the later epochs.

“Kaunitz is a man of long hollow face, nose naturally
“rather turned into the air, till artificially it got altogether
“turned thither. Rode beautifully; but always under cover;
“day by day, under glass roof in the riding-school, so many
“hours or minutes, watch in hand. Hated, or dreaded, fresh-
“air above everything: so that the Kaiserinn, a noble lover
“of it, would always good-humouredly hasten to shut her
“windows when he made her a visit. Sumptuous suppers,
“soirées, he had; the pink of Nature assembling in his
“house; galaxy, domestic and foreign, of all the Vienna
“Stars. Through which he would walk one turn; glancing
“stoically, over his nose, at the circumambient whirlpool of
“nothings, — happy the nothing to whom he would deign a
“word, and make him something. Oh my friends! — In
“short, it was he who turned Austria on its axis, and France
“on its, and brought them to the kissing pitch. Pompadour
“and Maria Theresa kissing mutually, like Righteousness
“and — not *Peace*, at any rate! ‘*Ma chère Cousine*,’ could I
“have believed it, at one time?”

A *Second* Prussian-English cause of offence had arisen, years ago, and was not yet settled; nay is now (Spring 1753) at its height or crisis: Offence in regard to English Privateering.

Friedrich, ever since Ost-Friesland was his, has a considerable Foreign Trade, — not as formerly from Stettin alone, into the Baltic Russian ports; but from Embden now, which looks out into the Atlantic and the general waters of Europe and the World. About which he is abundantly careful, as we have seen. Anxious to go on good grounds in this matter, and be accurately neutral, and observant of the Maritime Laws, he had, in 1744, directly after coming to possession of Ost-Friesland, instructed Excellency Andrié,

his Minister in London, to apply at the fountain-head, and expressly ask of my Lord Carteret: "Are hemp, flax, timber contraband?" "No," answered Cartaret; Andrié reported, No. And, on this basis, they acted, satisfactorily, for above a year. But, in October 1745, the English began violently to take *planks* for contraband; and went on so, and ever worse, till the end of the War.* Excellency Andrié has gone home; and a Secretary of Legation, Herr Michel, is now here in his stead: — a good few dreary old Pamphlets of Michel's publishing (official Declaration, official Arguments, Documents, in French and English, 4to and 8vo, on this extinct subject), if you go deep into the dust-bins, can be disinterred here to this day. Tread lightly, touching only the chief summits. The Haggle stretches through five years, 1748—1753, — and then at last ceases *haggling*:

"January 8th, 1748" (War still on foot, but near ending), "Michel applies about injuries, about various troubles and unjust seizures of ships; Secretary Chesterfield answers, "We have an Admiralty Court; beyond question, right shall be done." "Would it were soon, then!" hints Michel. "Chesterfield, who is otherwise politeness itself, confidently hopes so; but cannot push Judicial people.

"February 1748. Admiralty being still silent, Michel applies by Memorial, in a specific case: 'Two Stettin Ships, laden with wine from Bordeaux, and a third vessel, of some other Prussian port, laden with corn; taken in Ramsgate Roads, whither they had been driven by storm: Give me these Ships back!' Memorial to his Grace of Newcastle, this. Upon which the Admiralty sits; with deliberation, decides (June 1748), 'Yes!' And 'there is hope that a Treaty of Commerce will follow;'"** which was far from being the issue just yet!

* Adelung, vii. 334.

** *Gentleman's Magazine*, xviii. (for 1748), pp. 64, 141.

“On the contrary, his Prussian Majesty’s Merchants, perhaps encouraged by this piece of British justice, come forward with more and ever more complaints and instances. To winnow the strictly true out of which, from the half-true or not provable, his Prussian Majesty has appointed a “Commission,” fit people, and under strict charges, I can believe. “Commission takes (to Friedrich’s own knowledge) “a great deal of pains; — and it does not want for clean corn, “after all its winnowing. Plenty of facts, which can be insisted on as indisputable. ‘Such and such Merchant Ships’ (Schedules of them given in, with every particular, time, name, cargo, value) ‘have been laid hold of on the Ocean “Highway, and carried into English Ports; — out of which “his Prussian Majesty has, in all friendliness, to beg that they “be now re-delivered, and justice done.’ ‘Contraband of “War,’ answer the English; ‘sorry to have given your “Majesty the least uneasiness; but they were carrying’ — “No, pardon me; nothing contraband discoverable in them; “and hands in his verified Schedules, with perfectly polite, “but more and more serious request, That the said ships be “restored, and damages accounted for. ‘Our Prize Courts “have sat on every ship of them,’ eagerly shrieks Newcastle “all along; ‘what can we do!’ ‘Nay a Special Commission “shall now’ (1751, date not worth seeking further) — ‘Special “Commission shall now sit, till his Prussian Majesty get “every satisfaction in the world!’

“English Special Commission, counterpart to that Prussian “one (which is in vacation by this time), sits accordingly: but “is very slow; reports for a long while nothing, except, ‘Oh, “give us time!’ and reports, in the end, nothing in the least “satisfactory.* ‘Prize Courts? Special Commission?’ thinks Friedrich: ‘I must have my ships back!’ And, after a “great many months, and a great many haggles, Friedrich, “weary of giving time, instructs Michel to signify, in proper

* ‘Have entirely omitted the essential points on which the matter turns; and given such confused account, in consequence, that it is not well possible to gather from their Report any clear and just idea of it at all.’ (Verdict of the *Prussian* Commission; which had been re-assembled by Friedrich, on this Report from the English one, and adjured to speak only “what they could answer to God, to the King, and to the whole world,” concerning it: *Seyfarth*, II. 183).

“form (‘23d November 1752’), ‘That the Law’s delay seemed
 “‘to be considerable in England; that till the fulness of time
 “‘did come, and right were done his poor people, he, Friedrich
 “‘himself, would hopefully wait; but now at last must, pro-
 “‘visionally, pay his poor people their damages; — would,
 “‘accordingly, from the 23d day of April next, cease the usual
 “‘payment to English Bondholders on their Silesian Bonds;
 “‘and would henceforth pay no portion farther of that Debt,
 “‘principal or interest” (about 250,000*l.* now owing), “but
 “‘proceed to indemnify his own people from it, to the just
 “‘length, — and deposit the remainder in Bank, till Britannic
 “‘Majesty and Prussian could *unite* in ordering payment of it;
 “‘which one trusts may be soon!’” *

“November 23d, 1752, resolved on by Friedrich;”
 “consummated, April 23d, 1753:” these are the dates
 of this decisive passage (Michel’s biggest Pamphlet,
 French and English, issuing on the occasion). February
 8th, 1753, no redress obtainable, poor Newcastle
 shrieks, ‘Can’t, mustn’t; astonishing!’ and “the people
 “are in great wrath about it. April 12th, Friedrich
 “replies, in the kindest terms; but sticking to his
 “point.”** And punctually continued so, and did as
 he had said. With what rumour in the City, commen-
 taries in the Newspapers, and flutter to his Grace of
 Newcastle, may be imagined. ‘What a Nephew have
 I!’ thinks Britannic Majesty: ‘Hah, and Embden,
 Ost-Friesland, is not his. Embden itself his mine!’
 A great deal of ill-nature was generated, in England,
 by this one affair of the Privateers, had there been
 no other: and in dark cellars of men’s minds (empty
 and dark on this matter), there arose strange caricature
 Portraits of Friedrich: and very mad notions, —

* Walpole, i. 295; Seyfarth, ii. 183, 157; Adelung, vii. 331-338; *Gentleman’s Magazine*; &c.

** Adelung, vii. 336-338.

Friedrich's perversity, astucity, injustice, malign and dangerous intentions, — are more or less vocal in the Old Newspapers and Distinguished Correspondences of those days. Of which, this one sample:

To what height the humour of the English ran against Friedrich is still curiously noticeable, in a small Transaction of tragic Ex-Jacobite nature, which then happened, and in the commentaries it awoke in their imagination. Cameron of Lochiel, who forced his way through the Nether-Bow in Edinburgh, had been a notable rebel; but got away to France, and was safe in some military post there. Dr. Archibald Cameron, Lochiel's Brother, a studious contemplative gentleman, bred to Physic, but not practising except for charity, had quitted his books, and attended the Rebel March in a medical capacity, — "not from choice," as he alleged, "but from compulsion of kindred;" — and had been of help to various Loyalists as well; a foe of Human Pain, and not of anything else whatever: in fact, as appears, a very mild form of Jacobite Rebel. He too got to France; but had left his Wife, Children and frugal Patrimonies behind him, — and had to return in proper concealment, more than once, to look after them. Two Visits, I think two, had been successfully transacted, at intervals; but the third, in 1753, proved otherwise.

March 12th, 1753, wind of him being had, and the slot-hounds uncoupled and put on his trail, poor Cameron was unearthed "at the Laird of Glenbucket's" and there laid hold of; locked in Edinburg Castle, — thence to the Tower, and to Trial for High Treason. Which went against him; in spite of his fine pleadings, and manful conciliatory appearances and manners. Executed, 7th June, 1753. His poor Wife had twice squeezed her way into the Royal Levee at Kensington, with Petition for mercy; — fainted, the first time, owing to the press and the agitation; but did, the second time, fall on her knees before Royal George, and supplicate, — who had to turn a deaf ear, royal gentleman; I hope not without pain.

The truth is, poor Cameron, — though, I believe, he had some vague Jacobite errands withal, — never would have

harmed anybody in the rebel way; and might with all safety have been let live. But his Grace of Newcastle, and the English generally, had got the strangest notion into their head. Those appointments of Earl Marischal to Paris, of Tyrconnel to Berlin; Friedrich's nefarious spoiling of that salutary Romish-King Project; and now simultaneous with that, his nefarious conduct in our Privateer Business: all this, does it not prove him, — as the Hanburys, Demon News-writers, and well-informed persons have taught us, — to be one of the worst men living, and a King bent upon our ruin? What is certain, though now well nigh inconceivable, it was then, in the Upper Classes and Political Circles, universally believed, That this Dr. Cameron was properly an "Emissary of the King of Prussia's;" that Cameron's errand here was to rally the Jacobite embers into new flame; — and that, at the first clear sputter, Friedrich had 15,000 men, of his best Prussian-Spartan troops, ready to ferry over, and help Jacobitism to *do* the matter this time! *

About as likely as that the Cham of Tartary had interfered in the "Bangorian Controversy" (raging, I believe, some time since, — in Cremorne Gardens first of all, which was Bishop Hoadly's Place, — to the terror of mitres and wigs); or that the Emperor of China was concerned in Meux's Porter-Brewery, with an eye to sale of *nux vomica*. Among all the Kings that then were, or that ever were, King Friedrich distinguished himself by the grand human virtue (one of the most important for Kings and for men) of keeping well at home, — of always minding his own affairs. These were, in fact, the one thing he minded; and he did that well. He was vigilant, observant all round, for weather-symptoms; thoroughly well informed of what his neighbours had on

* Walpole, *George the Second*, i. 333, 353; and *Letters to Horace Mann* (Summer 1753), for the belief held. Adelung, vii. 338-341, for the poor Cameron tragedy itself.

hand; ready to interfere, generally in some judicious soft way, at any moment, if his own Countries or their interests came to be concerned; certain, till then, to continue a speculative observer merely. He had knowledge, to an extent of accuracy which often surprised his neighbours; but there is no instance in which he meddled where he had no business; — and few, I believe, in which he did not meddle, and to the purpose, when he had.

Later in his Reign, in the time of the American War (1777), there is, on the English part, in regard to Friedrich, an equally distracted notion of the same kind brought to light. Again, a conviction, namely, or moral-certainty, that Friedrich is about assisting the American Insurgents against us; — and a very strange and indubitable step is ordered to be taken in consequence!* As shall be noticed, if we have time. No enlightened Public, gazing for forty or fifty years into an important Neighbour Gentleman, with intent for practical knowledge of him, could well, though assisted by the cleverest Hanburys, and Demon and Angel Newswriters, have achieved less! —

Question *Third* is — But Question Third, so extremely important was it in the sequel, will deserve a Chapter to itself.

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 394 (Friedrich to Prince Henri, 29th June 1777).

CHAPTER XIV.

THERE IS LIKE TO BE ANOTHER WAR AHEAD.

QUESTION Third, French-English Canada-Question, is no other than, under a new form, our old friend the inexorable *Jenkins's - Ear Question*; soul of all these Controversies, and, — except Silesia and Friedrich's Question, — the one meaning they have! Huddled together it had been, at the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, and left for closed under "New Spanish Assiento-Treaty," or I know not what: — you thought to close it by Diplomatic putty and varnish in that manner: and here, by law of Nature, it comes welling up on you anew. For *it* springs from the Centre, as we often say, and is the fountain and determining element of very large Sections of Human History, still hidden in the unseen Time.

"Ocean Highway to be free; for the English and others who have business on it?" The English have a real and weighty errand there. "English to trade and navigate, as the Law of Nature orders, on those Seas; and to ponderate or preponderate there, according to the real amount of weight they and their errand have? Or, English to have their ears torn off; and imperious French-Spanish Bourbons, grounding on extinct Pope's-meridians, *gloire*, and other imaginary bases, to take command?" The incalculable Yankee Nations, shall they be in effect *Yangkee* ("English"

with a difference), or *Frangcee* ("French" with a difference)? A Question not to be closed by Diplomatic putty, try as you will!

By Treaty of Utrecht (1713), "all Nova Scotia" (*Acadie* as then called), "with Newfoundland and the adjacent Islands," was ceded to the English, and has ever since been possessed by them accordingly. Unluckily that Treaty omitted to settle a Line of Boundary to landward, or westward, for their "*Nova Scotia*;" or generally, a Boundary from *North to South* between the British Colonies and the French in those parts.

The Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, eager to conclude itself, stipulated, with great distinctness, That Cape Breton, all its guns and furnishings entire, should be restored at once (France extremely anxious on that point); but for the rest had, being in such haste, flung itself altogether into the principle of *Status-quo-ante*, as the short way for getting through. The Boundary in America was vaguely defined, as "now to be what it had been before War." It had, for many years before the War, been a subject of constant altercation. *Acadie*, for instance, the *Nova Scotia* of the English since Utrecht time, the French maintained to mean only "the Peninsula," or Nook included between the Ocean Waters and the Bay of Fundy. And, more emphatic still, on the "Isthmus" (or narrow space, at north-west, between said Bay and the Ocean or the Gulf of St. Lawrence), they had built "Forts:" "Stockades," or I know not what, "on the Missaquish" (*hodie*, Missiquash), a winding difficult river, northmost of the Bay of Fundy's rivers, which the French affirm to be the real limit in that quarter. The sparse French Colonists of the interior, subjects of England, are not to be conciliated by perfect toleration of religion and the like; but have an invincible proclivity to join their Countrymen outside, and wish well to those Stockades on the Missiquash. It must be owned, too, the French Official People are far from scrupulous or squeamish; show energy of management; and are very skilful with the Indians, who are an important item. Canada is all French; has its Quebecs, Montreals, a St.-Lawrence

River occupied at all the good military points, and serving at once as bulwark and highway.

Southward and westward, France, in its exuberant humour, claims for itself The whole Basin of the St. Lawrence, and the whole Basin of the Mississippi as well: "Have not we Stockades, Castles, at the military points; Fortified Places in Louisiana itself?" Yes; — and how many Ploughed Fields bearing Crop, have you? It is to the good Plougher, not ultimately to the good Cannonier, that those portions of Creation will belong! The exuberant intention of the French is, after getting back Cape Breton, "To restrict those aspiring English Colonies," mere Ploughers and Traders, hardly numbering above one million, "to the Space eastward of the Alleghany Mountains," over which they are beginning to climb, "and southward of that Missiquash, or, at farthest, of the Penobscot and Kennebunk" (rivers *hodie* in the State of Maine). * That will be a very pretty Parallelogram for them and their ploughs and trade-packs: we, who are 50,000 odd, expert with the rifle far beyond them, will occupy the rest of the world. Such is the French exuberant notion: and, October 1748, before signature at Aix-la-Chapelle, much more before Delivery of Cape Breton, the Commandant at Detroit (west end of Lake Erie) had received orders, "To oppose peremptorily every English Establishment not only thereabouts, but on the Ohio or its tributaries; by monition first; and then by force, if monition do not serve."

Establishments of any solidity or regularity the English have not in those parts; beyond the Alleghanies all is desert: "from the Canada Lakes to the Carolinas, mere hunting-ground of the Six Nations; dotted with here and there an English trading-house, or adventurous Squatter's farm:" — to whom now the French are to say: "Home, you, instantly; and leave the Desert alone!" The French have distinct Orders from Court, and energetically obey the same; the English have indistinct Orders from Nature, and do not want

* La Gallissonnière, Governor of Canada's *Despatch*, "Quebec, 15th January 1749" (cited in Bancroft, *History of the United States*: Boston, 1839, et seq.). "The English Inhabitants are computed at 1,051,000; French (in Canada 45,000, in Louisiana 7,000), in all 52,000:" *History of British Dominions in North America* (London, 1773), p. 13. Bancroft (i. 154) counts the English Colonists "in 1754 about 1,200,000."

energy, or mind to obey these: confusions and collisions are manifold, ubiquitous, continual. Of which the history would be tiresome to everybody; and need only be indicated here by a mark or two of the main passages.

In 1749, three things had occurred worth mention. *First*, Captain Coram, a public-spirited half-pay gentleman in London, originator of the Foundling Hospital there, had turned his attention to the fine capabilities and questionable condition of *Nova Scotia*, with few inhabitants, and those mostly disaffected; and, by many efforts now forgotten, had got the Government persuaded to despatch (June 1749) a kind of Half-pay or Military Colony to those parts: "more than 1,400 persons, disbanded officers, soldiers and marines, under Colonel Edward Cornwallis," Brother of the since famous Lord Cornwallis.* Who landed, accordingly, on that rough shore; stockaded themselves in, hardily endeavouring and enduring; and next year, built a Town for themselves; Town of *Halifax* (so named from the then Lord Halifax, President of the Board of Trade); which stands there, in more and more conspicuous manner, at this day. Thanks to you, Captain Coram; though the ungrateful generations (except dimly in *Coram Street*, near your Hospital) have lost all memory of you, as their wont is. Blockheads; never mind them.

The *Second* thing is, an "Ohio Company" has got together in Virginia; Governor there encouraging; Britannic Majesty giving Charter (March 1749), and what is still easier, "500,000 Acres of Land" in those Ohio regions, since you are minded to colonise there in a fixed manner. Britannic Majesty thinks the Country "between the Monongahela and the Kanahawy" (southern feeders of Ohio) will do best; but is not particular. Ohio Company, we shall find, chose at last, as the eligible spot, the topmost fork or very Head of the *Ohio*, — where Monongahela River from south, and Alleghany River from north unite to form "The Ohio;" where stands, in our day, the big sooty Town of Pittsburg and its industries. Ohio Company was laudably eager on this matter; Land-Surveyor in it (nay, at length, "Colonel of a Regiment of 150 men raised by "the Ohio Company") was Mr. George Washington, whose

* Coxe's *Pelham*, II. 113.

Family had much promoted the Enterprise; and who was indeed a steady-going, considerate, close-mouthed Young Gentleman; who came to great distinction in the end.

French Governor (La Gallissonnière still the man), getting wind of this Ohio-Company still in embryo, anticipates the birth; sends a vigilant Commandant thitherward, "with 300 men, To trace and occupy the Valleys of the Ohio and of the St. Lawrence, as far as Detroit." That officer "buries plates of lead," up and down the Country, with inscriptions signifying that "from the farthest ridge, whence water trickled towards the Ohio, the Country belonged to France; and nails the Bourbon Lilies to the forest-trees; forbidding the Indians all trade with the English; expels the English traders from the towns of the Miamis; and writes to the Governor of Pennsylvania, requesting him to prevent all farther intrusion." Vigilant Governors, these French, and well supported from home. Duquesne, the vigilant successor of La Gallissonnière (who is now wanted at home, for still more important purposes, as will appear), finding "the lead plates" little regarded, sends, by and by, 500 new soldiers from Detroit into those Ohio parts (march of 100 miles or so); — "the French Government having, in this year 1750, shipped no fewer than 8,000 men for their American Garri-sons;" — and where the Ohio Company venture on planting a Stockade, tears it tragically out, as will be seen!

The *Third* thing worth notice, in 1749, and still more in the following year, and years, had reference to Nova Scotia again. One La Corne, "a recklessly sanguinary partisan" (military gentleman of the Trenck, *Indigo-Trenck*, species), nestles himself (winter, 1749 50) on that Missiquash River, head of the Bay of Fundy; in the Village of Chignecto, which is admittedly English ground, though inhabited by French. La Corne compels, or admits, the Inhabitants to swear allegiance to France again; and to make themselves useful in fortifying, not to say in drilling, — with an eye to military work. Hearing of which, Colonel Cornwallis and incipient Halifax are much at a loss. They in vain seek aid from the Governor of Massachusetts ("Assembly to be consulted first, to be convinced; Constitutional rights: — Nothing possible just at once"); — and can only send a party of 400 men, to try and recover Chignecto at any rate. April 20th, 1750, the

400 arrive there; order La Corne instantly to go. Bourbon Flag is waving on his dikes, *this* side the Missiquash: high time that he and it were gone. "Village Priest" (flamingly orthodox, as all these Priests are, all picked for the business), "with his own hands, sets fire to the Church in Chignecto;" inhabitants burn their houses, and escape across the river, — La Corne as rearguard. La Corne, across the Missiquash, declares, That, to a certainty, he is now on French ground; that he will, at all hazards, defend the Territory here; and maintain every inch of it, — "till regular Commissioners" (due ever since the Treaty of Aix, had not that *Romish-King* Business been so pressing) "have settled what the Boundary "between the two Countries is." — Chignecto being ashes, and the neighbouring population gone, Cornwallis and his Four Hundred had to return to Halifax.

It was not till Autumn following, that Chignecto could be solidly got hold of by the Halifax people; nor till a long time after, that La Corne could be dislodged from his stockades, and sent packing.* September 1750, a new Expedition on Chignecto found the place populous again, Indians, French "Peasants" (seemingly Soldiers of a sort); who stood very fiercely behind their defences, and needed a determined on-rush, and "volley close into their noses," before disappearing. This was reckoned the first military bloodshed (if this were really military on the French side). And in November following, some small British Cruiser on those Coasts, falling in with a French Brigantine, from Quebec, evidently carrying military stores and solacements for La Corne, seized the same; by force of battle, since not otherwise, — three men lost to the British, five to the French, — and brought it to Halifax. "Lawful and necessary!" says the Admiralty Court; "Sheer Piracy!" shriek the French; — matters breaking out into actual flashes of flame, in this manner.

British Commissions, two in number, names not worth mention, have, at last in this Year 1750, gone to Paris; and are holding manifold conferences with French ditto, — to no purpose, any of them. One reads the dreary tattle of the Duke of Newcastle upon it, in the Years onward: "Just going "to agree," the Duke hopes; "some difficulties, but every-

* *Gentleman's Magazine*, xx. 539, 295.

“body, French and English, wanting mere justice; and our
“and their Commissioners being in such a generous spirit,
“surely they will soon settle it.” * They never did or could;
and steadily it went on worsening.

That notable private assertion of the French, That Canada and Louisiana mean all America West of the Alleghanies, had not yet oozed out to the English; but it is gradually oozing out, and that England will have to content itself with the moderate Country lying east of that Blue range. “Not much above a million of you,” say the French; “and surely there is room enough East of the Alleghanies? We, with our couple of Colonies, are the real America; — counting, it is true, few settlers as yet; but there shall be innumerable; and, in the mean while, there are Army-Detachments, Blockhouses, fortified Posts, command of the Rivers, of the Indian Nations, of the water-highways and military keys (to you unintelligible); and we will make it good!”

The exact cipher of the French (guessed to be 50,000), and their precise relative-value as tillers and subduers of the soil, in these Two Colonies of theirs, as against the English Thirteen, would be interesting to know: curious also their little bill, of trouble taken in creating the Continent of America, in discovering it, visiting, surveying, planting, taming, making habitable for man: — and what Rhadamanthus would have said of those Two Documents! Enough, the French have taken some trouble, more or less, — especially in sending soldiers out, of late. The French, to certain thousands, languidly tilling, hunting and adven-

* His Letters, in Coxe's *Pelham*, II. 407 (“September 1751”), &c.

turing, and very skilful in wheedling the Indian Nations, are actually there; and they, in the silence of Rhadamanthus, decide that merit shall not miss its wages for want of asking. "Ours is America West of the Alleghanies," say the French, openly before long.

"Yours? Yours, of all people's?" answer the English; and begin, with lethargic effort, to awake a little to that stupid Foreign Question; important, though stupid and foreign, or lying far off. Who really owned all America, probably few Englishmen had ever asked themselves, in their dreamiest humours, nor could they now answer; but, that North America does not belong to the French, can be doubtful to no English creature. Pitt, Chatham as we now call him, is perhaps the Englishman to whom, of all others, it is least doubtful. Pitt is in Office at last, — in some subaltern capacity, "Paymaster of the Forces" for some years past, in spite of Majesty's dislike of the outspoken man; — and has his eyes bent on America; — which is perhaps (little as you would guess it such) the main fact in that confused Controversy just now! —

In 1753 (28th August of that Year), goes message from the Home Government, "Stand on your defence, over there! Repel by force any Foreign encroachments on British Dominions."* And directly on the heel of this, November 1753, the Virginia Governor, — urged, I can believe, by the Ohio Company, who are lying wind-bound so long, — despatches Mr. George Washington to inquire officially of the French Commandant in those parts, "What he means, then, by invading the British Territories, while a solid Peace subsists?" Mr. George had a long ride up those desert ranges, and down again on the other side; waters all out, ground in a swash

* Holderness, or Robinson our old friend.

with December rains, no help or direction but from wampums and wigwams: Mr. George got to Ohio Head (two big Rivers, Monongahela from South, Alleghany from North, coalescing to form a double-big Ohio for the Far West); and thought to himself, "What an admirable three-legged place: might be "Chief Post of those regions, — nest-egg of a diligent Ohio "Company!" Mr. George, some way down the Ohio River, found a strongish French Fort, log-barracks, "200 river-boats, with more building," and a French Commandant, who cannot enter into questions of a diplomatic nature about Peace and War: "My orders are, To keep this Fort and "Territory against all comers; one must do one's orders, "Monsieur: Adieu!" And the stedfast Washington had to return; without result, — except that of the admirable Three-legged Place for dropping your Nest-egg, in a commanding and defenceful way!

Ohio Company, painfully restrained so long in that operation, took the hint at once. Despatched, early in 1754, a Party of some Forty or Thirty-three stout fellows, with arms about them, as well as tools, "Go build us, straightway, a "Stockade in the place indicated; you are warranted to smite "down, by shot or otherwise, any gainsayer!" And furthermore, directly got on foot, and on the road thither, a "regiment of 150 men," Washington as Colonel to it, For perfecting said Stockade, and maintaining it against all comers.

Washington and his Hundred-and-fifty, — wagonage, provender, and a piece or two of cannon, all well attended to, — vigorously climbed the Mountains; got to the top, 27th May 1754; and there *met* the Thirty-three in retreat homewards! Stockade had been torn out, six weeks ago (17th April last); by overwhelming French Force, from the Gentleman who said *Adieu*, and had the river-boats, last Fall. And, instead of our Stockade, they are now building a regular French Fort, — *Fort Duquesne*, they call it, in honour of their Governor Duquesne! — against which, Washington and his regiment, what are they? Washington, strictly surveying, girds himself up for the retreat; descends diligently homewards again, French and Indians rather harassing his rear. Entrenches himself, 1st July, at what he calls "Fort Necessity," some way down; and the second day after, 3d July 1754, is attacked

in vigorous military manner. Defends himself, what he can, through nine hours of heavy rain; has lost thirty, the French only three; — and is obliged to capitulate: "Free Withdrawal" the terms given. This is the last I heard of the Ohio Company; not the last of Washington, by any means. Ohio Company, — its judicious Nest-egg squelched in this manner, nay become a fiery Cockatrice or "*Fort Duquesne*" — need not be mentioned farther.

By this time, surely high time now, serious military preparations were on foot; especially in the various Colonies most exposed. But, as usual, it is a thing of most admired disorder; every Governor his own King or Vice-King, horses are pulling different ways: small hope there, unless the Home Government (where too I have known the horses a little discrepant, unskilful in harness!) will seriously take it in hand. The Home Government is taking it in hand; horses willing, if a thought unskilful. Royal Highness of Cumberland has selected General Braddock, and Two Regiments of the Line (the two that ran away at Prestonpans, — *absit omen*). Royal Highness consults, concocts, industriously prepares, completes; modestly certain that here now is the effectual remedy.

About New-years-day 1755, Braddock, with his Two Regiments and completed apparatus, got to sea. Arrived, 20th February, at Williamsburg in Virginia ("at Hampden, "near there," if anybody is particular); found now that this was not the place to arrive at; that he would lose six weeks of marching, by not having landed in Pennsylvania instead. Found that his Stores had been mispacked at Cork, — that this had happened, and also that; — and, in short, that Chaos had been very considerably prevalent in this Adventure of his; and did still, in all that now lay round it, much prevail. Poor man: very brave, they say; but without knowledge, except of field-drill; a heart of iron, but brain mostly of pipe-clay quality. A man severe and rigorous in regimental points; contemptuous of the Colonial Militias, that gathered to help him; thrice contemptuous of the Indians, who were a vital point in the Enterprise ahead. Chaos is very strong, — especially if within oneself as well! Poor Braddock took the Colonial Militia Regiments, Colonel Washington as Aide-de-Camp; took the Indians and Appendages, Colonial Chaos

much presiding: and after infinite delays and confused haggings, got on march; — 2,000 regular, and of all sorts say 4,000 strong.

Got on march; sprawled and haggled up the Alleghanies, — such a Commissariat, such a wagon-service, as was seldom seen before. Poor General and Army, he was like to be starved outright, at one time; had not a certain Mr. Franklin come to him, with charitable oxen, with 500*l.*-worth provisions live and dead, subscribed for at Philadelphia, — Mr. Benjamin Franklin, since celebrated over all the world; who did not much admire this iron-tempered General with the pipeclay brain.* Thereupon, however, Braddock took the road again; sprawled and staggered, at the long last, to the top; “at the top of the Alleghanies, 15th June;” — and forward down upon *Fort Duquesne*, “roads nearly perpendicular in some places,” at the rate of “four miles” and even of “one mile per day.” Much wood all about, — and the 400 Indians to rear, in a despised and disgusted condition, instead of being vanward keeping their brightest outlook.

July 8th, Braddock crossed the Monongahela without hindrance. July 9th, was within ten miles of *Fort Duquesne*; plodding along; marching through a wood, when, — Ambuscade of French and Indians burst out on him, French with defences in front and store of squatted Indians on each flank, — who at once blew him to destruction, him and his Enterprise both. His men behaved very ill; sensible perhaps that they were not led very well. Wednesday, 9th July 1755, about three in the afternoon. His two regiments gave one volley and no more; utterly terror-struck by the novelty, by the misguidance, as at Prestonpans before; shot, it was whispered, several of their own Officers, who were furiously rallying them with word and sword: of the sixty Officers, only five were not killed or wounded. Brave men clad in soldier's uniform, victims of military Chaos, and miraculous Nescience, in themselves and in others: can there be a more distressing spectacle? Imaginary workers are all tragical, in this world; and come to a bad end, sooner or later, they or their representatives here: but the Imaginary Soldier — he is paid his wages (he and his poor Nation are) on the very nail!

* Franklin's *Autobiography*; *Gentleman's Magazine*. xxv. 378.

Braddock, refusing to fall back as advised, had five horses shot under him; was himself shot, in the arm, in the breast; was carried off the field in a death-stupor, — forward all that night, next day and next (to Fort Cumberland, seventy miles to rear); — and on the fourth day died. The Colonial Militias had stood their ground, Colonel Washington now of some use again; — who were ranked well to rearward; and able to receive the ambuscade as an open fight. Stood striving, for about three hours. And would have saved the retreat; had there been a retreat, instead of a panic rout, to save. The poor General, — ebbing homewards, he and his Enterprise, hour after hour, — roused himself twice only, for a moment, from his death-stupor: once, the first night, to ejaculate mournfully, “Who would have thought it!” And again once, he was heard to say, days after, in a tone of hope, “Another “time we will do better!” which were his last words, “death “following in few minutes.” Weary, heavyladen soul; deep Sleep now descending on it, — soft sweet cataracts of Sleep and Rest; suggesting hope, and triumph over sorrow, after all: — “Another time we will do better;” and in few minutes was dead!*

The Colonial Populations, who had been thinking of Triumphal Arches for Braddock's return, are struck to the nadir by this news. French and Indians break over the Mountains, harrying, burning, scalping; the Back Settlers fly inward, with horror and despair: “And the Home Government, too, can prove a broken reed? What is to become of us; whose is America to be?” — And in fact, under such guidance from Home Governments and Colonial, there is no saying how the matter might have gone. To men of good judg-

* *Manuscript Journal of General Braddock's Expedition in 1755* (British Museum: King's Library, 271 e, King's Mss. 212): raw-material, this, of the Official Account (*London Gazette*, August 26th, 1755), where it is faithfully enough abridged. Will perhaps be printed by some inquiring *Pittsburgher*, one day, after good study on the ground itself? It was not till 1758 that the bones of the slain were got buried, and the infant *Pittsburg* (now so busy and smoky) rose from the ashes of *Fort Duquesne*.

ment, and watching on the spot, it was for years coming, an ominous dubiety, — the chances rather for the French, “who understand war, and are all under one head.”* But there happens to be in England a Mr. Pitt, with royal eyes more and more indignantly set on this Business; and in the womb of Time there lie combinations and conjunctures. If the Heavens have so decreed! —

The English had, before this, despatched their Admiral Boscawen, to watch certain War-ships, which they had heard the French were fitting out for America; and to intercept the same, by capture if not otherwise. Boscawen is on the outlook, accordingly; descries a French fleet, Coast of Newfoundland, first days of June; loses it again in the fogs of the Gulf-Stream; but has, June 9th (a month before that of Braddock), come up with Two Frigates of it, and, after short broadsiding, made prizes of them. And now, on this Braddock Disaster, orders went, “To seize and detain all French Ships whatsoever, till satisfaction were had.” And, before the end of this Year, about “800 French ships (value, say, 700,000*l.*)” were seized accordingly, where seizable on their watery ways. Which the French (“our own conduct in America being so undeniably proper”) characterised as utter piracy and robbery; — and getting no redress upon it, by demand in that style, had to take it as no better than meaning Open War Declared.**

* Governor Pownal's Memorial (of which, *infra*), in Tackeray's *Life of Chatham*.

** Paris, December 21st, 1755, Minister Rouillé's Remonstrance, with menace “*unless —* :” London, January 13th, 1756, Secretary Fox's reply, “*Well, then, No!*” Due official “Declaration of War” followed: on the English part, “17th May 1756;” “9th June,” on the French part.

CHAPTER XV.

ANTI-PRUSSIAN WAR-SYMPTOMS: FRIEDRICH VISIBLE FOR A MOMENT.

THE Burning of *Akakia*, and those foolish Maupertuis-Voltaire Duellings (by syringe and pistol) had by no means been Friedrich's one concern, at the time Voltaire went off. Precisely in those same months, Carnival 1752-1753, King Friedrich had, in a profoundly private manner, come upon certain extensive Anti-Prussian Symptoms, Austrian, Russian, Saxon, of a most dangerous, abstruse, but at length indubitable sort; and is, ever since, prosecuting his investigation of them, as a thing of life and death to him! Symptoms that there may well be a *Third* Silesian War ripening forward, inevitable, and of weightier and fiercer quality than ever. So the Symptoms indicate to Friedrich, with a fatally increasing clearness. And, of late, he has to reflect withal: "If these French-English troubles bring War, our Symptoms will be ripe!" As, in fact, they proved to be.

King Friedrich's investigations and decisions on this matter will be touched upon, farther on: but readers can take, in the mean time, the following small Documentary Piece as Note of Preparation. The Facts shadowed forth are of these Years now current (1752-1755), though this judicial Deposition to the Facts is of ulterior date (1757).

In the course of 1756, as will well appear farther on, it became manifest to the Saxon Court and to all the world that somebody had been playing traitor in the Dresden Archives. Somebody, especially in the Foreign Department; copying furtively, and imparting to Prussia, Despatches of the most secret, thrice-secret and thrice-dangerous nature, which lie repositied there! Who can have done it? Guesses, researches, were many: at length suspicion fell on one Menzel, a *Kanzellist* (Government Clerk), of good social repute, and superior official ability; who is not himself in the Foreign Department at all; but whose way of living, or the like sign, had perhaps seemed questionable. In 1757, Menzel, and the Saxon Court and its businesses, were all at Warsaw; Menzel dreaming of no disturbance, but prosecuting his affairs as formerly, — when, one day, September 24th (the slot-hounds, long scenting and tracking, being now at the mark), Menzel and an Associate of his were suddenly arrested. Confronted with their crimes, with the proofs in readiness; and next day, — made a clear Confession, finding the matter desperate otherwise. Copy of which, in Notarial form, exact and indisputable, the reader shall now see. As this story, of Friedrich and the Saxon Archives, was very famous in the world, and mythic circumstances are prevalent, let us glance into it with our own eyes, since there is opportunity in brief compass.

“*Extractus Protocollorum in Inquisitionibus-Sachen*” that is to say, *Extract of Protocols in Inquest* “*contra FRIEDRICH WILHELM MENZEL and JOHANN BENJAMIN ERFURTH.*”

“*At Warsaw, 25th September 1757: This day, in the King’s Name, in presence of Legationsrath von Saul, Hofrath Ferbers, and Kriegersrath von Götze the Undersigned: Examination of the Kabinets-Kanzellist Menzel, arrested yesterday, and now brought from his place of arrest to the Royal Palace; — who, admonitus de dicenda veritate, made answers, to the effect following:*

“His name is Friedrich Wilhelm Menzel; age thirty-eight; is a son of the late Hofrath and Privy-referendary Menzel, who formerly was in the King’s service, and died a few years back. Has been seventeen years Kanzellist at

"the *Geheime Cabinetskanzlei* (Secret Archive); had taken the
"oath when he entered on his office.

"Acknowledges some Slips of Paper (*Zettel*), now shown
"to him, to be his hand-writing: they contained news in-
"tended to be communicated to the Prussian Secretary
"Benoit, now residing here," at Dresden formerly.

"Confesses that he has employed, here as well as pre-
"viously in Dresden, his Brother-in-law, the journeyman
"goldsmith Erfurth (who was likewise arrested yesterday),
"to convey to the Prussian Secretaries, Plessmann and Benoit,
"such pieces and despatches from the Secret Cabinet,
"especially the Foreign department, as he, Menzel, wanted
"to communicate to said Prussian Secretaries.

"Confesses having received, by degrees, since the year
"1752, from the Prussian Minister (*Envoyé*) von Maltzahn,
"and the Secretaries Plessmann and Benoit, for such com-
"munications, the sum of 3,000 thalers (450*l.*) in all.

"Was led into these treasonable practices by the follow-
"ing circumstance: He owed at that time 100 thalers on a
"Promissory Note, to a certain Rhenitz, who then lived (*hielt*
"*sich auf*) at Dresden, and who pressed him much for pay-
"ment. As he pleaded inability to pay, Rhenitz hinted that
"he could put him into the way of getting money; and ac-
"cordingly, at last, took him to the then Prussian Secretary
"Hecht, at Dresden; by whom he was at once carried to the
"Prussian Minister von Maltzahn; who gave him 100 thalers
"(15*l.*), with the request to communicate to him, now and
"then, news from the Archive of the Cabinet. For a length
"of time Prisoner could not accomplish this; as the said von
"Maltzahn wanted Pieces from the Foreign Office, and
"especially the Correspondence with the two Imperial Courts
"of Austria and Russia. These papers were locked in presses,
"which Prisoner could not get at; moreover, the Court had,
"in the mean time, gone to Warsaw, Prisoner remaining at
"Dresden. In that way, many months passed without his
"being able to communicate anything; till, at last, about
"December 1752, the Secretary Plessmann gave him a whole
"bunch of keys, which were said to be sent by Privy-coun-
"sellor Eichel of Potsdam" (whom we know), "to try whether
"any of them would unlock the presses of the Foreign De-
"partment. But none of them would; and Prisoner returned

“the keys; pointing out, however, what alterations were required to fit the keyhole.

“And, about three weeks after this, Plessmann provided Prisoner with another set of keys; among which one did unlock said presses. With this key Prisoner now repeatedly opened the presses; and provided Plessmann, whenever required, — oftenest, with Petersburg Despatches. Had also, three years ago (1754), here in Warsaw, communicated Vienna Despatches, three or four times, to Benoit; especially on Sundays and Thursdays, which were slack days, nobody in the Office about noon.

“The actual first of these Communications did not take place till after Easter-Fair, 1753; Prisoner not having, till said Fair, received the second bunch of keys from Plessmann. Now and then he had to communicate French Despatches. Whenever he gave original Despatches, he received them back shortly after, and replaced them in the presses. During this present stay of the Court at Warsaw, has communicated little to Benoit except from the *Circulars* (Legation *News-Letters*), “when he found anything noteworthy in them; also, now and then, the Ponikau Despatches” (Ponikau being at the Reich’s Diet, in circumstances interesting to us). “Has received, one time and another, several 100 thalers from Benoit, since the Court came hither last.” — (And so *exit* Menzel.)

“Hereupon the Second Prisoner was brought in; — who deposed as follows:

“He is named Johann Benjamin Erfurth; a goldsmith by trade; age thirty-two; the Prisoner Menzel’s Brother-in-law.

“Confesses that Menzel had made use of him, at Dresden, during one year, to deliver, several times, sealed papers to the Prussian Secretary Plessmann, or rather mostly to Plessmann’s servant. Also that, here in Warsaw, he has had to carry Despatches to Benoit, and to deliver them into his own hands. Latterly he has delivered the Despatches to certain Prussian peasants, who stopped at Benoit’s, and who always relieved each other; and every time, the one who went away directed Prisoner, in turn, to him that arrived.

“He received from Menzel, yesterday towards noon, a
“small sealed packet, which he was to convey to the Prussian
“peasant who had made an appointment with him at the
“Prussian Office (*Hof*) here. But as he was going to take it,
“and had just got outside of the Palace Court, a corporal
“took hold of him and arrested him. Confesses having con-
“cealed the parcel in his trowsers pocket, and to have denied
“that he had anything upon him.” * * “*Actum ut supra.*”
Signed “Götze” (with titles).

“Next day, September 26th, Menzel reëxamined; answers
“in effect following:

“Plessmann never himself came into the Archive Office at
“Dresden; except the one time” (a time that will be notable
to us!) “when the Prussians were there to take away the
“Papers by force; then Plessmann was with them,” — and
we will remember the circumstance.

“Before leaving Dresden for Poland, last Year (1756), he,
“Menzel, had returned the said key to Plessmann; who gave
“him others for use here. After his arrival here, he returned
“these keys to Benoit, in the presence of Erfurth; saying,
“they were of no use to him, and that he could not get at the
“Despatches here. Prisoner further declares, that it was the
“Minister von Maltzahn who, of his own accord, and quite at
“the beginning, made the proposal concerning the keys; and
“when Plessmann brought the keys, he said expressly they
“were from the Minister, along with fifty thalers, which he,
“Menzel, received at the same time. *Actum ut supra.*” Signed
as before.*

We could give some of the stolen Pieces, too; but
they are of abstruse tenor, and would be mere enigmas
to readers here. Enough that Friedrich understands
them. To Friedrich’s intense and long-continued
scrutiny, they indicate, what is next to incredible, but
is at length fatally undeniable, That the old *Treaty*,

* *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 677 (as *Beylage* or Appendix to the Kur-Sachsen
“*Pro-Memoria*, to the Reich’s Diet;” of date, Regensburg, 31st January
1758).

which we called *of Warsaw*, "Treaty for Partitioning Prussia," is still (in spite of all subsequent and superincumbent Treaties to the contrary) vigorously alive underground; that Saxon Brühl and her Hungarian Majesty, to whom is now added Czarish Majesty, are fixed as ever on cutting down this afflictive, too aspiring King of Prussia, to the size of a Brandenburg Elector; busy (in these Menzel Documents) considering how it may be done, especially how the bear-skin may be *shared*; — and that, in short, there lies ahead, inevitable seemingly, and not far off, a Third Silesian War.

Which punctually came true. The *Third Silesian War*, — since called *Seven-Years War*, that proving to be the length of it, — is now near. Breaks out, has to break out, August 1756. The heaviest and direst Struggle Friedrich ever had; the greatest of all his Prowesses, Achievements, and Endurances in this world. And, on the whole, the last that was very great, or that is likely to be memorable with Posterity. Upon which, accordingly, we must try our utmost to leave some not untrue notion in this place: and that once *done* — Courage, reader!

Friedrich is visible, in Holland; to the naked Eye, for some Minutes (June 23d, 1755).

In 1755 it was that Voltaire wrote, not the first Letter, but the first very notable one, to his Royal Friend, after their great quarrel:* seductively repentant, and oh, so true, so tender; — Royal Friend still

* Dated "The *Délices*, near Geneva, 4th August 1755" (in Rödenbeck, i. 287; in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 7; not given by any of the French Editors).

obstinate, who answers nothing, or answers only through De Prades: "Yes, yes, we are aware!" And it was in the same Year that Friedrich first saw D'Alembert, — Voltaire's successor, in a sense. And farther on (1st November 1755), that the Earthquake of Lisbon went, horribly crashing, through the thoughts of all mortals, — thoughts of King Friedrich among others; whose reflections on it, I apprehend, are stingy, snarlingly contemptuous, rather than valiant and pious, and need not detain us here. One thing only we will mention, for an accidental reason: That Friedrich, this Year, made a short run to Holland, — and that actual momentary sight of him happens thereby to be still possible.

In Summer 1755, after the West-Country Reviews, and a short Journey into Ost-Friesland, whence to Wesel on the Rhine, — whither Friedrich had invited D'Alembert to meet him, whom he finds "*un très-aimable garçon*," likely for the task in hand, — Friedrich decided on a run into Holland: strictly *incognito*, accompanied only by Balbi (Engineer, a Genoese) and one page. Bade his D'Alembert adieu; and left Wesel thitherward, June 19th.† At Amsterdam he viewed the Bramkamp Picture-Gallery, the illustrious Countryhouse of Jew Pinto at *Tulpenburg* (Tulip-borough!) * * "I saw nothing but "whim-whams (*colifichets*)," says he: "I gave myself "out for a Musician of the King of Poland;" wore a black wig moreover, "and was nowhere known:"†† — and, for finis, got into the common Passage-Boat (*Trekschuit*, no doubt) for Utrecht, that he might see the other fine Countryhouses along the Vechte. Fine enough Countryhouses, — not mud and sedges the main thing, as idle readers think. To Arnheim up

† Rödenbeck, I. 287.

†† *Œuvres*, xxvii. I. 268 ("Potsdam, 28th June 1755;" and ib. p. 270), to Wilhelmina, who is now on the return from her Italian Journey. *Uncertain* Anecdotes of adventures among the whim-whams, in Rödenbeck, &c.

the Vechte in this manner; Wesel and his own Country just at hand again.

Now it happened that a young Swiss, — poor enough in purse, but not without talent and eyesight, assistant Teacher in some Boarding-school thereabouts; name of him De Catt, age twenty-seven, “born at Morges near Geneva, 1728,” — had got holiday, or had got errand, poor good soul; had decided, on this same day (23d June 1755), to go to Utrecht, and so stept into the very boat where Friedrich was. He himself (in a Letter written long after to Editor *Laveaux*) shall tell us the rest:

“As I couldn’t get into the *Roef* (cabin) because it was all “engaged, I staid with the other passengers in the Steerage “(*dans la barque même*), and the weather being fine, came up “on deck. After some time, there stept out of the Cabin a “man in cinnamon-coloured coat with gold buttonholes; in “black wig; face and coat considerably dusted with Spanish “snuff. He looked fixedly at me, for a while; and then said, “without farther preface, ‘Who are you, Monsieur?’ This “cavalier tone from an unknown person, whose exterior indicated nothing very important, did not please me; and I “declined satisfying his curiosity. He was silent. But, some “time after, he took a more courteous tone, and said: ‘Come “in here to me, Monsieur! You will be better here than in “the Steerage, amid the tobacco-smoke.’ This polite address “put an end to all anger; and as the singular manner of the “man excited my curiosity, I took advantage of his invitation. “We sat down, and began to speak confidentially with one “another.

“‘Do you see the man in the garden yonder, sitting smoking his pipe?’ said he to me: ‘That man, you may depend “upon it, is not happy.’ — ‘I know not,’ answered I: ‘but it “seems to me, until one knows a man, and is completely “acquainted with his situation and his way of thought, “one cannot possibly determine whether he is happy or unhappy.’

“My gentleman admitted this” (very good-natured!); “and “led the conversation on the Dutch Government. He criticised “it, — probably to bring me to speak. I did speak; and gave “him frankly to know that he was not perfectly instructed in “the thing he was criticising. — ‘You are right,’ answered

“he; ‘one can only criticise what one is thoroughly acquainted with.’ — He now began to speak of Religion; and with eloquent tongue to recount what mischiefs Scholastic Philosophy had brought upon the world; then tried to prove, “That Creation was impossible.’ At this last point I stood out in opposition. ‘But how can one create Something out of Nothing?’ said he. ‘That is not the question,’ answered I; ‘the question is, Whether such a Being as God can or cannot give existence to what has yet none.’ He seemed embarrassed, and added, ‘But the Universe is eternal.’ — ‘You are in a circle,’ said I; ‘how will you get out of it?’ — ‘I skip over it,’ said he, laughing; and then began to speak of other things.

“‘What form of Government do you reckon the best?’ inquired he, among other things. ‘The monarchic, if the King is just and ‘enlightened.’ — ‘Very well,’ answered he; ‘but where will you find Kings of that sort?’ And thereupon went into such a sally upon Kings, as could not in the least lead me to the supposition that he was one. In the end he expressed pity for them, that they could not know the sweets of friendship; and cited on the occasion these verses (his own, I suppose):

“*Amitié, plaisir des grandes âmes;*

“*Amitié, que les Rois, ces illustres ingrats,*

“*Sont assez malheureux de ne connaître pas !*”

“I have not the honour to be acquainted with Kings,” said I; “but to judge by what one has read in History of several of them, I should believe, Monsieur, that you, on the whole, are right.” — “*Ah, oui, oui, I am right; I know the gentlemen!*”

“We now got to speak of Literature. The stranger expressed himself with enthusiastic admiration of Racine. A droll incident happened during our dialogue. My gentleman wanted to let down a little sash-window, and couldn’t manage it. ‘You don’t understand that,’ said I; ‘let me do that.’ I tried to get it down; but succeeded no better than he. ‘Monsieur,’ said he, ‘allow me to remark, on my side, that you, upon my honour, understand as little of it as I!’ — ‘That is true; and I beg your pardon; I was too rash in accusing you of want of expertness.’ — ‘Were you ever in

“‘Germany?’ he now asked me. ‘No; but I should like to
 “‘make that journey: I am very curious to see the Prussian
 “‘States, and their King, of whom one hears so much.’ And
 “‘now I began to launch out on Friedrich’s actions; but he inter-
 “‘rupted me rapidly, with the words: ‘Nothing more of Kings,
 “‘Monsieur! What have we to do with them? We will
 “‘spend the rest of our voyage on more agreeable and cheer-
 “‘ing objects.’ And now he spoke of the best of all possible
 “‘worlds; and maintained that, in our Planet Earth, there was
 “‘more Evil than Good. I maintained the contrary; and this
 “‘dispute brought us to the end of our voyage.

“‘On quitting me, he said, ‘I hope, Monsieur, you will leave
 “‘me your name: I am very glad to have made your acquaint-
 “‘ance; perhaps we shall see one another again.’ I re-
 “‘plied, as was fitting, to the compliment; and begged him
 “‘to excuse me for contradicting him a little. ‘Ascribe this,’
 “‘I concluded, ‘to the ill-humour which various little journeys
 “‘I had to make in these days have given me.’ I then told him
 “‘my name, and we parted.* Parted to meet again; and live
 “‘together for about twenty years.

Of this honest Henri de Catt, whom the King liked on this Interview, and sent for soon after, and at length got as “*Lecteur du Roi*,” we shall hear again.** He did, from 1757 onwards, what De Prades now does with more of noise, the old D’Arget functions; faithfully and well, for above twenty years; — left a Note-Book (not very Boswellian) about the King, which is latterly in the Royal Archives at Berlin; and which might without harm, or even with advantage, be printed, but has never yet been. A very harmless De Catt. And we are surely obliged to him for this view of the

* Laveaux, *Histoire de Frédéric* (2d edition, Strasbourg, 1789, and blown now into *six* voll. instead of four; dead all, except this fraction), vi. 365. Seyfarth, ii. 234, is right; ib. 170, wrong, and has led others wrong.

** “September 1755,” sent for (but De Catt was ill and couldn’t); “December 1757,” got (Rödenbeck, i. 285).

Travelling Gentleman "with the cinnamon-coloured coat, snuffy nose, and black wig," and his manner of talking on light external subjects, while the inner man of him has weights enough pressing on it. Age still under five-and-forty, but looks old for his years.

"June 23d, 1755:" it is in the very days while poor Braddock is staggering down the Alleghanies; Braddock fairly over the top; — and the Fates waiting him, at a Fortnight's distance. Far away, on the other side of the World. But it is notable enough how Pitt is watching the thing; and will at length get hand laid on it, and get the kingship over it for above four years. Whereby the *Jenkins's-Ear Question* will again, this time on better terms, coalesce with the *Silesian*, or *Partition-of-Prussia Question*; and both these long Controversies get definitely closed, as the Eternal Decrees had seen good.

BOOK XVII.

THE SEVEN-YEARS WAR: FIRST CAMPAIGN.

1756—1757.

BOOK VII

THE SEVEN-YEARS WAR: FIRST CAMPAIGN

1756-1761

CHAPTER I.

WHAT FRIEDRICH HAD READ IN THE MENZEL
DOCUMENTS.

THE ill-informed world, entirely unaware of what Friedrich had been studying and ascertaining, to his bitter sorrow, for four years past, was extremely astonished at the part he took in those French-English troubles; extremely provoked at his breaking out again into a Third Silesian War, greater than all the others, and kindling all Europe in such a way. The ill-informed world rang violently, then and long after, with a Controversy, "Was it of his beginning, or Not of his beginning?" Controversy, which may in our day be considered as settled by unanimous mankind; finished forever; and can now have no interest for any creature.

Omitting that, our problem is (were it possible in brief compass), To set forth, by what authentic traits there are, — not the "ambitious," "audacious," voracious and highly condemnable Friedrich of the Gazetteers, — but the thrice-intricately situated Friedrich of Fact. What the Facts privately known to Friedrich were, in what manner known; and how, in a more complex crisis than had yet been, Friedrich demeaned himself: upon which latter point, and those cognate to it, readers ought not to be ignorant, if now fallen indifferent on so many other points of the Affair. What

a loud-roaring, loose and empty matter is this tornado of vociferation, which men call "Public Opinion"! Tragically howling round a man; who has to stand silent, the while; and scan, wisely under pain of death, the altogether inarticulate, dumb and inexorable matter which the gods call Fact! Friedrich did read his terrible Sphinx-riddle; the Gazetteer tornado did pipe and blow. King Friedrich, in contrast with his Environment at that time, will, most likely, never be portrayed to modern men, in his real proportions, real aspect and attitude then and there, — which are silently not a little heroic and even pathetic, when well seen into; — and, for certain, he is not portrayable at present, on our side of the Sea. But what hints and fractions of feature we authentically have, ought to be given with exactitude, especially with brevity, and left to the ingenuous imagination of readers.

The secret sources of the Third Silesian War, since called "Seven-Years War," go back to 1745; nay we may say, to the First Invasion of Silesia in 1740. For it was in Maria Theresa's incurable sorrow at loss of Silesia, and her inextinguishable hope to reconquer it, that this and all Friedrich's other Wars had their origin. Twice she had signed Peace with Friedrich, and solemnly ceded Silesia to him: but that too, with the Imperial Lady, was by no means a *finis* to the business. Not that she meant to break her Treaties; far from her such a thought, — in the conscious form. Though, alas, in the unconscious, again, it was always rather near! Practically she reckoned to herself, these Treaties would come to be broken, as Treaties do not endure forever; and then, at the good moment, she did

purpose to be ready. "Silesia back to us; Pragmatic Sanction complete in every point! Was not that our dear Father's will, monition of all our Fathers and their Patriotisms and Traditionary Heroisms; and in fact, the behest of gods and men?" Ten years ago, this notion had been cut down to apparent death, in a disastrous manner, for the second time. But it did not die in the least: it never thinks of dying; starts always anew, passionate to produce itself again as action valid at last; and lives in the Imperial Heart with a tenacity that is strange to observe. Still stranger, in the Envious-Valet Heart, — in that of Brühl, who had far less cause!

The Peace of Dresden, Christmas 1745, seemed to be an act of considerable magnanimity on Friedrich's part. It was, at the first blush of it, "incredible" to Harrach, the Austrian Plenipotentiary; whose embarrassed, astonished bow we remember on that occasion, with English Villiers shedding pious tears. But what is very remarkable withal is a thing since discovered:* That Harrach, magnanimous signature hardly yet dry, did then straightway, by order of his Court, very privately inquire of Brühl, "There is Peace, you see; what they call Peace: — but our *Treaty of Warsaw*, for Partition of this magnanimous man, stands all the same; doesn't it?" To which, according to the Documents, Brühl, hardly escaped from the pangs of death, and still in a very pale-yellow condition, had answered in effect, "Hah, say you so? One's hatred is eternal; — but that man's iron heel! Wait a little; get Russia to join in the scheme!" — and hung back; the willing mind, but the too terrified! And in this way, like a

* *Infra*, next note (p. 199).

famishing dog in sight of a too dangerous leg of mutton, Brühl has ever since rather held back; would not reëngage at all, for almost two years, even on the Czarina's engaging; and then only in a cautious, conditional and hypothetic manner, — though with famine increasing day by day in sight of the desired viands. His hatred is fell; but he would fain escape with back unbroken.

How Friedrich discovered the Mystery. Concerning Menzel and Weingarten.

Friedrich has been aware of this mystery, at least wide awake to it and becoming ever more instructed, for almost four years. Traitor Menzel the Saxon Kanzellist, — we, who have prophetically read what he had to confess when laid hold of, are aware, though as yet, and on to 1757, it is a dead secret to all mortals but himself and "three others," — has been busy for Prussia, ever since "the end of 1752." Got admittance to the Presses; sent his first Excerpt "about the time of Easter-Fair, 1753," — time of Voltaire's taking wing. And has been at work ever since. Copying Despatches from the most secret Saxon Repositories; ready always on Excellency Maltzahn's indicating the Piece wanted; and of late, I should think, is busier than ever, as the Saxon Mystery, which is also an Austrian and Russian one, gets more light thrown into it, and seems to be fast ripening towards action of a perilous nature. The first Excerpts furnished by Menzel, — readers can judge how enigmatic they were. These Menzel Papers, copies mainly of Petersburg or Vienna *Despatches* to Brühl, with Brühl's

Answers, — the principal of which were subsequently printed in their best arrangement and liveliest point of vision,* — are by no means a luminous set of Documents to readers at this day. Think what a study they were, at Potsdam in 1753, while still in the chaotic state; fished out, more or less at random, as Menzel could lay hold of them, or be directed to them; the enigma clearing itself only by intense inspection, and capability of seeing in the dark!

It appears, — if you are curious on the anecdotic part, —

“Winterfeld was the first that got eye on this dangerous
“Saxon Mystery; some Ex-Saxon, about to settle in Berlin,
“giving hint of it to Winterfeld; who needed only a hint.
“So soon as Winterfeld convinced himself that there was
“weight in the Affair, he imparted it to Friedrich: ‘Scheme
“of partitioning, your Majesty, of picking quarrel, then
“overwhelming and partitioning; most serious scheme,
“Austrian-Russian as well as Saxon; going on steadily for
“years past, and very lively at this time!’ If true, Friedrich
“cannot but admit that this is serious enough: important,
“thrice over, to discover whether it is true; — and gives
“Winterfeld authority to prosecute it to the bottom, in
“Dresden or wherever the secret may lie. Who thereupon
“charged Maltzahn, the Prussian Minister at Dresden, to
“find some proper Menzel, and bestir himself. How Maltzahn
“has found his Menzel, and has bestirred himself, we saw.
“Thief-keys were made to pattern in Berlin; first set did not
“fit, second did; and stealthy Menzel gains admittance to
“that Chamber of the Archives, can steal thither on shoes of

* In Friedrich’s Manifestos, chiefly in *Mémoire Raisonné sur la Conduite des Cours de Vienne et de Saxe* (compiled from the *Menzel Originals*, so soon as these were got hold of: Berlin, Autumn 1756). A solid and able Paper; rapidly done, by one Count Herzberg, who rose high in after times. Reprinted, with many other “Pieces” and “Passages,” in *Gesammelte Nachrichten und Urkunden*, — which is a “Collection” of such (2 voll., 113 Nos., small 8vo, no Place, 1757, my Copy of it).

“felt when occasion serves, and copy what you wish, — for a
“consideration. Intermittently, since about Easter-Fair,
“1753. Three persons are cognizant of it, Winterfeld,
“Maltzahn, Friedrich; three, and no more. Probably the
“abstrusest study, and the most intense, going on in the
“world at that epoch.*

“At a very early stage of the Menzel Excerpts, it became
“manifest that certain synchronous Austrian Ditto would
“prove highly elucidative; that, in fact, it would be in-
“dispensable to get hold of these as well. Which also
“Winterfeld has managed to do. A deep-headed man, who
“has his eyes about him; and is very apt to manage what he
“undertakes. One Weingarten Junior, a Secretary in the
“Austrian Embassy at Berlin (Excellency Peubla’s second
“Secretary), has his acquaintanceships in Berlin Society;
“and for one thing, as Winterfeld discovers, is ‘madly in
“love” with some Chambermaid or quasi-chambermaid (let
“us call her Chambermaid), ‘Daughter of the Castellan at
“Charlottenburg.’ Winterfeld, through the due channels,
“applied to this Chambermaid, ‘Get me a small secret Copy
“of such and such Despatches, out of your Weingarten; it
“will be well for you and him; otherwise perhaps not well!’
“Chambermaid, hope urging, or perhaps hope and fear, did
“her best; Weingarten had to yield the required product
“and products, as required. By this Weingarten, from
“some date not long after Menzel’s first mysterious Dresden
“Excerpts, the necessary Austrian glosses, so far as possible
“to Weingarten on the indications given him, have been re-
“gularly had, for the two or three years past.

“Weingarten first came to be seriously suspected, June
“1756 (Weingarten Junior, let us still say, for there was a
“Senior of unstained fidelity); ‘June 15th,’ Excellency
“Peubla pointedly demands him from Friedrich and the
“Berlin Police: ‘Weingarten junior, my *second* Secretär,
“fugitive and traitor; hidden somewhere!’** Excellency
“Peubla is answered, 24th June: ‘We would so fain catch
“him, if we could! We have tried at Stendal, — not there:
“tried his Mother-in-law; knows nothing: have forborne

* Retzow, *Charakteristik des Siebenjährigen Krieges* (Berlin, 1802), I. 23.

** “Berlin, 22d June: Every research making for Mr. Weingatten, —
“in vain hitherto” *Gentleman’s Magazine*, xxvi., i. e. for 1756, p. 363).

“laying up his poor Wife and children; and hope her Imperial Majesty will have pity on that poor creature, who is fallen so miserable.* So that Excellency Peubla had nothing for it but to compose himself; to honour the unstainable fidelity of Weingarten Senior, by a public piece of promotion, which soon ensued; and let the Junior run. Weingarten Junior, on the first suspicion, had vanished with due promptitude, — was not to be unearthed again. We perceive he has married his Charlottenburg Beauty, and there are helpless babies. It seems ‘he lived long years after, in the Altmark, as a Herr von Weiss,’ — his reflexions manifold, but unknown.** What is much notabler, Cogniazo, the Austrian Veteran, heard Weingarten’s Master, Graf von Peubla, talk of the ‘*grand mystère*,’ soon after, and how Friedrich had heard of it, not from Weingarten alone, but from Gross-Fürst Peter, Russian Heir-Apparent!***

“As to Menzel, he did not get away. Menzel, as we saw, lasted in free activity till 1757; and was then put under lock and key. Was not hanged; sat prisoner, for twenty-seven years after; over-grown with hair, legs and arms chained together, heavy iron-bar uniting both ankles; diet bread-and-water; — for the rest, healthy; and died, not very miserable it is said, in 1784. Shocking traitors, Weingarten and he.”

Yes; a diabolical pair, they, sure enough: — and the thing they betrayed against their Masters, was that a celestial thing? Servants of the Devil do fall out; and Servants not of the Devil are fain, sometimes, to raise a quarrel of that kind! —

The then world, as we said, was one loud uproar of logic on the right reading and the wrong of those Sibylline Documents: “Did your King of Prussia interpret them aright, or even try it? Did not he use them as a cloak for highway robbery, and swallowing

* *Helden-Geschichte*, III. 713.

** Retzow, I. 37.

*** Cogniazo I. 225.

of a peaceable Saxony, bad man that he surely is?" For Friedrich's demeanour, this time again, when it came to the acting point, was of eminent rapidity; almost a swifter lion-spring than ever; and it brought on him, in the aerial or vocal way, its usual result: huge clamour of rage and logic from uninformed mankind. Clamorous rage and logic, which has now sunk irresuscitably dead; — nothing of it much worth mentioning to modern readers, scarcely even its *Hic Jacet* (in Footnotes, for the benefit of the curious!), — and it is, at last, a thing not doubtful to anybody that Friedrich, in that matter, did read aright. So that now the loud uproar is reduced to one small question with us, What did he read in those Menzel Documents? What Fact lying in them was it that Friedrich had to read? Here, smelted down by repeated roastings, is succinct answer; — for the ultimate fragment of incombustible, here as elsewhere, will go into a nut-shell, once the continents of Diplomatist-Gazetteer logic, and disorderly stable-litter, threatening to heap themselves over the very stars, have been faithfully burnt away.

Readers heard of a "Union of Warsaw," early in 1745, concluded by the Sea-Powers, and the Saxon-Polish and Hungarian Majesties: very harmless *Union* of Warsaw, public to all the world, — but with a certain thrice-secret "*Treaty* of Warsaw" (between Polish and Hungarian Majesty themselves two, the Sea-Powers being horror-struck by mention of it) which had followed thereupon, in an eager and wonderful manner. Thrice-secret Treaty, for Partitioning Friedrich, and settling the respective shares of his skin. Treaty which, to denote its origin, we called of Warsaw; though it was not finished there (shares of skin so difficult to settle), and "*Treaty* of *Leipzig*, 18th May 1745," is its *alias*

in Books: — of which Treaty, as the Sea-Powers had recoiled horror-struck, there was no whisper farther, to them or to the rest of exoteric mankind; — though it has been one of the busiest Entities ever since. From the Menzel Documents, I know not after what circuitous gropings and searchings, Friedrich first got notice of that Treaty:* figure his look on discovering it!

We said it was the remarkablest bit of sheepskin in its Century. Readers have heard too, That it was proposed to Brühl, by a grateful Austria, directly on signing the Peace of Dresden: "Our Partition-Treaty stands all the same, does it not?" — and in what humour Brühl answered: "Hah? Get Russia to join!" Both these facts, That there is a Treaty of Warsaw, and that this is the Austrian-Saxon temper and intention towards him and it, Friedrich learned from the Menzel Documents. And if the reader will possess himself of these two facts, and understand that they are of a germinative, most vital quality, indestructible by the times and the chances; and have been growing and developing themselves, day and night ever since, in a truly wonderful manner, — the reader knows in substance what Menzel had to reveal.

Russia was got to join; — there are methods of operating on Russia, and kindling a poor fat Czarina into strange suspicions and indignations. In May 1746, within six months of the Peace of Dresden, a Treaty of Petersburg, new version of the Warsaw one, was brought to parchment; Czarina and Empress-Queen signing, — Brühl dying to sign, but not daring. How Russia has been got to join, and more and more vigorously bear a hand; how Brühl's rabidities of appetite, and terrors of heart, have continued ever since; how Austria and Russia, — Brühl aiding with hysterical alacrity, haunted by terror (and at last mercifully *excused* from signing), — have, year after year, especially in this last year 1755, brought the matter nearer and nearer perfection; and the Two Imperial Majesties, with Brühl to rear, wait only till they are fully ready, and the world gives opportunity, to pick a quarrel with Friedrich, and overwhelm and partition him, according to covenant: This, wandering through endless mazes of detail, is in sum what the Menzel Documents dis-

* Now printed *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 40-42.

close to Friedrich and us. How, in a space of ten years, the small seedgrain of a Treaty of Warsaw, or Treaty of Petersburg, planted and nourished in that manner, in the Satan's Invisible World, has grown into a mighty Tree there, — prophetic of Facts near at hand; which were extremely sanguinary to the Human Race for the next Seven Years.

This is the sum-total: but for Friedrich's sake, and to illustrate the situation, let us take a few glances more, into the then Satan's Invisible World, which had become so ominously busy round Friedrich and others. The Czarina, we say, was got to engage; 22d May 1746, there came a Treaty of Petersburg duly valid, which is that of Warsaw under a new name: and still Brühl durst not, for above a year coming, — not till August 15th, 1747;* and then, only in a hypothetic half-and-half way, with fear and trembling, though with hunger unspeakable, in sight of the viands. A very wretched Brühl, as seen in these Menzel Documents. On poor Polish Majesty Brühl has played the sorcerer, this long while, and ridden him, as he would an enchanted quadruped, in a shameful manner: but how, in turn (as we study Menzel), is Brühl himself hag-ridden, hunted by his own devils, and leads such a ghastly phantasmal existence yonder, in the Valley of the Shadow of *Clothes*, — mere Clothes, metaphorical and literal!** Wretched Brühl, agitated with hatreds of a rather infernal nature, and with terrors of a not celestial, comes out on our sympathies, as a dog almost pitiable, — were that possible, with twelve tailors

* *Mémoire Raisoné* (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*), i. 459.

** “*Montrez-moi des vertus, pas des culottes* (Have you no virtues, then, to show me; nothing but pairs of breeches)!” exclaimed an impatient French Traveller, led about in Brühl's Palace, one day: Archenholz, *Geschichte des Siebenjährigen Krieges*, i. 63.

sewing for him, and a Saxony getting shoved over the precipices by him.

A famishing dog in the most singular situation. What he dare do, he does, and with such a will. But there is almost only one thing safe to him: that of egging-on the Czarina against Friedrich; of coining lies to kindle Czarish Majesty; of wafting on every wind rumours to that end, and continually besieging with them the empty Czarish mind. Brühl has many Conduits, "the Sieur de Funck," "the Sieur Gross," plenty of Legationary Sieurs and Conduits; — which issue from all quarters on Petersburg, and which find there a Reservoir, and due Russian *service-pipes*, prepared for them; — and Brühl is busy. "Commerce of Dantzic to be ruined," suggests he, "that is plain: look at his Asiatic Companies, his Port of Embden. Poland is to be stirred up; — has not your Czarish Majesty heard of his intrigues there? Courland, which is almost become your Majesty's, — cunningly snatched by your Majesty's address, like a valuable moribund whale adrift among the shallows, — this bad man will have it out to sea again, with the harpoons in it; fairly afloat amid the Polish Anarchies again!" These are but specimens of Brühl. Or we can give such in Brühl's own words, if the reader had rather. Here are Two, which have the advantage of brevity:

10. * * The Sieur de Funck, Saxon Minister at Petersburg, wrote to Count Brühl, 9th July 1755 (says an inexorable Record),

"That the Sieur Gross" (now Minister of Russia at Dresden, who vanished out of Berlin like an angry sky-rocket some years ago) "would do a good service to the Common Cause, if he wrote to his Court, 'That the King of Prussia

“‘had found a channel in Courland, by which he learned all
“‘the secrets of the Russian Court;’” and Sieur Funck add-
ed, “that it was expected good use could be made of such a
“story with her Czarish Majesty.” — To which Count Brühl
replies, 23d July, “That he has instructed the Sieur Gross,
“who will not fail to act in consequence.”

20. Sieur Prasse, same Funck's Secretary of Legation,
at Petersburg, writes to Count Brühl, 12th April 1756:

“I am bidden signify to your Excellency that it is greatly
“wished, in order to favour certain views, you would have
“the goodness to cause arrive in Petersburg, by different
“channels, the following intelligence; ‘That the King of
“‘Prussia, on pretext of Commerce, is sending officers and
“‘engineers into the Ukraine, to reconnoitre the Country
“‘and excite a rebellion there.’ And this advice, be pleased
“to observe, is not to come direct from the Saxon Court, nor
“by the Envoy Gross, but by some third party, — to the end
“there may be no concert noticed; — as they” (*l'on*, the
“service-pipes,” and managing Excellencies, Russian and
Austrian) “have given the same commission to other Mi-
“nisters, so that the news shall come from more places
“than one.

“They” (the said managing Excellencies) “have also
“required me to write to the Baron de Sack,” our Saxon
Minister in Sweden, “upon it, which I will not fail to do;
“and they assured me that our Court's advantage was not
“less concerned in it than that of their own; adding these
“words” (comfortable to one's soul), “The King of Prussia”
“(in 1745) “gave Saxony a blow which it will feel for fifty
“years; but we will give him one which he will feel for a
“hundred.””

To which beautiful suggestion Excellency Brühl answers,
2d June 1756: “As to the Secret Commission of conveying
“to Petersburg, by concealed channels, Intelligence of
“Prussian machinations in the Ukraine, we are still busy
“finding out a right channel; and they” (*l'on*, the managing
Excellencies) “shall very soon, one way or the other, see
“the effect of my personal inclination to second what is so
“good an intention, though a little artful (*un peu artificieuse*,”
— *un peu*, nothing to speak of)!*

* *Mémoire Raisonné* (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*), i. 424-5; and ib. 472.

Fancy a poor fat Czarina, of many appetites, of little judgment, continually beaten upon in this manner by the Saxon-Austrian artists and their Russian servicepipes. Bombarded with cunningly devised fabrications, every wind freighted for her with phantasmal rumours, no ray of direct daylight visiting the poor Sovereign Woman; who is lazy, not malignant if she could avoid it: mainly a mass of esurient oil, with alkali on the back of alkali poured in, at this rate, for ten years past; till, by pouring and by stirring, they get her to the state of *soap* and froth! Is it so wonderful that she does, by degrees, rise into eminent suspicion, anger, fear, violence and vehemence against her bad neighbour? One at last begins to conceive those insane whirls, continual mad suspicions, mad procedures, which have given Friedrich such vexation, surprise and provocation in the years past.

Friedrich is always specially eager to avoid ill-will from Russia; but it has come, in spite of all he could do and try. And these procedures of the Czarish Majesty have been so capricious, unintelligible, perverse, and his feeling is often enough irritation, temporary indignation, — which we know makes Verses withal! I can nowhere learn from those Prussian imbroglios of Books, what the Friedrich Sayings or Satirical Verses properly were: Retzow speaks of a *Produkt*, one at least, known in interior Circles.* *Produkt* which decidedly requires publication, beyond anything Friedrich ever wrote; — though one can do without it too, and invoke Fancy in defect of Print. The sharpness of Friedrich's tongue we know; and the diligence of birds of the air.

* Retzow, I. 34.

To all her other griefs against the bad man, this has given the finish in the tender Czarish bosom; — and like an envenomed drop has set the saponaceous oils (already dosed with alkali, and well in solution) foaming deliriously over the brim, in never-imagined deluges of a hatred that is unappeasable; — very costly to Friedrich and mankind. Rising ever higher, year by year; and now risen, to what height judge by the following:

At Petersburg, 14th-15th May 1753, "There was Meeting of "the Russian Senate, with deliberation held for these two "days; and for issue this conclusion come to,

*"That it should be, and hereby is, settled as a funda-
"mental maxim of the Russian Empire, Not only to oppose
"any farther aggrandisement of the King of Prussia, but to
"seize the first convenient opportunity for overwhelming
"(*écraser*), by superior force, the House of Brandenburg"
(Hear, hear!), "and reducing it to its former state of me-
"diocrity." * Leg of mutton to be actually gone into. With
what an enthusiasm of "Hear, hear!" from Brühl and kindred
parties; especially from Brühl, — who, however, dare not yet
bite, except hypothetically, such his terrors and tremors. Or
look again (same Senate,*

*At Petersburg, October 1755): "To which Fundamental
"Maxim, articulately fixed ever since those Maydays of 1753,
"the august Russian Sanhedrim, deliberating farther in Oc-
"tober 1755, adds this remarkable extension,*

*"That it is our resolution to attack the King of Prussia
"without farther discussion, whensoever the said King shall
"attack any Ally of Russia's, or shall himself be attacked by
"any of them." Hailed by Brühl, as natural, with his liveliest
approval. "A glorious Deliberation, that, indeed!" writes
he: "It clears the way of action for Russia's Allies in this
"matter; and for us too; though nobody can blame us, if we
"proceed with the extremest caution," — and rather wait till
the Bear is nearly killed. ***

* *Mémoire Raisonné* (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*), I. 421.

** *Gesammelte Nachrichten*, I. 422.

Many marvels Friedrich had deciphered out of this Weingarten-Menzel Apocalypse of Satan's Invisible World; and one often fancies Friedrich's tone of mind, in his intense inspecting of that fateful continent of darkness, and his labyrinthic stepping by degrees to the oracular points, which have a light in them when flung open. But in respect of practical interest, this of October 1755 (which would get to Potsdam, probably, in few weeks after) must have surpassed all the others. Marvels many, one after the other:* no doubt left, long since, of the constant disposition, preparation and fixed intention to partition him. But here, in this last indication by the Russian Senate, — which kindles into dismal evidence so many other enigmatic tokens, — there has an ulterior oracular point disclosed itself to Friedrich; in vaguer condition, but not less indubitable, and much more perilous: namely, That now, at last (end of 1755), the Two Imperial Majesties, very eager both, consider that the time is come. And are, — as Friedrich looks abroad on the Austrian-Russian marchings of troops, campings, and unusual military symptoms and combinations, — visibly preparing to that end.

“They have agreed to attack me next Year (1756), if they can; and next again (1757), without *if*:” so Friedrich, putting written word and public occurrence together, gradually reads; and so, all readers will see, the fact was, — though Imperial Majesty at Schön-

* For example, or in recapitulation: a Treaty of Warsaw, or Leipzig, to partition him (18th May 1745); Treaty of Petersburg (22d May 1746, new form of Warsaw Treaty, with Czarina superadded); tremulous Quasi-Accession thereto of his Polish Majesty (most tremulous, hypothetical Quasi-Accession, ‘Yes-and-No,’ 15th August 1747, and often afterwards); first Deliberation of the Russian Senate, 15th May 1753; &c. &c.

brunn, as we shall find, strove to deny it when applied to; and scouted, as mere fiction and imagination, the notion of such an "Agreement." Which I infer, therefore, *not* to have existed in parchment, not in parchment, but only in reality, and as a mutual Bond registered in — shall we say "in Heaven," as some are wont? — registered, perhaps, in *Two Places*, very separate indeed! No truer "Agreement" ever did exist; — though a devout Imperial Majesty denies it, who would shudder at the lie direct.

Poor Imperial Majesty: who can tell her troubles and straits in this abstruse time! Heaven itself ordering her to get back the Silesia of her Fathers, if she could; — yet Heaven always looking dubious, surely, upon this method of doing it. By solemn Public Treaties signed in sight of all mankind; and contrariwise, in the very same moments, by Secret Treaties, of a fell nature, concocted under ground, to destroy the life of these! Imperial Majesty flatters herself it may be fair: "Treaty of Dresden, Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle; Treaties wrung from me by force, the tyrannic Sea-Powers screwing us; Kaunitz can tell! A consummate Kaunitz; who has provided remedies. Treaties do get broken. Besides, I will not go to War, unless *he* the Bad One of Prussia do!" — Alas, your noble Majesty, plain it at least is, your love of Silesia is very strong. And consummate Kaunitz and it have led you into strange predicaments. The Pompadour, for instance: who was it that answered, "*Je ne la connais pas*; I don't know her, I?" How gladly would the Imperial Maria Theresa, soul of Propriety, have made that answer! But she did not; she had to answer differently. For Kaunitz was imperative: "A kind little Note to the Pompadour;

one, and then another and another; it is indispensable, your Imperial Majesty!" And Imperial Majesty always had to do it. And there exist in writing, at this hour, various flattering little Notes from Imperial Majesty to that Address; which begin, "*Ma Cousine*," "*Princesse et Cousine*," say many witnesses; nay "*Madame ma très Chère Sœur*," says one good witness:* — Notes which ought to have been printed, before this, or given at least to the Museums. "My Cousin," "Princess and Cousin," "Madam my Dearest Sister:" Oh, high Imperial Soul, with what strange bedfellows does Misery, of various kinds, bring us acquainted!

Friedrich was blamably imprudent in regard to Pompadour, thinks Valori: "A little complaisance might have" — What might it not have done! — "But his Prussian Majesty" "would not. And while the Ministers of all the other Powers" allied with France "went assiduously to pay their court to" "Madame, the Baron von Knyphausen alone, by his Master's" "order, never once went" ("*Don't! Je ne la connais pas*"), — "while the Empress-Queen was writing her the most flattering letters. The Prince of Prussia, King's eldest Brother, "wished ardently to obtain her Portrait, and had applied to" "me for it; as had Prince Henri to my Predecessor. The" "King, who has such gallant and seductive ways when he" "likes, could certainly have reconciled this celebrated" "Lady," — a highly important Improper Female to him and others.**

Yes; but he quite declined, not counting the costs. Costs may be immediate; profits are remote, — remote, but sure. Costs did indeed prove considerable, perhaps far beyond his expectation; though, I flatter my-

* Hormayr (cited in Preuss, i. 433 n., — as are Duclos; Montgaillard; *Mémoires de Richelieu*; &c.).

** Valori, i. 320.

self, they never awoke much remorse in him, on that score! —

Friedrich's Enigma, towards the end of 1755 and onwards, is becoming frightfully stringent; and the solution, "What practically will be the wise course for me?" does not lessen in abstruse intricacy, but the reverse, as it grows more pressing. A very stormy and dubious Future, truly! Two circumstances in it will be highly determinative: one of them evident to Friedrich; the other unknown to him, and to all mortals, except two or three. *First,*

That there will be an English-French War straightway; and that, as usual, the French, weaker at sea, will probably attack Hanover; — that is to say, bring the War home to one's own door, and ripen into fulfilment those Austrian-Russian Plots. This is this evident circumstance; fast coming on; visible to Friedrich and to everybody. But that, in such event, Austria will join, not with England, but with France: this is a *second* circumstance, guessable by nobody; known only to Kaunitz and a select one or two; but which also will greatly complicate Friedrich's position, and render his Enigma indeed astonishingly intricate, as well as stringent for solution!

CHAPTER II.

ENGLISH DIPLOMACIES ABROAD, IN PROSPECT OF A FRENCH WAR.

BRITANNIC Majesty, I know not at what date, but before the launching of that poor Braddock thunderbolt, much more after the tragic explosion it made, had felt that French War was nearly inevitable, and also that the French method would be, as heretofore, to attack Hanover, and wound him in that tender part. There goes on, accordingly, a lively Foreign Diplomatising, on his Majesty's part, at present, — in defect, almost total, of Domestic Preparation, military and other; — Majesty and Ministers expecting salvation from abroad, as usual. Military preparation does lag at a shameful rate: but, on the other hand, there is a great deal of pondering, really industrious considering and contriving, about Foreign Allies, and their subsidies and engagements. That step, for example, the questionable Seizure of the French Ships *without* Declaration of War, was a contrivance by diplomatic Heads (of bad quality): "Seize their ships," said some bad Head, after meditating; "put their ships in *sequestration*, till they do us justice. If they won't, and go to War, — then *they* are the Aggressors, not we; and our Allies have to send their auxiliary quotas, as per contract!" So the Ships were seized; held in sequestration, "till many of the cargoes (being perishable goods,

some even fish) rotted."* And in return, as will be seen, not one auxiliary came to hand: so that the diplomatic Head had his rotted cargoes, and much public obloquy, for his pains. Not a fortunate stroke of business, that! —

Britannic Majesty, on applying at Vienna (through Keith, Sir Robert Murray Keith, the *first* Excellency of that name, for there are two, a father and a son, both Vienna Excellencies), was astonished to learn That, in such event of an Aggression, even on Hanover, there was no coöperation to be looked for here. Altogether cold on that subject, her Imperial Majesty seems; regardless of Excellency Keith's remonstrances and urgencies; and, in the end, is flatly negatory: "Cannot do it, your Excellency; times so perilous, bad King of Prussia so minatory," — not to mention, *sotto voce*, that we have turned on our axis, and the wind (thanks to Kaunitz) no longer hits us on the same cheek as formerly!

"Cannot? Will not?" Britannic Majesty may well stare, wide-eyed; remembering such gigantic Subsidisings and Alcides Labours, Dettingens, Fontenoy's, on the percontra side. But so stands the fact: "No help from an ungrateful Vienna; — quick, then, seek elsewhere!" And Hanbury, and the Continental British Excellencies, have to bestir themselves as they never did. Especially Hanbury; who is directed upon Russia, — whom alone of these Excellencies it is worth while to follow for a moment. Russia, on fair subsidy, yielded us a 35,000, last War (willingly granted, most useful, though we had no fighting out of them, mere

* Smollet's *History of England*; &c. &c.

terror of them being enough): beyond all things, let Hanbury do his best in Russia!

Hanbury, cheerfully confident, provides himself with the requisites, store of bribe-money as the chief; — at Warsaw, withal, he picks up one Poniatowski (airy sentimental coxcomb, rather of dissolute habits, handsomest and windiest of young Polacks): “Good for a Lover to the Grand-Duchess, this one!” thinks Hanbury. Which proved true, and had its uses for Hanbury; — Grand-Duchess and Grand-Duke (Catherine and Peter, whom we saw wedded twelve years ago, Heirs-Apparent of this Russian Chaos) being an abstrusely situated pair of Spouses; well capable of something political, in private ways, in such a scene of affairs; and Catherine, who is an extremely clever creature, being out of a lover just now. A fine scene for the Diplomatist, this Russia at present. Nowhere in the world can you do so much with bribery; quite a standing item, and financial necessary-of-life to Officials of the highest rank there, as Hanbury well knows.* That of Poniatowski proved, otherwise too, a notable stroke of Hanbury’s; and shot the poor Polish Coxcomb aloft into tragic altitudes, on the sudden, as we all know!

Hanbury’s immense dexterities, and incessant labours at Petersburg, shall lie hidden in the slop-pails: it is enough to say, his guineas, his dexterities and auxiliary Poniatowskis did prevail; and he triumphantly signed his Treaty (Petersburg, 30th September), “Subsidy-Treaty for 55,000 men, 15,000 of them cavalry,” not to speak of “40 to 50 galleys’ and the like; “to attack whomsoever Britannic Majesty bids: annual

* His Letters (in Raumer), *passim*.

“cost a mere 500,000 *l.* while on service; 100,000 *l.* “while waiting.”* And, what is more, and what our readers are to mark, the 55,000 begin on the instant to assemble, — along the Livonian Frontier or Lithuanian, looking direct into Preussen. Diligently rendezvousing there; 55,000 of them, nay gradually 70,000; no stinginess in the Czarina to her Ally of England. A most triumphant thing, thinks Hanbury: Could another of you have done it? Signed, ready for ratifying, 30th September 1755 (bad Braddock news not hindering); — and *before* it is ratified (this also let readers mark) the actual Troops getting on march.

Hanbury’s masterpiece, surely; a glorious triumph in the circumstances, and a difficult, thinks Hanbury. Had Hanbury seen the inside of the cards, as readers have, he would not have thought it so triumphant. For years past, — especially since that “Fundamental maxim, May 14th-15th, 1753,” which we heard of, — the Czarina’s longings had been fixed. And here now, — scattering money from both hands of it, and wooing us with diplomatic finessings, — is the Fulfilment come! “Opportunity” upon Preussen; behold it here.

The Russian Senate again holds deliberation; declares (on the heel of this Hanbury Treaty), “in October 1755,” what we read above, That its Anti-Prussian intentions are — truculent indeed. And it is the common talk in Petersburg society, through Winter, what a dose the ambitious King of Prussia has got brewed for him,** out of Russian indignation and resources, miraculously set afloat by English guineas. A

* In *Adelung*, vii. 609.

** *Mémoire Raisonné* (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*), i. 429, &c

triumphant Hanbury, for the time being, — though a tragical enough by and by!

The triumphant Hanbury Treaty becomes, itself, Nothing or less; — but produces a Friedrich Treaty, followed by Results which surprise Everybody.

King Friedrich's outlooks, on this consummation, may well seem to him critical. The sore longing of an infuriated Czarina is now let loose, and in a condition to fulfil itself! To Friedrich these Petersburg news are no secret; nor to him are the Petersburg private intentions a thing that can be doubted. Apart from the Menzel-Weingarten revelations, as we noticed once, it appears the Grand-Duke Peter (a great admirer of Friedrich, poor confused soul) had himself thrice-secretly warned Friedrich, That the mysterious Combination, Russia in the van, would attack him next Spring; — "not Weingarten that betrayed our *Grand Mystère*; from first hand, that was done!" said Excellency Peubla, on quitting Berlin not long after.* The Grand Mystery is not uncertain to Friedrich; and it may well be very formidable, — coupled with those Braddock explosions, Seizures of French ships, and English-French War imminent, and likely to become a general European one; which are the closing prospects of 1755. The French King he reckons not to be well disposed to him; their old Treaty of "twelve years" (since 1744) is just about running out. Not friendly, the French King, owing to little rubs that have been;

* Cogniazo, *Geständnisse eines Oesterreichischen Veterans* (as cited above), i. 225. "September 16th, 1756," Peubla left Berlin (Rödenbeck, i. 298), — three months after Weingarten's disappearance.

still less the Pompadour; — though who could guess how implacable she was at “not being known (*ne la connais pas*)”! At Vienna, he is well aware, the humour towards him is mere cannibalism in refined forms. But most perilous of all, most immediately perilous, is the implacable Czarina, set afloat upon English guineas!

With a hope, as is credibly surmised, that the English might soothe or muzzle this implacable Czarina, Friedrich, directly after Hanbury's feat in Petersburg, applied at London, with an Offer which was very tempting there: “Suppose your Britannic Majesty would make, with me, an express ‘*Neutrality Convention*,’ mutual Covenant to keep the German Reich entirely free of this War now threatening to break out? To attack jointly, and sweep home again with vigour, any and every Armed Non-German setting foot on the German soil!” An offer most welcome to the Heads of Opposition, the Pitts and others of that Country; who wish dear Hanover safe enough (safe in Davy Jones's locker, if that would do); but are tired of subsidising, and fighting and tumulting, all the world over, for that high end. So that Friedrich's Proposal is grasped at; and after a little manipulation, the thing is actually concluded.

By no means much manipulation, both parties being willing. There was uncommonly rapid surgery of any little difficulties and discrepancies; rapid closure, instant salutary stitching together of that long unhealable Privateer Controversy, as the main item: “20,000 *l.*” “allowed to Prussia for Prussian damages; and to “England, from the other side, the remainder of Silesian

"Debt, painfully outstanding for two or three years
"back, is to be paid off at once;" — and in this way,
such "*Neutrality Convention of Prussia with England*"
comes forth as a Practical Fact upon mankind. Done
at Westminster, 16th January 1756. The stepping-
stone, as it proved, to a closer Treaty of the same date
next Year; of which we shall hear a great deal. The
stepping-stone, in fact, to many large things; — and
to the ruin of our late "Russian-Subsidy Treaty"
(Hanbury's masterpiece), for one small thing. "That
is a Treaty signed, sure enough," answer they of St.
James's; "and we will be handsome about it to her
Czarish Majesty; but as to *ratifying* it, in its present
form, — of course, never!"

What a clap of thunder to Excellency Hanbury;
his masterpiece found suddenly a superfluity, an in-
commodity! The orthodox English course now is,
"No foreign soldiers at all to be allowed in Germany;"
and there are the 55,000 tramping on with such ala-
cridy. "We cannot ratify that Treaty, Excellency
Hanbury," writes the Majesty's Ministry, in a tone not
of gratitude: "you must turn it some other way!" A
terrible blow to Hanbury, who had been expecting
gratitude without end. And now, try how he might,
there was no turning it another way; this, privately,
and this only, being the Czarina's own way. A Czarina
obstinate to a degree; would not consent, even when
they made her the liberal offer, "Keep your 55,000
at home; don't attack the King of Prussia with them;
you shall have your Subsidy all the same!" "No, I
won't!" answered she, — to Hanbury's amazement.
Hanbury had not read the Weingarten-Menzel Docu-
ments; — what double double of toil and trouble might

Hanbury have saved himself and others, could he have read them!

Hanbury could not, still less could the Majesty's Ministry, surmise the Czarina's secret at all, now or for a good while coming. And in fact, poor Hanbury busy as a Diplomatic bee, never did more good in Russia, or out of it. By direction of the Majesty's Ministry, Hanbury still tried industriously, cash in both hands; tried various things: "Assuage the Czarina's mind; reconcile her to King Friedrich;" — all in vain. "Unite Austria, Russia and England, can't you, then? — in a Treaty against the Designs of France:" how very vain! Then, at a later stage, "Get us the Czarina to mediate between Prussia and Austria" (so very possible to sleek them down into peace, thought Majesty's Ministry): — and unwearied Hanbury, cunning eloquence on his lips, and money in both hands, tries again, and ever again, for many months. And in the way of making ropes from sand, it must be owned there never was such twisting and untwisting, as that appointed Hanbury. Who in fact broke his heart by it; — and died mad, by his own hand, before long.* Poor soul, after all! — Here are some Russian Notices from him (and he has many curious, not pertinent here), which are still worth gleaning.

Petersburg, 2d October 1755. * * "The health of the "Empress" (Czarina Elizabeth, *Catin du Nord*, age now forty-five) "is bad. She is affected with spitting of blood, shortness "of breath, constant coughing, swelled legs, and water on the "chest; yet she danced a minuet with me," lucky Hanbury. "There is great fermentation at Court. Peter" (Grand-Duke

* Hanbury's "Life" (in *Works*, vol. III.) gives sad account.

Peter) "does not conceal his enmity to the Schuwalofs" (paramours of *Catin*, old and new); "Catherine" (Grand-Duchess, who at length has an Heir, unbeautiful Czar Paul that will be, and "miscarriages" not a few) "is on good terms "with Bestuchef" (corruptiblest brute of a Chancellor ever known, friend to England by England's giving him 10,000*l.*, and the like trifles, pretty frequently; Friedrich's enemy, chiefly from defect of that operation) — she is "on good "terms with Bestuchef. I think it my duty to inform the "King" (great George, who will draw his prognostics from it) "of my observations upon her; which I can the better do, as I "often have conversations with her for hours together, as at "supper my rank places me always next to her," twice-lucky Hanbury.

"Since her coming to this Country, she has, by every "method in her power, endeavoured to gain the affections of "the Nation: she applied herself with diligence to study their "language; and speaks it at present, as the Russians tell me, "in the greatest perfection. She has also succeeded in her "other aim; for she is esteemed and beloved here in a high "degree. Her person is very advantageous, and her manners "very captivating. She has great knowledge of this Empire; "and makes it her only study. She has parts; and Great- "Chancellor" (brute Bestuchef) "tells me that nobody has "more steadiness and resolution. She has, of late, openly "declared herself to me in respect of the King of Prussia;" — hates him a good deal, "natural and formidable enemy of "Russia;" "heart certainly the worst in the world" (and so on; but will see better, by and by, having eyes of her own): — "she "never mentions the King of England but with the utmost re- "spect and highest regard; is thoroughly sensible of the utility "of the union between England and Russia; always calls his "Majesty the Empress's best and greatest Ally" (so much of nourishment in him withal, as in a certain web-footed Chief of Birds, reckoned chief by some); "and hopes he will also give "his friendship and protection to the Grand-Duke and her- "self. — As for the Grand-Duke, he is weak and violent; but "his confidence in the Grand-Duchess is so great, that some- "times he tells people, that though he does not understand "things himself, his Wife understands everything. Should

"the Empress, as I fear, soon die, the Government will quietly devolve on them." *

Catherine's age is twenty-six gone; her Peter's twenty-seven: one of the cleverest young Ladies in the world; and of the stoutest-hearted, clearest-eyed; — yoked to a young Gentleman much the reverse. Thank Hanbury for this glimpse of them, most intricately situated Pair; who may concern us a little, in the sequel. — And, in justice to poor Hanover, the sad subject-matter of Excellency Hanbury's Problems and Futilities in Russia and elsewhere, let us save this other Fraction by a very different hand; and close that Hanbury scene:

"Friedrich himself was so dangerous," says the Constitutional Historian once: "Friedrich, in alliance with France, how easy for him to catch Hanover by the throat at a week's notice, throw a death-noose round the throat of poor Hanover, and hand the same to France for tightening at discretion! Poor Hanover indeed; she reaps little profit from her English honours: what has she had to do with these Transatlantic Colonies of England? An unfortunate Country, if the English would but think; liable to be strangled, at any time, for England's quarrels: the Achilles'-heel to invulnerable England; a sad function for Hanover, if it be a proud one, and amazingly lucrative to some Hanoverians. The Country is very dear to his Britannic Majesty in one sense, very dear to Britain in another! Nay Germany itself, through Hanover, is to be torn up by War for Transatlantic interests, — out of which she does not even get good Virginia tobacco, but grows bad of her own. No more concern than the Ring of Saturn with these over-sea quarrels; and can, through Hanover, be torn to pieces by War about them. Such honour to give a King to the British Nation, in a strait for one; and such profit coming of it: — we hope all sides are grateful for the blessings received!"

* Hanbury's Despatch, "October 2d, 1755" (Raumer, pp. 223-225); Subsidy Treaty still at its flowriest.

There has been a Counter-Treaty going on at Versailles, in the Interim; which hereupon starts out, and tumbles the wholly astonished European Diplomacies heels-over-head.

To expectant mankind, especially to Vienna and Versailles, this Britannic-Prussian Treaty was a great surprise. And indeed it proved the signal of a general System of New Treaties all round. The first signal, in fact, — though by no means the first cause, — of a total circumgyration, sumerset, or tumble heels-over-head in the Political relations of Europe altogether, which ensued thereupon; miraculous, almost as the Earthquake at Lisbon, to the Gazetteer and Diplomatic mind, and incomprehensible for long years after. First signal we say, by no means that it was the first cause, or indeed that it was a cause at all, — the thing being determined elsewhere long before; ever since 1753, when Kaunitz left it ready, waiting only its time.

Kaiser Franz, they say, when (probably during those Keith urgencies) the joining with France and turning against poor Britannic Majesty was proposed in Council at Vienna, opened his usually silent lips; and opined with emphasis against such a course, no Kaunitz or creature able to persuade Kaiser Franz that good would come of it; — though, finding Sovereign Lady and everybody against him, he held his peace again. And returned to his private banking operations, which were more extensive than ever, from the new troubles rising. “Lent the Empress-Queen, always on “solid securities,” says Friedrich, “large sums, from “time to time, in those Wars; dealt in Commissariat

“stores to right and left; we ourselves had most of our meal from him this year.”* Kaiser Franz was, and continued, of the old way of thinking; but consummate Kaunitz, and the High Lady’s fixed passion for her Schlessien, had changed everybody else. The ulterior facts are as follows, abbreviated to the utmost.

September 22d, 1755, a few days before Hanbury’s Subsidy-feat at Petersburg, which took such a whirl for Hanbury, there had met for the first time at Versailles, more specially at Babiole, Pleasure-House of the Pompadour, a most Select Committee of Three Persons: Graf von Stahremberg, Austrian Ambassador; Pompadour herself; and a certain infinitely elegant Count and Reverence de Bernis (beautiful Clerico-Mundane Gentleman, without right Benefice hitherto, but much in esteem with the Pompadour); — for deepest practical consideration in regard to closure of a French-Austrian Alliance. Reverend Count (subsequently Cardinal) de Bernis, has sense in Diplomacy; has his experiences in Secular Diplomatic matters (years ago at Venice, poor Jean-Jacques was Legation Secretary to him, as some readers may remember); a soft-going cautious man, not yet official, but tending that way: whom the Pompadour has brought with her as henchman, or *unghostly* counsellor, in this intricate Adventure.

Stahremberg, instructed from home, has no hesitation; nor has Pompadour herself, remembering that insolent “*Je ne la connais pas*,” and the per-contra “*Ma Cousine*,” “*Princesse et Sœur*:” — but Bernis, I suppose, looks into the practical difficulties; which are probably very considerable, to the Official French eye, in the present state of Europe and of the public mind. From

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 8.

September 22d, or autumnal equinox, 1755, onward to the Britannic-Prussian phenomenon of January 1756, the Pompadour Conclave has been sitting, — difficulties, no doubt, considerable. I will give only the dates, having myself no interest in such a Committee at Babirole; but the dates sufficiently betoken that there were intricacies, conflicts between the new and the old. Hitherto the axiom always was, "Prussia the Adjunct and Satellite of France:" now to be entirely reversed, you say?

July 1755, that is two months before this Babirole Committee met, a Duc de Nivernois, respectable intelligent diletante French Nobleman, had been named as Ambassador to Friedrich, "Go, you respectable wise Nivernois, Nobleman of Letters so-called; try and retain Friedrich for us, as usual!" And now, on meeting of the Babirole Committee, Nivernois does not go; lingers, saddled and bridled, till the very end of the Year; arrives in Berlin, January 12th, 1756. Has his First Audience, January 14th: a man highly amiable to Friedrich; but with proposals, — wonderful indeed.

The French, this good while back, are in no doubt about War with England, a right hearty War; and have always expected to retain Prussia as formerly, — though rather on singular terms. Some time ago, for instance, M. de Rouillé, War-Minister, requested Knyphausen, Prussian Envoy at Paris: "Suggest to your King's Majesty what plunder there is at Hanover. Perfectly at liberty to keep it all, if he will plunder Hanover for us!" * Pleasant message to the proud King; who answered with the due brevity, to the effect, "Silence, Sir!" — with didactic effects on the surprised Rouillé. Who now mends his proposal; though again in a remarkable way. Instructs Nivernois, namely, "To offer King Friedrich the Island of Tobago, if he will renew Treaty, and take arms for us. Island of Tobago (a deserted, litigated, but pretty Island, were it ever ours), will not that entice this King, intent on Commerce?" Friedrich, who

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 29.

likes Nivernois and his polite ways, answers quizzingly: "Is-land of Tobago? Island of Barataria your Lordship must be meaning; Island of which I cannot be the Sancho Panza!"* And Nivernois found he must not mention Tobago again.

For the rest, Friedrich made no secret of his English Treaty; showed it with all frankness to Nivernois, in all points: "Is there, can the most captious allege that there is, anything against France in it? My one wish and aim, that of Peace for myself: judge!" Nivernois stayed till March; but seems to have had, of definite, only Tobago and good words; so that nothing farther came of him, and there was no Renewal of Treaty then or after. Thus, in his third month (March 1756), practical Nivernois was recalled, without result; — instead of whom fat Valori was sent; privately intending "to do nothing but observe, in Berlin." From all which, we infer that the Babirole Committee now saw land; and that Bernis himself had decided in the affirmative: "Austria, not Prussia; yes, Madame!" To the joy of Madame and everybody. For, it is incredible, say all witnesses, what indignation broke out in Paris when Friedrich made this new "defection," so they termed it; revolt from his Liege Lord (who had been so exemplary to him on former occasions!), and would not bite at Tobago when offered. So that the Babirole Committee went on, henceforth, with flowing sea; and by May-day (1st May 1756), brought out its French-Austrian Treaty in a completed state. "To stand by one another," like Castor and Pollux, in a manner; "24,000, reciprocally, to be ready on demand;" nay I think something of "subsidies" withal, — to Austria, of course. But the particulars are not worth giving; the Performance, thanks to a zealous Pompadour, having quite outrun the Stipulation, and left it practically out of sight, when the push came. Our Constitutional Historian may shadow the rest:

"France and England going to War in these sad circumstances, and France and Austria being privately prepared" (by Kaunitz and others) "to swear everlasting friendship on the occasion, instead of everlasting enmity as heretofore; unexpected changes, miraculous to the Gazetteers, became inevitable; — nothing less, in short, than explosion or topsy-

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 31.

"turvyng of the old Diplomatic-Political Scheme of Europe.
"Old dance of the Constellations flung heels-over-head, on
"the sudden; and much pirouetting, jigging, setting, before
"they could change partners, and continue their august
"dance again, whether in War or Peace. No end to the
"industrious wonder of the Gazetteer mind, to the dark diffi-
"culties of the Diplomatic. What bafflings, agonistic shuf-
"flings, impotent gazings into the dark; what seductive
"fiddling, and being fiddled to! A most sad function of
"Humanity, if sometimes an inevitable one; which ought
"surely at all times to be got over as briefly as possible. To
"be written of, especially, with a maximum of brevity; human
"nature being justly impatient of talk about it, beyond the
"strictly needful."

Most true it is, and was most miraculous, though
now quite forgotten again, Political Europe had to
make a complete whirl-round, on that occasion. And
not in a day, and merely saying to itself, "Let me do
summerset!" as idle readers suppose, — but with long
months of agonistic shuffle and struggle, in all places,
and such Diplomatic fiddling and being fiddled to, as
seldom was before. Of which these two instances, the
Bernis and the Hanbury, are to serve as specimen; two
and no more: a universe of extinct fiddling compressed
into two nutshells, if readers have an ear.

CHAPTER III.

FRENCH-ENGLISH WAR BREAKS OUT.

THE French, in reality a good deal astonished at the Prussian-Britannic Treaty, affected to take it easy: "Treaty for Neutrality of Germany?" said they: "Very good indeed. Perhaps there are places nearer us, where our troops can be employed to more advantage!"* — hinting vocally, as henceforth their silent procedures, their diligence in the dockyards, moving of troops coastward and the like, still more clearly did, That an Invasion of England itself was the thing next to be expected.

England and France are, by this time, alike fiercely determined on War; but their states of preparation are very different. The French have War-ships again, not to mention Armies which they always have; some skilful Admirals withal, — La Gallissonnière, our old Canada friend is one, very busy at present; — and mean to try seriously the Question of Sea-Supremacy once more. If an Invasion did chance to land, the state of England would be found handy beyond hope! How many fighting regiments England has, I need not inquire, nor with what strategic virtue they would go to work; — enough to mention the singular fact (recently true, and still, I perceive, too like the truth), That of all their regiments, "only Three are in this Country," or have Colonels

* Their "Declaration" on it (Adelung, vii. 613).

even nominated. Incredible; but certain. And the interesting point is, his Grace of Newcastle dare not have Colonels, still less higher Officers nominated; because Royal Highness of Cumberland would have the naming of them, and they would be enemies to his Grace.* In such posture stands the Envy of surrounding Nations at this moment.

"Hire Hessians," cry they; "hire Hanoverians; if France land on us, we are undone!" — and continue their Parliamentary Eloquences in a most distressful manner. "Apply to the Dutch, at any rate, for their 6,000 as per Treaty," cries everybody. Which is done. But the Dutch piteously wring their hands: "Dare not, your Majesty; how dare we, for France and our neglected Barrier! Oh, generous Majesty, excuse us!" — and the generous Majesty has to do it; and leave the Dutch in peace, this time. Hessians, Hanoverians, after eloquence enough, are at last got sent for, to guard us against this terrible invasion: about 10,000 of each kind; and do land, — the native populations very sulky on them ("We won't billet you, not we; build huts, and be —!"), with much Parliamentary and Newspaper Commentary going on, of a distressful nature. "Saturday, 15th May 1756, Hessians disembark "at Southampton; obliged to pitch Camp in the neighbourhood: Friday, 21st May, the Hanoverians, at "Chatham, who hut themselves Canterbury way;" — and have (what is the sum-total of their achievements in this Country) a case of shoplifting, "pocket-handkerchief, across the counter, in open day;" one case (or

* Walpole, *George the Second*, II. 19 (date, "March 25th, 1755;" and how long after, is not said: but see Pitt's Speeches, *ib.*, all through 1756, and farther).

what seemed to be one, but was not);* “and the “fellow not to be tried by *us* for it!” which enrages the constitutional heart. Alas, my heavy-laden constitutional heart; but what can we do? These drilled louts will guard us, should this terrible Invasion land. And indeed, about three weeks *before* these louts arrived, the terrible Invasion had declared itself to have been altogether a feint; and had lifted anchor, quite in the opposite direction, on an errand we shall hear of soon!

About the same date, I observe “the first regiment “of Footguards practising the Prussian drill-exercise “in Hyde-Park;” and hope his Grace of Newcastle and the Hero of Culloden (immortal Hero, and aiming high in Politics at this time) will, at least, have fallen upon some method of getting Colonels nominated. But the wide-weltering chaos of platitudes, agitated by hysterical imbecilities, regulating England in this great crisis, fills the constitutional mind with sorrow; and indeed is definable, once more, as amazing! England is a stubborn Country; but it was not by procedures of the Cumberland-Newcastle kind that England, and her Colonies, and Sea-and-Land Kingdoms, was built together; nor by these, except miracle intervene, that she can stand long against stress! Looking at the dismal matter from this distance, there is visible to me in the foggy heart of it one lucent element, and pretty much one only; the individual named William Pitt, as I have read him: if by miracle

* “At Maidstone, 13th September 1756;” Hanoverian soldier, purchasing a handkerchief, imagines he has purchased two (not yet clipt asunder), haberdasher and he having no language in common: *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1756, pp. 259, 448, &c.; Walpole, *sæpius*.

that royal soul could, even for a time, get to something of Kingship there? Courage; miracles do happen, let us hope! — This is whitherward the grand Invasion had gone:

Toulon, 10th April 1756. La Gallissonnière, our old Canadian friend, a crooked little man of great faculty, who has been busy in the dockyards lately, weighs anchor from Toulon; “12 sail of the line, 5 frigates, and above 100 transport-ships;” with the grand Invasion-of-England Armament on board: 16,000 picked troops, complete in all points, Maréchal Duc de Richelieu commanding.* Weighs anchor; and, singular to see, steers, not for England, and the Hessian-Hanover Defenders (who would have been in such excellent time); but direct for Minorca, as the surer thing! Will seize Minorca; a so-called inexpugnable Possession of the English, — Key of their Mediterranean Supremacies; — really inexpugnable enough; but which lies in the usual dilapidated state, though by chance with a courageous old Governor in it, who will not surrender quite at once.

April 18th, La Gallissonnière disembarks his Richelieu with a Sixteen Thousand, unopposed at Port-Mahon, or Fort St. Philip, in Minorca; who instantly commences Siege there. To the astonishment of England and his Grace of Newcastle, who, except old Governor Blakeney, much in dilapidation (“wooden platform rotten,” “batteries out of repair,” and so on), have nothing ready for Richelieu in that quarter. The story of Minorca; and the furious humours and tragic consummations that arose on it, being still well known, we will give the dates only.

Fort St. Philip, April 18th — May 20th. For a month, Richelieu, skilful in tickling the French troops, has been besieging, in a high and grandiose way; La Gallissonnière vigilantly cruising; old Blakeney, in spite of the rotten platforms, vigorously holding out; when, — May 19th, La Gallissonnière descries an English fleet in the distance; indisputably an English fleet; and clears his decks for a serious Affair just coming. *Thursday, 20th May,* Admiral Byng accordingly

* Adelung, viii. 70.

(for it is he, son of that old seaworthy Byng, who once “blew out” a minatory Spanish Fleet, and “an absurd Flame of War” in the Straits of Messina, and was made Lord Torrington in consequence, — happily now dead) — Admiral Byng does come on; and gains himself a name badly memorable ever since. Attacks La Gallissonnière, in a wide-lying, languid, hovering, uncertain manner: — “Far too weak,” he says; “much disprovided, destitute, by blame of Ministry and “of everybody” (though about the strength of La Gallissonnière, after all); — is almost rather beaten by La Gallissonnière; does not, in the least, beat him to the right degree: — and sheers off, in the night-time, straight for Gibraltar again. To La Gallissonnière’s surprise, it is said; no doubt to old Blakeney and his poor Garrison’s, left so, to their rotten platforms and their own shifts.

Blakeney and Garrison stood to their guns in a manful manner, for above a month longer; day after day, week after week, looking over the horizon for some Byng or some relief appearing, to no purpose! *June 14th*, there are three available breaches; the walls, however, are very sheer (a Fortress hewn in the rock): Richelieu scanning them dubiously, and battering his best, for about a fortnight more, is ineffectual on Blakeney.

June 27th, Richelieu, taking his measures well, tickling French honour well, has determined on storm. Richelieu, giving order of the day, “Whosoever of you is found drunk “shall *not* be of the storm-party” (which produced such a teetotalism as nothing else had done), — storms, that night, with extreme audacity. The Place has to capitulate: glorious victory; honourable defence: and Minorca gone.

And England is risen to a mere smoky whirlwind, of rage, sorrow and darkness, against Byng and others. Smoky darkness, getting streaked with dangerous fire. “Tried?” said his Grace of Newcastle to the City Deputation: “Oh indeed “he shall be tried immediately; he shall be hanged directly!” — assure yourselves of that.* And Byng’s effigy was burnt all over England. And mobs attempt to burn his Seat and Park; and satires and caricatures and firebrands are coming

* Walpole, II. 231: Details of the Siege, *ib.* 218-225; in *Gentleman’s Magazine*, XXVI, 256, 312-313, 358; in Adelung, VIII.; &c. &c.

out: and the poor Constitutional Country is bent on applying surgery, if it but knew how. Surgery to such indisputable abominations was certainly desirable. The new Relief Squadron, which had been despatched by Majesty's Ministry, was too late for Blakeney, but did bring home a superseded Byng.

Spithead, Tuesday, 27th July, The superseded Byng arrives; is punctually arrested, on arriving: "Him we will hang directly: — is there anything else we can try" (except perhaps it were hanging of ourselves, and our fine methods of procedure), "by way of remedying you?" — War against France, now a pretty plain thing, had been "declared," 17th May (French counter-declaring, 9th June): and, under a Duke of Newcastle and a Hero of Culloden, not even pulling one way, but two ways; and a Talking-Apparatus full of discords at this time, and pulling who shall say how many ways, — the prospects of carrying on said War are none of the best. Lord Loudon, a General without skill, and commanding, as Pitt declares, "a scroll of Paper hitherto" (a good few thousands marked on it, and perhaps their Colonels even named), is about going for America; by no means yet gone, a long way from gone: and, if the Laws of Nature be suspended — Enough of all that!

King Friedrich's Enigma gets more and more stringent.

Friedrich's situation, in those fatefully questionable months, and for many past (especially from January 16th to July), — readers must imagine it, for there is no description possible. In many intricacies Friedrich has been; but never, I reckon, in any equal to this. Himself certain what the Two Imperial Women have vowed against him; self and Winterfeld certain of that sad truth; and all other mortals ready to deny it, and fly delirious on hint of it, should he venture to act in consequence! Friedrich's situation is not unimaginable, when (as can now be done by candid inquirers who will take trouble enough) the one or two internal facts

of it are disengaged from the roaring ocean of clamorous delusions which then enveloped them to everybody, and are held steadily in view, said ocean being well run off to the home of it very deep underground. Lies do fall silent; truth waits to be recognised, not always in vain. No reader ever will conceive the strangling perplexity of that situation, now so remote and extinct to us. All I can do is, to set down what features of it have become indisputable; and leave them as detached traceries, as fractions of an outline, to coalesce into something of image where they can.

Winterfeld's opinion was, for some time past, distinct: "Attack them; since it is certain they only wait to attack us!" But Friedrich would by no means listen to that. "We must not be the aggressor, my friend; that would spoil all. Perhaps the English will pacify the Russian *Catin* for me; tie her, with packthreads, bribes and intrigues, from stirring? Wait, watch!" Fiery Winterfeld, who hates the French, who despises the Austrians, and thinks the Prussian Army a considerable Fact in Politics, has great schemes: far too great for a practical Friedrich. "Plunge into the Austrians, with a will: Prussian Soldiery, — can Austrians resist it? Ruin them, since they are bent on ruining us. Stir up the Hungarian Protestants; try all things. Home upon our implacable enemies, sword drawn, scabbard flung away! And the French, — what are the French? Our King should be Kaiser of Teutschland; and he can, and he may: — the French would then be quieter!" These things Winterfeld carried in his head; and comrades have heard them from him over wine.* To all which Friedrich,

* Retzow, I. 43, &c.

if any whisper of them ever got to Friedrich, would answer one can guess how.

It is evident, Friedrich had not given up his hope (indeed, for above a year more, he never did) that England might, by profuse bribery, — “such the power of bribery in that mad Court!” — assuage, overnet with backstairs packthreads, or in some way compesce the Russian delirium for him. And England, his sole Ally in the world, still tender of Austria, and unable to believe what the full intentions of Austria are; England demands much wariness in his procedures towards Austria; reiterating always, “Wait, your Majesty! Oh, beware!” —

His own Army, we need not say, is in perfect preparation. The Army, — let us guess, 150,000 regular, or near 200,000 of all arms and kinds,* — never was so perfect before or since. Old Captains in it, whom we used to know, are grayer and wiser; young, whom we heard less of, are grown veterans of trust. Schwerin, much a Cincinnatus since we last saw him, has laid down his plough again, a fervid “little Marlborough” of seventy-two; — and will never see that beautiful Schwerinsburg, and its thriving woods and farm-fields, any more. Ugly Walrave is not now chief Engineer; one Gaudi, or one Balbi is. Ugly Walrave (Winterfeld suspecting and watching him) was found out; convicted of “falsified accounts,” of “sending plans to the Enemy,” of who knows all what; — and sits in Magdeburg (in a thrice-safe prison-cell of his own contriving), prisoner for life.** The Old Dessauer is away, long

* Archenholz (I. 8) counts vaguely “160,000” at this date.

** “Arrested at Potsdam, 12th February 1748, and after trial put into the ‘Stern’ at Magdeburg; sat there till he died, 16th January 1773” (*Militair-Lexicon*, IV. 150-151).

since; and not the Old alone. Dietrich of Dessau is now "Guardian to his Nephew," who is a Child left Heir there. Death has been busy with the Dessauers: — but here is Prince Moritz, "the youngest, more like his Father than any of them." Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, Moritz of Dessau, Keith, Duke of Brunswick-Bevern: no one of these people has been idle, in the ten years past. Least of all, has the Chief Captain of them, — whose diligence and vigilance in that sphere, latterly were not likely to decline!

Friedrich's Army is in the perfection of order. Ready at the hour, for many months back; but the least motion he makes with it is a subject of jealousy. Last year, on those Russian advancings and alacrities, he had marched some Regiments into Pommern, within reach of Preussen, should the Russians actually try a stroke there: "See!" cried all the world; "See!" cried the enlightened Russian Public. This year 1756, from June onwards and earlier, there are still more fatal symptoms, on the Austrian side: great and evident War-preparations; Magazines forming; Camps in Bohemia, Moravia; Camp at Königsgrätz, Camp at Prag, — handy for the Silesian Border. Friedrich knows they have deliberated on their Pretext for a War, and have fixed on what will do, — some new small Prussian-Mecklenburg brabble, which there has lately been; paltry enough recruiting-quarrel, such as often are (and has been settled mutually, some time ago, this one, but is capable of being ripped up again); — and that, on this cobweb of a Pretext, they mean to draw sword when they like. Russia too has its Pretext ready. And if Friedrich hint of stirring, England whispers hoarse, England and other friends, "Wait, your Ma-

jesty! Oh, beware!" To keep one's sword at its sharpest, and, with an easy patient air, one's eyes vigilantly open: this is nearly all that Friedrich can do, in neighbourhood of such portentous imminencies. He has many critics, near and far; — for instance:

Berlin, 31st July 1756, Excellency Valori writes to Versailles: * * "to give you account of a Conversation I have had, "a day or two ago, with the Prince of Prussia" (August Wilhelm, Heir-Apparent), "who honours me with a particular "confidence," — and who appears to be, privately, like some others, very strong in the Opposition view. "He talked to me "of the present condition of the King his Brother, of his "Brother's apprehensions, of his military arrangements, of the "little trust placed in him by neighbours, of their hostile "humour towards him, and of many other things which this "good Prince" (little understanding them, as would appear, or the dangerous secret that lay under them) "did not approve "of. The Prince then said," — listen to what the Prince of Prussia said to Valori, one of the last days of July 1756, —

"There is an Anecdote which continually recurs to me, in "the passes we are got to, at present. Putting the case we "might be attacked by Russia, and perhaps by Austria, the "late Rothenburg was sent" (as readers know), "on the King's "part, to Milord Tyrconnel, to know of him what, in such "case, were the helps he might reckon on from France. Milord enumerated the various helps; and then added" (being a blustering Irishman, sent hither for his ill tongue): "Helps "enough, you observe, Monsieur; but, *morbleu*, if you deceive "us, you will be squelched (*vous serez écrasés*)!" The King "my Brother was angry enough at hearing such a speech: but, "my dear Marquis," and the Prince turned full upon me with a face of inquiry, "Can the thing actually come true? And "do you think it can be the interest of your Master" (and his Scarlet Woman) "to abandon us to the fury of our enemies? "Ah, that cursed Convention" (Neutrality-Convention with England)! "I would give a finger from my hand that it had "never been concluded. I never approved of it; ask the Duc "de Nivernois, he knows what we have said of it together.

"But how return on our steps? Who would now trust us?" This Prince appeared to be "much affected by the King his Brother's situation" (of which he understood as good as nothing), "and agreed that he," the King his Brother, "had well deserved it."*

This is not the first example, nor the last, of August Wilhelm's owning a heedless, goodnatured tongue; considerably prone to take the Opposition side, on light grounds. For which if he found a kind of solacement and fame in some circles, it was surely at a dear rate! To his Brother, that bad habit would, most likely, be known; and his Brother, I suppose, did not speak of it at all; such his Brother's custom in cases of the kind. — Judicions Valori, by way of answer, dilated on the peculiar esteem of his Majesty Louis XV. for the Prussian Majesty, — "so as my Instructions direct me to do;" and we hear no more of the Prince of Prussia's talk, at this time; but shall in future; and may conjecture a great deal about the atmosphere Friedrich had now to live in. A Friedrich undergoing, privately, a great deal of criticism: "Mad tendency to war; lust of conquest; contempt for his neighbours, for the opinion of the world;—no end of irrational tendencies:"** from persons to whom the secret of his Problem is deeply unknown.

One wise thing the English have done: sent an Excellency Mitchell, a man of loyalty, of sense and honesty, to be their Resident at Berlin. This is the noteworthy, not yet much noted, Sir Andrew Mitchell; by far the best Excellency England ever had in that Court. An Aberdeen Scotchman, creditable to his Country: hard-headed, sagacious; sceptical of shows; but capable of recognising substances withal, and of standing loyal to them, stubbornly if needful; who grew to a great mutual regard with Friedrich, and well deserved to do so; constantly about him, during

* Valori, II. 129-131.

** See Valori, II. 124-151 ("July 27th — August 21st").

the next seven years; and whose Letters are among the perennially valuable Documents on Friedrich's History.*

Mitchell is in Berlin since June 10th. Mitchell, who is on the scene itself, and looking into Friedrich with his own eyes, finds the reiterating of that "Beware, your Majesty!" which had been his chief task hitherto, a more and more questionable thing; and suggests to him at last: "Plainly ask her Hungarian Majesty, What is your meaning by those Bohemian Campings?" "Pshaw," answers Friedrich: "Nothing but some ambiguous answer, perhaps with insult in it!" — nevertheless thinks better; and determines to do so.**

* Happily secured in the British Museum; and now in the most perfect order for consulting (thanks to Sir F. Madden "and three-years labour" well invested); — should certainly, and will one day, be read to the bottom, and cleared of their darknesses, extrinsic and intrinsic (which are considerable), by somebody competent.

** Mitchell Papers.

CHAPTER IV.

FRIEDRICH PUTS A QUESTION AT VIENNA, TWICE OVER.

JULY 18th, 1756, Friedrich despatches an Express to Graf von Klinggräf, his Resident at Vienna (an experienced man, whom we have seen before in old Carteret, "Conference-of-Hanau" times), To demand audience of the Empress; and, in the fittest terms, friendly and courteous, brief and clear, to put that question of Mitchell's suggesting. "Those unwonted Armaments, Camps in Böhmen, Camps in Mähren, and military movements and preparations," Klinggräf is to say, "have caused anxiety in her Majesty's peacable Neighbour of Prussia; who desires always to continue in peace; and who requests hereby a word of assurance from her Majesty, that these his anxieties are groundless." Friedrich himself hopes little or nothing from this; but he has done it to satisfy people about him, and put an end to all scruples in himself and others. The Answer may be expected in ten or twelve days.

And, about the same time, — likely enough, directly after, though there is no date given, to a fact which is curious and authentic, — Friedrich sent for two of his chief Generals to Potsdam for a secret Conference with Winterfeld and him. The Generals are, old Schwerin and General Retzow Senior, — Major-General Retzow, whom we used to hear of in the Silesian Wars, — and whose Son reports on this occasion.

Conference is on this Imminency of War, and as to what shall be done in it. Friedrich explains in general terms his dangers from Austria and Russia, his certainty that Austria will attack him; and asks, Were it, or were it not, better to attack Austria, as is our Prussian principle in such case? Schwerin and Retzow, — Schwerin first, as the eldest; and after him Retzow, "who privately has charge from the Prussian Princes to do it," — opine strongly: That indications are uncertain, that much seems unevitable which does not come; that in a time of such tumultuous whirlings and unexpected changes, the true rule is, Watch well, and wait.

After enough of this, with Winterfeld looking dissent but saying almost nothing, Friedrich gives sign to Winterfeld; — who spreads out, in their lucidest prearranged order, the principal Menzel-Weingarten Documents; and bids the two Military Gentlemen read. They read; with astonishment, are forced to believe; stand gazing at one another; — and do now take a changed tone. Schwerin, "after a silence of everybody "for some minutes," — "bursts out like one inspired: "If War is to be and must be, let us start to-morrow; "seize Saxony at once; and in that rich corny Country, "form Magazines for our Operations on Bohemia!"*

That is, privately, Friedrich's own full intention. Saxony, with its Elbe River as Highway, is his indispensable preliminary for Bohemia: and he will not, a second time, as he did in 1744 with such results, leave it in an *un-secured* condition. Adieu then, Messieurs; silent: *au revoir*, which may be soon! Retzow Junior, a rational, sincere, but rather pipeclayed man, who is

wholly to be trusted on this Conference, with his Father for authority, has some touches of commentary on it, which indicate (date being 1802) that till the end of his life, or of Prince Henri his Patron's, there remained always in some heads a doubt as to Friedrich's wisdom in regard to starting the Seven-Years War, and to Schwerin's entire sincerity in that inspired speech. And still more curious, that there was always, at Potsdam as elsewhere, a Majesty's Opposition Party; privately intent to look at the wrong side; and doing it diligently, — though with lips strictly closed for most part; without words, except well-weighed and to the wise: which is an excellent arrangement, for a Majesty and Majesty's Opposition, where feasible in the world! —

From Retzow I learn farther, that Winterfeld, directly on the back of this Conference, took a Tour to the Bohemian Baths, "To Karlsbad, or Töplitz, for one's health;" and wandered about a good deal in those Frontier Mountains of Bohemia, taking notes, taking sketches (not with a picturesque view); and returned by the Saxon Pirna Country, a strange stony labyrinth, which he guessed might possibly be interesting soon. The Saxon Commandant of the Königstein, lofty Fortress of those parts, strongest in Saxony, was of Winterfeld's acquaintance: Winterfeld called on this Commandant; found his Königstein too high for cannonading those neighbourhoods, but that there was at the base of it a new Work going on; and that the Saxons were, though languidly, endeavouring to bestir themselves in matters military. Their entire Army at present is under 20,000; but, in the course of next Winter, they expect to have it 40,000. Shall be of

that force, against Season 1757. No doubt Winterfeld's gatherings and communications had their uses at Potsdam, on his getting home from this Tour to Töplitz.

Meanwhile, Klinggräf has had his Audience at Vienna; and has sped as ill as could have been expected. The Answer given was of supercilious brevity; evasive, in effect null, and as good as answering, That there is no answer. Two Accounts we have, as Friedrich successively had them, of this famed passage: *first*, Klinggräf's own, which is clear, rapid, and stands by the essential; *second*, an account from the other side of the scenes, furnished by Menzel of Dresden, for Friedrich's behoof and ours; which curiously illustrates the foregoing, and confirms the interpretation Friedrich at once made of it. This is Menzel's account; in other words, the Saxon Envoy at Vienna's, stolen by Menzel.

July 26th, it appears, Klinggräf, — having applied to Kaunitz the day before, who noticed a certain flurry in him, and had answered carelessly, "Audience? Yes, of course; nay I am this moment going to the Empress: only you must tell me about what?" — was admitted to the Imperial Presence, he first of many that were waiting. Imperial Presence held in its hand a snip of Paper; carefully composed by Kaunitz from the data, and read these words: "*Die bedenklichen Umstände*, The questionable circumstances of the Time "have moved me to consider as indispensably necessary "those measures which, for my own security and for "defence of my Allies, I am taking, and which other- "wise do not tend the least towards injury of anybody "whatsoever;" — and adding no syllable more, gave

a sign with her hand, intimating to Klinggräf that the Interview was done. Klinggräf strode through the Antechamber, "visibly astonished," say onlookers, at such an Answer had. Answer, in fact, "That there is no Answer," and the door flung in your face!*

Friedrich, on arrival of report from Klinggräf, and without waiting for the Menzel side of the scenes, sees that the thing is settled. Writes again, however (August 2d, probably the day after, or the same day, Klinggräf's Despatch reached him); instructing Klinggräf To request "a less oracular response;" and specially, "If her Imperial Majesty (Austria and Russia being, as is understood, in active League against him) will say, That Austria will not attack him this year or the next?" Draw up memorial of that, Monsieur Klinggräf; and send us the supercilious No-Answer: till which arrive we do not cross the Frontier, — but are already everywhere on march to it, in an industrious, cunningly devised, evident and yet impenetrably mysterious manner.

Excellency Valori never saw such activity of military preparation: such Artillery, "2,000 big pieces in the Park here;" Regiments, Wagon-trains, getting under way everywhere, no man can guess witherward; "drawn up in the Square here, they know not by what Gate they are to march." By three different Gates, I should think; — mysteriously, in Three Directions, known only to King Friedrich and his Adjutant-General, all these Regiments in Berlin and elsewhere

* *Helden-Geschichte*, III. 772. In Valori, II. 128, Friedrich's little Paper of Instructions to Klinggräf; this Vienna Answer to it, *ib.* 138: — see *ib.* 138, 162; and *Gesammelte Nachrichten*, II. 214-221.

are on march. Towards Halle (Leipzig way); towards Brietzen (Wittenberg and Torgau way); towards Bautzen neighbourhood, — towards Three settled Points of the Saxon Frontier; will step across, the instant the supercilious No-Answer comes to hand. Are to converge about Dresden and the Saxon Switzerland; — about 65,000 strong, equipped as no Army before or since has been; — and take what luck there may be.

Brühl and Polish Majesty's Army, still only about 18,000, have their apprehensions of such visit: but what can they do? The Saxon Army draws out into Camp, at sight of this mysterious marching; strong Camp "in the angle of Elbe and Mulde Rivers;" — then draws in again; being too weak for use. And is thinking, Menzel informs us, to take post in the stony labyrinthic Pirna Country: such the advice an Excellency Broglio has given; — French Excellency, now in Dresden; Maréchal de Broglio's Son, and of little less explosive nature than his Father was. Brühl and Polish Majesty, guessing that the hour is come, are infinitely interested. Interested, not flurried. "Austrian-Russian Anti-Prussian Covenant!" say Brühl and Majesty, rather comfortably to themselves: "We never signed it. *We* never would sign anything; what have we to do with it? Courage; steady; To Pirna, if they come! Are not Excellency Broglio, and France, and Austria, and the whole world at our back?"

It was full three weeks before Klinggräf's Message of Answer could arrive at Berlin. Of Friedrich in the interim, launching such a world-adventure, himself silent, in the midst of a buzzing Berlin, take these in-

dications, which are luminous enough. Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick is to head one of the Three "Columns." Duke Ferdinand, Governor of Magdeburg, is now collecting his Column in that neighbourhood, chiefly at Halle; whitherward, or on what errand, is profoundly unknown. Unknown even to Ferdinand, except that it is for actual Service in the Field. Here are two Friedrich Letters (ruggedly Official, the first of them, and not quite peculiar to Ferdinand), which are worth reading:

The King to Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick.

"Potsdam, 15th August 1756.

"For time of Field-Service I have made the arrangement, "That for the Subaltern Officers of your regiment, over and "above their ordinary Equipage-moneys, there shall, to each "Subaltern Officer, and once for all, be Eight Thalers" (twenty-four shillings sterling) "advanced. That sum" (eight thalers per subaltern) "shall be paid to the Captain of every "Company; and besides this there shall, monthly, Two "Thalers be deducted from the Subaltern's Pay, and be like- "wise paid over to the Captain: — in return for which, He is to "furnish Free Table for the Subalterns, throughout the Cam- "paign, and so long as the regiment is in the field.

"Of the Two Baggage-carts per Company, the regiment "shall take only One, and leave the other at home. No Officer, "let him be who or of what title he will, Generals not excepted, "shall take with him the least of Silver Plate, not even a silver "spoon. Whoever wants, therefore, to keep table, great or "small (*Tafel oder Tisch*), must manage the same with tin uten- "sils; — without exception, be he who he will.

"Each Captain shall take with him a little Cask of Vinegar; "of which, so soon as the regiments get to Camp, he must give "me reckoning, and I will then have him repaid. This Vine- "gar shall solely and exclusively be employed for this pur- "pose, That in places where the water is bad, there be poured "into it, for the soldiers, a few drops of the vinegar, to correct "the water, and thereby preserve them from illnesses.

“So soon as the regiment gets on march, the Women who
“have permission to follow, are put under command of the
“Profoss; that thereby all plunderings and disorders may the
“more be guarded against. If the Captains and officers take
“Grooms (*Jäger*) or the like Domestics, there can muskets be
“given to these, that use may be had of them, in case of an
“attack in quarters, or on march, when a *Wagenburg* (wagon-
“fortress) is to be formed. * * — FRIEDRICH.”†

Same to Same (Confidential, this one).

“Potsdam, 24th August.

* * “Make as if you were meaning to go into camp at
“Halle. The reason why I stop you is, that the Courier from
“Vienna has not yet come. We must therefore reassure the
“Saxon neighbourhood. * * I have been expecting answer
“from hour to hour; cannot suitably begin a War-Expedition
“till it come; do therefore apprise Your Dilection, though
“under the deepest secrecy.

“And it is necessary, and my Will is, That, till further
“order, you keep all the regiments and corps belonging to
“your Column in the places where they are when this arrives.
“And shall, meanwhile, with your best skill mask all this,
“both from the Town of Halle, and from the regiments them-
“selves; making, in conformity with what I said yesterday,
“as if you were a Corps of Observation come to encamp
“here, and were waiting the last orders to go into camp. —
“FRIEDRICH.”††

And in regard to the Vienna Courier, and Friedrich's attitude towards that Phenomenon, read only these Two Notes:

1°. *Friedrich to the Prince of Prussia and the Princess Amelia*
(at Berlin).

Potsdam, “25th August” 1756.

“MY DEAR BROTHER, MY DEAR SISTER, — I write to you both
“at once, for want of time. I will follow the advice you are so

† Preuss, II. 6, 7.

†† Preuss, II. 7. 8.

"good as give me; and will take leave of the Queen" (our dear Mamma) "by Letter. And that reading of my Letter may not frighten her, I will send it by my Sister, to be presented in a favourable moment.

"I have yet got no Answer from Vienna; by Klinggräf's account, I shall not receive it till tomorrow" (came this night). "But I count myself surer of War than ever; as the Austrians have named Generals, and their Army is ordered to march, from Kolin to Königsgrätz" — Schlesien way. "So that, expecting nothing but a haughty Answer, or a very uncertain one, on which there will be no reliance possible, I have arranged everything for setting out on Saturday next. Tomorrow, so soon as the news comes, I will not fail to let you know. Assuring you that I am, with a perfect affection, my dear Brother and my dear Sister, — Yours, — F."*

Answer comes from Klinggräf, that same night. Once more, an Answer almost worse than could have been expected. "The 'League with Russia against you' is non-extant, a thing of your imagination: Have not we already answered?"** Whereupon,

2°. *Friedrich to the Prince of Prussia.*

Potsdam, "26th August" 1756.

"MY DEAR BROTHER, — I have already written to the Queen; softening things as much as I could" (Letter lost). My Sister, to whom I address the Letter, will deliver it.

"You have seen the Paper I sent to Klinggräf. Their Answer is, 'That they have not made an Offensive Alliance with Russia against me.' The Answer is impertinent, high, and contemptuous; and of the Assurance that I required" (as to This Year and next), "not one word. So that the sword alone can cut this Gordian Knot. I am innocent of this War; I have done what I could to avoid it; but whatever be one's love of peace, one cannot and must not sacrifice to

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 155.

** In *Gesammelte Urkunden*, i. 217: Klinggräf's second question (done by Letter, this time), "18th August;" Maria Theresa's Answer, "21st August."

“that, one’s safety and one’s honour. Such, I believe, will be
“your opinion too, from the sentiments I know in you. At
“present, our one thought must be, To do War in such a way
“as may cure our Enemies of their wish to break Peace again
“too soon. I embrace you with all my heart. I have had no
“end of business (*terriblement à faire*).” — F.*

The March into Saxony, in Three Columns.

Ahead of that last Note, from an earlier hour of the same day, Thursday, 26th August, there is speeding forth, to all Three Generals of Division, this Order (take Duke Ferdinand’s copy):

“I hereby order that Your Dilection (*Ew. Liebden*), with
“all the regiments and corps in the Column standing under
“your command, Shall now, without more delay, get on march,
“on the 29th inst.; and proceed, according to the March-
“Tables and Instructions already given, to execute what Your
“Dilection has got in charge.” — F.

The same Thursday 26th, Excellency Mitchell, informed by Podewils of the King’s wish to see him at Potsdam, gets under way from Berlin; arrives “just
“time enough to speak with the King before he sat
“down to supper.” Very many things to be consulted of, and deliberatively touched upon, with Mitchell and England; no end of things and considerations, for England and King Friedrich, in this that is now about to burst forth on an astonished world! — Over in London, we observe, just in the hours when Mitchell was harnessing for Potsdam, and so many Orders and Letters were speeding their swiftest in that quarter, there is going forward, on Tower-Hill yonder, the following Operation:

* *Œuvres*, xxvi. 116.

"*London, Thursday, 26th August 1756.* About five in the
 "afternoon, a noted Admiral" (only in Effigy as yet; but who
 has been held in miserable durance, and too actual question
 of death or life, ever since his return: 'Oh, yes, indeed! Hang
him at once,' — if that can be a remedy!) "was, after having
 "been privately shown to many ladies and gentlemen, brought,
 "— in an open sedan, guarded by a number of young gentle-
 "men under arms, with drums beating, colours flying, — to
 "Tower-Hill, where a Gallows had been erected for him at
 "six the same morning. He was richly dressed, in a blue and
 "gold coat, buff waistcoat, trimmed, &c. in full uniform.
 "When brought under the Gallows, he staid a small space,
 "till his clergyman (a chimney-sweeper) had given him some
 "admonitions: that done, he was drawn, by pulleys, to the top
 "of the Gallows, which was twenty feet high; every person
 "expressing as much satisfaction as if it had been the real
 "man.

"He remained there, guarded by the above volunteers,
 "without any molestation, two hours; when, upon a supposi-
 "tion of being obstructed by the Governor of the Tower, some
 "sailors appeared, who wanted to pull him down, in order to
 "drag him along the streets. But a fire being kindled, which
 "consisted of tar-barrels, faggots, tables, tubs, &c., he was
 "consumed in about half an hour."*

That is their employment on Tower-Hill, over yonder,
 while Mitchell is getting under way to see Friedrich.

Mitchell continued at Potsdam over Friday; and
 was still in eager consultation that night, when the
 King said to him, with a certain expressiveness of
 glance: "*Bon soir*, then; — Tomorrow morning about
 four!" And on the morrow, Saturday 28th, Mitchell
 reports hurriedly:

* * "Am just returned to Berlin, in time to write to your
 "Lordship. This morning, between four and five, I took leave
 "of the King of Prussia. He went immediately upon the
 "Parade; mounted on horseback; and, after a very short

* Old Newspapers (*Gentleman's Magazine*, xxvi. 409).

“exercise of his Troops, put himself at their head; and “marched directly for Belitz” (half way to Brietzen, *Treuenbrietzen*, as they call it); “where, Tomorrow, he will enter the “Saxon Territory,” — as, at their respective points, his two other Columns will; and begin, who shall say what terrible game; incalculable to your Lordship and me, with such Operations afoot on Tower-Hill!* —

Seven Hussar Regiments of Duke Ferdinand's Column got the length of Leipzig that Sunday Evening, 29th; and took possession of the place.** Duke Ferdinand to right of the King, Duke of Brunswick-Bevern to left, — the Three Columns cross the Border, at points, say 80 miles from one another; occasionally, on the march, bending to rightwards and leftwards, to take in the principal Towns, and make settlements there, the two might be above 100 miles from Friedrich on each hand. The length of march for each Column, — Ferdinand “from Leipzig, by Chemnitz, “Freyberg, Dippoldiswalde, to the Village of Cotta” (Pirna neighbourhood, south of Elbe); Bevern, “through “the Lausitz, by Bautzen, to Lohmen” (same neighbourhood, north of Elbe); King Friedrich, to Dresden, by the course of the Elbe itself, — was not far from equal, and may be called about 150 miles. They marched with diligence, not with hurry; had their pauses, rest-days, when business required. They got to their ground, with the simultaneousness appointed, on the eleventh or twelfth day.

The middle Column, under the King, where Marshal Keith is second in command, goes by Torgau

* Mitchell Papers, vi. 804 (“To Lord Holderness, 28th August 1756”).

** In *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 731, his “Proclamation” there, “29th August 1756.”

(detaching Moritz of Dessau to pick up Wittenberg, and ruin the slight works there); crosses the Elbe at Torgau, September 2d; marches, cantoning itself day after day, along the southern bank of the River; leaves Meissen to the left, I perceive, does not pass through Meissen; comes first at Wilsdruf on ground where we have been, — and portions of it, I doubt not, were billeted in Kesselsdorf; and would take a glance at the old Field, if they had time. There is strict discipline in all the Columns; the authorities complying on summons, and arranging what is needful. Nobody resists; townguards at once ground arms, and there is no soldier visible; — soldiers all ebbing away, whitherward we guess.*

At Wilsdruf, Friedrich first learns for certain, that the Saxon Army, with King, with Brühl and other chief personages, are withdrawn to Pirna, to the inexpugnable Königstein and Rock-Country. The Saxon Army had begun assembling there, September 1st, directly on the news that Friedrich was across the Border; September 9th, on Friedrich's approach, the King and Dignitaries move off thither, from Dresden, out of his way. Excellency Broglio has put them on that plan. Which may have its complexities for Friedrich, hopes Broglio, — though perhaps its still greater for some other parties concerned! For Brühl and Polish Majesty, as will appear by and by, nothing could have turned out worse.

Meanwhile Friedrich pushes on: "Forward, all the same." Polish Majesty, dating from Struppen, in the Pirna Country, has begun a Correspondence with

* *Helden-Geschichte*, III. 732-3; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, IV. 81.

Friedrich, very polite on both hands; and his Adjutant-General, the Chevalier Meagher ("Chevalier de *Marre*," as Valori calls him, — *Ma'ar*, as he calls himself in Irish) has just had, at Wilsdruf, an Interview with Friedrich; but is far from having got settlement on the terms he wished. Polish Majesty magnanimously assenting to "a Road through his Country for military purposes;" offers "the strictest Neutrality, strictest friendship even; has done, and will do, no injury whatever to his Prussian Majesty" — ("Did we ever *sign* anything?" whisper comfortably Brühl and he to one another); — "expects, therefore, that his Prussian Majesty will march on, whither he is bound; and leave him unmolested here." *

That was Meagher's message; that is the purport of all his Polish Majesty's Eleven Letters to Friedrich, which precede or follow, — reiterating with a certain ovine obstinacy, insensible to time or change, That such is Polish Majesty's fixed notion: "Strict neutrality, friendship even; and leave me unmolested here." ** "Strict neutrality, yes: but disperse your Army, then," answers Friedrich; "send your Army back to its cantonments: I must myself have the keeping of my Highway, lest I lose it, as in 1744." This is Friedrich's answer; this, at first, and for some time coming; though, as the aspects change, and the dangerous elements heap themselves higher, Friedrich's answer will rise with them, and his terms, like the Sibyl's, become worse and worse. This is the utmost that

* *Helden-Geschichte*, III. 774.

** In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, IV. 235-260 ("29th August — 10th September — 18th September," 1756), are collected now, the Eleven Letters, with their Answers.

Meagher, at Wilsdruf, can make of it; and this, in conceivable circumstances, will grow less and less.

Next day, September 9th, Friedrich, with some Battalions, entered Dresden, most of his Column taking Camp near by; General Wylich had entered yesterday, and is already Commandant there. Friedrich sends, by Feldmarschall Keith, highest Officer of his Column, his homages to her Polish Majesty: — nothing given us of Keith's Interview; except, by a side-wind, "That Majesty complained of those Prussian Sentries, walking about in certain of her corridors" (with an eye to Something, it may be feared!) — of which, doubtless, Keith undertook to make report. Friedrich himself waits upon the Junior Princes, who are left here: is polite and gracious as ever, though strict, and with business enough; lodges, for his own part, "in the Garden-House of Princess Moczinska;" — and next morning, leads off his Column, a short march eastward, to the Pirna Country; where, on the right and on the left, Ferdinand at Cotta, Bevern at Lohmen, he finds the other Two in their due positions. Head quarter is Gross-Sedlitz (westernmost skirt of the Rock-region); and will have to continue so, much longer than had been expected.

The Diplomatic world in Dresden is in great emotion; more especially, just at present. This morning, before leaving, Friedrich had to do an exceedingly strict thing: secure the Originals of those Menzel Documents. Originals indispensable to him, for justifying his new procedures upon Saxony. So that there has been, at the Palace, a Scene this morning, of a very high and dissonant nature, — "Marshal Keith" in it,

"Marshal Keith making a second visit" (say some loose and false Accounts); — the facts being strictly as follows.

Far from removing those Prussian sentries complained of last night, here seems to be a double strength of them this morning. And her Polish Majesty, a severe, hard-featured old Lady, has been filled with indignant amazement by a Prussian Officer, — Major von Wangenheim, I believe it is, — requiring, in the King of Prussia's name, the Keys of that Archive-room; Prussian Majesty absolutely needing sight, for a little while, of certain Papers there. "Enter that room? Archives of a crowned Head? Let me see the living mortal that will dare to do it!" — one fancies the indignant Polish Majesty's answer; and how, calling for materials, she "openly sealed the door in question," in Wangenheim's presence. As this is a celebrated Passage, which has been reported in several loose ways, let us take it from the primary source, Chancery-style and all. Graf von Sternberg, Austrian Excellency, writing from the spot and at the hour, informs his own Court, and through that all Courts, in these solemnly Official terms:

"*Dresden, 10th September 1756.* The Queen's Majesty, "this forenoon, has called to her all the Foreign Ministers "now at Dresden; and in Highest Own Person has signified "to us, How, the Prussian intrusions and hostilities being "already known, Highest said Queen's Majesty would now "simply state what had farther taken place this morning:

"Highest said Queen's Majesty, to wit, had, in her own "name, requested the King of Prussia, in conformity with his "assurances" (by Keith, yesternight) "of paying every "regard for Her and the Royal Family, To remove the "Prussian Sentries pacing about in those Corridors," — Cor-

ridors which lead to the Secret Archives, important to some of us! — “Instead of which, the said King had not only “doubled his Sentries there; but also, by an Officer, de-
“manded the Keys of the Archive-Apartment” (just alluded to)! “And as the Queen’s Majesty, for security of all writings
“there, offered to seal the Door of it herself, and did so, there
“and then, — the said Officer had so little respect, that he
“clapped his own seal thereon too.

“Nor was he content therewith,” — not by any means! —
“but the same Officer” (having been with Wylich, Com-
mandant here) “came back, a short time after, and made for
“opening of the Door himself. Which being announced to
“the Queen’s Majesty, she in her own person, (*Höchst-dieselbe*,
“Highest-the-Same) went out again; and standing before
“the Door, informed him, ‘How Highest-the-Same had too
“much regard to his Prussian Majesty’s given assurance, to
“believe that such order could proceed from the King.’ As
“the Officer, however, replied, ‘That he was sorry to have
“such an order to execute; but that the order was serious and
“precise; and that he, by not executing it, would expose
“himself to the greatest responsibility,’ Her Majesty con-
“tinued standing before the Door; and said to the Officer,
“‘If he meant to use force, he might upon Her make his be-
“ginning.’” There is for you, Herr Wangenheim! —

“Upon which said Officer had gone away, to report anew
“to the King” (I think, only to Wylich the Commandant;
King now a dozen miles off, not so easily reported to, and his
mind known); “and in the mean while Her Majesty had
“called to her the Prussian and English Ambassadors” (Mahl-
zahn and Stormont; sorry both of them, but how entirely re-
sourceless, — especially Mahlzahn!), “and had represented
“and repeated to them the above; beseeching that by their
“remonstrances and persuasions they would induce the King
“of Prussia, conformably with his given assurance, to forbear.
“Instead, however, of any fruit from such remonstrances and
“urgencies, final Order came, ‘That, Queen’s Majesty’s own
“Highest Person notwithstanding, force must be used.’

“Whereupon her Majesty, to avoid actual mistreatment,
“had been obliged to” — to become passive, and, no Keys
being procurable from her, see a smith with his picklocks give
these Prussians admission. Legation-Secretary Plessmann

was there (Menzel one fancies sitting, rather pale, in an adjacent room*); and they knew what to do. Their smith opens the required Box for them (one of several "all lying packed for Warsaw," says Friedrich); from which soon taking what they needed, Wangenheim and Wylich withdrew with their booty, and readers have the fruit of it to this day. "Which unheard-of procedure, be pleased, your Excellencies, "to report to your respective Courts." **

Poor old Lady, what a situation! And I believe she never saw her poor old Husband again. The day he went to Pirna (morning of yesterday, September 9th, Friedrich entering in the evening), these poor Spouses had, little dreaming of it, taken leave of one another forevermore. Such profit lies in your Brühl. Kings and Queens that will be governed by a Jesuit Guarini, and a Brühl of the Twelve Tailors, sometimes pay dear for it. They, or their representatives, are sure to do so. Kings and Queens, — yes, and if that were all: but their poor Countries, too? Their Countries; — well, their Countries did not hate Beelzebub, in his various shapes, *enough*. Their Countries should have been in watch against Beelzebub in the shape of Brühls; — watching, and also "praying" in a heroic manner, now fallen obsolete in these impious times!

* Suprà, p. 185.

** *Gesammelte Nachrichten*, i. 222 (or "No. 26" of that Collection) *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 83.

CHAPTER V.

FRIEDRICH BLOCKADES THE SAXONS IN PIRNA COUNTRY.

FRIEDRICH reckons himself to have 65,000 men in Saxony. Schwerin is issuing from Silesia, through the Glatz Mountains, for Bohemia, at the head of 40,000. The Austrian force is inferior in quantity, and far from ready: — Two "Camps," in Bohemia they have; the chief one under Browne (looking, or intending, this Saxon way), and a smaller under Piccolomini, in the Königshof-Kolin region: — if well run into from front and rear, both Browne and Piccolomini might be beautifully handled; and a gash be cut in Austria, which might incline her to be at peace again! Nothing hinders but this paltry Camp of the Saxons; itself only 18,000 strong, but in a Country of such strength. And this does hinder, effectually while it continues: "How march to Bohemia, and leave the road blocked in our rear?"

The Saxon Camp did continue, — unmanageable by any method, for five weeks to come; the season of war-operations gone, by that time: — and Friedrich's First Campaign, rendered mostly fruitless in this manner, will by no means check the Austrian truculencies, as by his velocity he hoped to do. No; but, on the contrary, will rouse the Austrians, French and all Enemies, to a tenfold pitch of temper. And bring upon himself, from an astonished and misunderstanding Public, such tempests and world-tornados of loud-roar-

ing obloquy, as even he, Friedrich, had never endured before.

To readers of a touring habit this Saxon Country is perhaps well known. For the last half-century, it has been growing more and more famous, under the name of "Saxon Switzerland (*Sächsische Schweiz*)," instead of "Misnian Highlands (*Meissnische Hochland*)," which it used to be called. A beautiful enough and extremely rugged Country; interesting to the picturesque mind. Begins rising, in soft Hills, on both sides of the Elbe, a few miles east of Dresden, as you ascend the River; till it rises into Hills of wild character, getting ever wilder, and riven into wondrous chasms and precipices. Extends, say almost twenty miles up the River, to Tetschen and beyond, in this eastern direction; and with perhaps ten miles of breadth on each side of the River: area of the Rock-region, therefore, is perhaps some four hundred square miles. The Falkenberg (what we should call Hawkscrag), north-eastward in the Lausitz, the Schneeberg (Snow Mountain), south-eastward on the Bohemian border, are about thirty-five miles apart: these two are both reckoned to be in it, — its last outposts on that eastern side. But the limits of it are fixed by custom only, and depend on no natural condition.

We might define it as the Sandstone *neck* of the Metal Mountains: a rather lower block, of Sandstone, intercalated into the Metal-Mountain range, which otherwise, on both hands, is higher, and of harder rocks. Southward (as *shoulder* to this sandstone *neck*) lies, continuous, broad and high, the "Metal-Mountain range" specially so-called: northward and north-east-

ward there rise, beyond that Falkenberg, many mountains, solitary or in groups, — “the Metal Mountains” fading-out here into “the Lausitz Hills,” still in fine picturesque fashion, which are Northern Border to the great Bohemian “Basin of the Elbe,” after you emerge from this Sandstone Country.

Saxon Switzerland is not very high anywhere; 2,000 feet is a notable degree of height: but it is torn and tumbled into stone labyrinths, chasms and winding rock-walls, as few regions are. Grows pine-wood, to the topmost height; pine-trees far aloft look quietly down upon you, over sheer precipices, on your intricate path. On the slopes of the Hills is grass enough; in the intervals are Villages and husbandries, are corn and milk for the laborious natives, — who depend mainly on quarrying, and pine-forest work: pines and freestone, rafts of long slim pines, and big stone barges, are what one sees upon the River there. A Note, not very geological, says of it:

“Elbe sweeps freely through this Country, for ages and
“æons past; curling himself a little into snake-figure, and
“with increased velocity, but silent mostly, and trim to the
“edge, a fine flint-coloured river; — though in æons long
“anterior it must have been a very different matter for tor-
“rents and water-power. The Country is one huge Block of
“Sandstone, so many square miles of that material; ribbed,
“channelled, torn and quarried, in this manner, — by the
“everbusy elements, for a million of Ages past! Chiefly by
“the Elbe himself, since he got to be a River, and became
“cosmic and personal; ceasing to be a mere watery chaos of
“Lakes and Deluges hereabouts. For the Sandstone was of
“various degrees of hardness; tenacious as marble some
“parts of it, soft almost as sand other parts. And the primor-
“dial diluviums and world-old torrents, great and small,
“rushing down from the Bohemian Highlands, from the Saxon

“Metal-Mountains, with such storming, gurgling, and swash-
“ing, have swept away the soft parts, and left the hard stand-
“ing in this chaotic manner, and bequeathed it all to the
“Elbe, and the common frosts and rains of these human
“ages.

“Elbe has now a trim course; but Elbe too is busy quar-
“rying and mining, where not artificially held in; — and you
“notice at every outlet of a Brook from the interior, north
“side and south side, how busy the Brook has been. Boring,
“grinding, undermining; much helped by the frosts, by the
“rains. Æons ago, the Brook was a lake, in the interior;
“but was every moment labouring to get out; till it has cut
“for itself that mountain gullet, or sheer-down chasm, and
“brought out with it an Alluvium or Delta, — on which, since
“Adam’s time, human creatures have built a Hamlet. That
“is the origin, or unwritten history, of most hamlets and
“cultivated spots you fall in with here: they are the waste
“shavings of the Brook, working millions of years, for its
“own object of getting into the Elbe in level circumstances.
“Ploughed fields, not without fertility, are in the interior, if
“you ascend that Brook; the Hamlet at the delta or mouth
“of it, is as if built upon its *tongue* and into its *gullet*: think
“how picturesque, in the November rains, for example!

“The road,” one road, “from Dresden to Aussig, to
“Lobositz, Budin, Prag, runs up the river-brink (south
“brink); or, in our day, as Prag-Dresden Railway, thunders
“through those solitudes; strangely awakening their echoes;
“and inviting even the bewildered Tourist to reflect, if he
“could. The bewildered Tourist sees rock-walls heaven-
“high on both hands of him; River and he rushing on be-
“tween, by law of gravitation, law of ennui (which are laws
“of Nature both), with a narrow strip of sky in full gallop
“overhead; and has little encouragement to reflect, except
“upon his own sorrows, and delirious circumstances, physical
“and moral. ‘How much happier, were I lying in my bed!’
“thinks the bewildered Tourist; — does strive withal to ad-
“mire the Picturesque, but with little success; notices the
“‘*Bastei* (Bastion),’ and other rigorously prescribed points of
“the Sublime and Beautiful, which are to be ‘done.’ That
“you will have to *do*, my friend: step out, you will have to go
“on that Pinnacle, with indifferent Hôtel attached; on that

“iron balcony, aloft among the clouds yonder; and shudder
“to project over Elbe-flood from such altitudes, admiring the
“Picturesque in prescribed manner.

“This Country has for its permanent uses, timber, free-
“stone, modicum of milk and haver, serviceable to the
“generality; — and to his Polish Majesty, at present, it is as
“the very Ark of Noah: priceless at this juncture; being the
“strongest military country in the world. Excellent strength
“in it; express Fortresses; especially one Fortress called the
“Königstein, not far from Schandau, of a towering pre-
“cipitous nature, with ‘a well 900 feet deep’ in it, and pleasant
“Village outside at the base; — Fortress which is still, in our
“day, reckoned a safe place for the Saxon Archives and pre-
“ciosities. Impregnable to gunpowder artillery; not to be
“had except by hunger. And then, farther down the River,
“close by Pirna, presiding over Pirna, as that Königstein in
“some sort does over Schandau, is the Sonnenstein: Sonnen-
“stein too was a Fortress in those days of Friedrich, but not
“impregnable, if judged worth taking. The Austrians took
“it, a year or two hence; Friedrich retook it, dismantled it:
“the Sonnenstein is now a Madhouse,” say the Guide-Books.

“Sonnenstein stands close east or up-stream of Pirna,
“which is a town of 5,000 souls, by much the largest in those
“parts; Königstein a little down-stream of Schandau, which
“latter is on the opposite or north side of the River. These
“are the two chief Towns, which do all the trade of this
“region; picturesque places both: — the Tourist remembers
“Pirna? Standing on its sleek table or stair-step, by the
“River’s edge; well above floodmark; green, shaggy or
“fringy mountains looking down on it to rearward; in front,
“beyond the River, nothing visible but mile-long cream-
“coloured rock-wall, with bushes at bottom and top, wall
“quarried by Elbe, as you can see. Pirna is near the be-
“ginning” (properly *end*, but we start from Dresden) “or
“western extremity of Saxon Schweitz. Schandau, almost
“at the opposite or eastern extremity, is still more pic-
“turesque; standing on the delta of a little Brook, with high
“rock-cliffs, with garden-shrubberies, sanded walks, tufts of
“forest-umbrage; a bright-painted, almost *operatic*-looking
“place, — with spa-waters, if I recollect:” yes truly, and the

“Bath Season” making its packages in great haste, breaking up prematurely, this Year (1756)! —

Directly on arriving at Gross-Sedlitz, Friedrich takes ocular survey of this Country, which is already not unknown to him. He finds that the Saxons have secured themselves within the Mountains; a rocky streamlet, Brook of Gottleube, which issues into Elbe just between Gross-Sedlitz and them, “through a dell of eighty or a hundred feet deep,” serving as their first defence; well in front of the mere rocky Heights and precipices behind it, which stretch continuously along to southward, six miles or more, from Pirna and the south brink of Elbe. At Langen-Hennersdorf, which is the southernmost part, these Heights make an elbow inwards, by Leopoldshayn, towards the Königstein, which is but four miles off; here too the Saxons are defended by a Brook (running straight towards Königstein, this one) in front of their Heights; and stand defensive, in this way, along a rock-bulwark of ten miles long: the passes all secured by batteries, by abatis, palisades, mile after mile, as Friedrich rides observant leftward: behind them, Elbe rushing swifter through his rock-walls yonder, with chasms and intricate gorges; defending them inexpugnably to rear. Six miles long of natural bulwark (six to Hennersdorf), where the gross of the Saxons lie; then to Königstein four other miles, sufficiently, if more sparsely, beset by them. “No stronger position in the world,” Friedrich thinks;* — and that it is impossible

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 83, 84 (not a very distinct Account; and far from accurate in the details, — which are left without effectual correction even in the best Editions).

to force this place, without a loss of life disproportionate even to its importance at present. Not to say that the Saxons will make terms all the easier, *before* bloodshed rise between us; — and furthermore that Hunger (for we hear they have provision only for two weeks) may itself soon do it. “Wedge them in, therefore; block every outgate, every entrance; nothing to get in, except gradually Hunger. Hunger, and on our part rational Offers, will suffice. “That is Friedrich’s plan; good in itself, — though the ovine obstinacy, and other circumstances, retarded the execution of it to an unexpected extent, lamentable to Friedrich and to some others.

The Prussian-Saxon military operations for the next five weeks need not detain us. Their respective positions are on the Heights behind that Brook Gottleube, and on the plainer Country in front of it, — the Prussians lie, first Division of them, from Gross-Sedlitz to Zehist, under the King; the second Division from Zehist to Cotta, and onward by “the Rothschenke” (*Red-House Tavern*), by Markersbach, and sparsely as far as Hellendorf on the Prag Highway; other Divisions watching Elbe itself, have Batteries and Posts on the north side of it, and so on. To which add only these straggles of Note, as further elucidative:

“The Saxons, between Elbe and their Lines, possess “about thirty square miles of country. From Pirna or Sonnenstein to Königstein, as the crow flies, may be five miles “east to west; but by Langen-Hennersdorf, and the elbow “there, it will be ten: at Königstein, moreover, Elbe makes “an abrupt turn northward for a couple of miles, instead of

“westward as heretofore, turning abruptly westward again
“after that: so that the Saxon ‘Camp,’ or Occupancy here,
“is an irregular Trapezium, with Pirna and Königstein for
“vertices, and with area estimable as above, — ploughable,
“a fair portion of it, and not without corn of its own. So
“that the ‘two-weeks provision’ spun themselves out (short
“allowance aiding) to two-months, before actual famine
“came.

* * “The High-road from the Lausitz parts crosses
“Elbe at Pirna; falls into the Dresden-Prag High-road there;
“and from Pirna towards Töplitz, for the first few miles, this
“latter runs through the Prussian Posts; but we may guess
“it is not much travelled at present. North of Elbe, too,
“the Prussians have batteries on the fit points; detachments
“of due force, from Gross-Sedlitz Bridge-of-Pontoons all
“round to Schandau, or beyond; could fire upon the König-
“stein, across the River: they have plugged up the Saxon
“position everywhere. They have a Battery especially, and
“strong post, to cannonade the Bridge at Pirna, should the
“Saxons think of trying there. It is now the one Saxon or
“even *Half-Saxon* Bridge, Sonnenstein and Pirna command
“the Saxon end of it, a strong battery the Prussian end: a
“Bridge lying mainly idle, like the general Highway to
“Töplitz at this time. Beyond the Königstein, again, at a
“place called Wendisch-Fähre (*Wends’-Ferry*), the Prussians
“have, by means of boats swinging wide at anchor on the
“swift current, what is called a Flying-bridge, with which
“the north side can communicate with the south. They have
“a post at Nieder-Raden (*Ober Raden*, railway station in our
“time, is on the south side): Nether Raden is an interesting
“little Hamlet, mostly invisible to mankind (built in the
“throat of the stone chasms there), from which you begin
“mounting to the *Bastei* far aloft. A Raden to be noted, by
“the Tourist and us.”

Little, or even nothing, of fighting there is: why
should there be? The military operations are a dead-
lock, and require no word. Thirty thousand, half of
the Prussian Force, lie, vigilant as lynxes, blockading
here; other half, 32,000, under Marshal Keith, have

marched forward to Aussig, to Nollendorf on the Bohemian frontier, to clear the ways, and look into any Austrian motion thereabouts, — with whom, with some Pandour detachment of whom, Duke Ferdinand, leading the vanguard, has had a little brush among the Hills; smiting them home again, in his usual creditable way (September 13th); and taking Camp at Peterswalde, he and others of the Force, that night.* It is with this Keith Army, with this if with any, that adventures are to be looked for at present.

Polish Majesty's Headquarters are at Struppen, well in the centre of the Saxon lines; "goes always to the Königstein to sleep." Polish Majesty's own table is, by Friedrich's permission for that special object, supplied *ad libitum*: but the common men were at once put on short allowance, which grows always the shorter. Polish Majesty corresponds with Friedrich, as we saw; and above all, sends burning Messages to Austria, to France, to every European Court, charged with mere shrieks: "Help me; a robber has me!" In which sense, Excellencies of all kinds, especially one Lord Stormont, the English Excellency, daily running out from Dresden to Gross-Sedlitz, are passionately industrious with Friedrich; who is eager enough to comply, were there any safe means possible. But there are none. Unfortunately, too, it appears the Austrians are astir; Feldmarschall Browne actually furbishing himself at Prag yonder with an eye hitherward, and extraordinary haste and spirit shown: which obliges Friedrich to rise in his demands; ovine obstinacy, on the other side, naturally increasing from the same cause.

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 85; *Anonymous of Hamburg*, i. 19.

“Polish Majesty, we say, has liberty to bring in proviant
“for self and suite, rigorously for no mortal more; and he
“lives well, in the culinary sense, — surely for most part ‘in
“his dressing-gown,’ too, poor loose collapsed soul! Brühl
“and he have plenty of formal business: but their one real
“business is that of crying, by estafettes and every conceivable method, to Austria, ‘Get us out of this!’ To
“which Austria has answered, ‘Yes; only patience, and be
“steady!’ — Friedrich’s headquarters are at Sedlitz; and
“the negotiating and responding which he has, transcends
“imagination. His first hope was, Polish Majesty might be
“persuaded to join with him; — on the back of that,
“certainty, gradually coming, that Polish Majesty never
“would; and that the Austrians would endeavour a rescue,
“were they once ready. Starvation, or the Austrians, which
“will be first here? is the question; and Friedrich studies to
“think it will be the former. At all events, having settled
“on the starvation method, and seen that all his posts are
“right, we perceive he does not stick close by Sedlitz; but
“runs now hither now thither; is at Torgau, where an important establishment, kind of New Government for Saxony,
“on the Finance side, is organising itself. What his work
“with Ambassadors was, and how delicate the handling
“needed, think!” — Here is another Clipping:

* * “Polish Majesty passes the day at Struppen, amid
“many vain noises of Soldiering, of Diplomatising; the night
“always at Königstein, and finally both day and night, —
“quite luxuriously accommodated, Brühl and he, to the very
“end of this Affair. Towards Struppen” (this is weeks
“farther on, but we give it here), — “Comte de Broglio”
(Old Broglio’s elder Son, younger is in the Military line),
“who is Ambassador to his Saxon-Polish Majesty, sets out
“from Dresden for an interview with said Majesty. At the
“Prussian lines, he is informed, ‘Yes, you can go; but,
“without our King’s Order, you cannot return.’ ‘What?
“‘The Most Christian Majesty’s Ambassador, and treated in
“‘this way? I will go to where the Polish King is, and I will
“‘return to my own King, so often as I find business: stop me
“‘at your peril!’ and threatened and argued, and made a
“deal of blustering noise; — far too much, thinks Valori;
“think the Prussian Officers, who are sorry, but inflexible.

“Margraf Karl, Commandant of the place, in absence of
 “King Friedrich (who is gone lately, on a Business we shall
 “hear of), earnestly dissuaded Excellency Broglio; but it
 “was to no purpose. Next day, Broglio appeared in his
 “state-carriage, formally demanding entrance, free thorough-
 “fare: ‘Do you dare refuse me?’ ‘Yes,’ answered Margraf
 “Karl; ‘we do and must.’ Indignant Broglio reappeared,
 “next day, on foot; Lieutenant-General Prince Friedrich
 “Eugen of Würtemberg, the chief man in charge: ‘Do you
 “dare?’ ‘Indubitably, Yes;’ — and Broglio still pushing on
 “incredulous, Eugen actually raised his arm, — elbow and
 “fore-arm across the breast of Most Christian Majesty’s
 “Ambassador, — who recoiled, to Dresden, in mere whirl-
 “winds of fire; and made the most of it” (unwisely, thinks
 Valori) “in writing to Court.* Court, in high dudgeon, com-
 “manded Valori to quit Berlin without taking leave. Valori,
 “in his private capacity, wrote an Adieu;** and in his public,
 “as the fact stood, That he was gone without Adieu.”

And the Dauphiness, daughter of those injured Polish Majesties, fell on her knees (Pompadour permitting and encouraging) at the feet of Most Christian Majesty; on her knees, all in passion of tears; craved help and protection to her loved old Mother, in the name of Nature and of all Kings: could any King resist? And his Pompadour was busy: “Think of that noble Empress, who calls me *Cousin and dear Princess*; think of that insolent Prussian Robber: Ah, your Majesty:” — and King Louis, though not a hating man, did privately dislike Friedrich; and evil speeches of Friedrich’s had been reported to him. And, in short, the upshot was: King Louis, bound only to 24,000 for help of Austria, determined to send, and did send,

* Valori, II. 349, 209, 353 (“Wednesday, 6th October,” the day of it, seemingly); ib. I. 312, &c.

** Friedrich’s kind Letter in answer to it, “2 November 1756,” in Valori, I. 313.

above 100,000 across the Rhine, next Year, for that object; as will be seen. And all Frenchmen, — all except Belleisle, who is old, — are charmed with these new energetic measures, and beautiful new Austrian connexions.

Certain it is, the Austrians are coming, her Imperial Majesty bent with all her might on relief of those Saxon martyrs; which indeed is relief of herself, as she well perceives: "Courage, my friends; endure yet a little!" Messengers smuggle themselves through the Mountain paths, and go and return, though with difficulty.

Since September 19th the Correspondence with Polish Majesty has ceased: no persuading of the Polish Majesty. Winterfeld went twice to him; conferred at large, Brühl forbidden to be there, on the actual stringencies and urgencies of Fact between the Two Countries; but it was with no result at all. Polish Majesty has not the least intention that Saxony shall be even a Highway for Friedrich, if at any time Polish Majesty can hinder it: "Neutrality," therefore, will not do for Friedrich; he demands Alliance, practical Partnership; and to that his Polish Majesty is completely abhorrent. Diplomatising may cease; nothing but wrestle of fight will settle this matter.

Friedrich, able to get nothing from the Sovereign of Saxony, is reduced to grasp Saxony itself: and we can observe him doing it; always the closer, always the more carefully, as the complicacy deepens, and the obstinacy becomes more dangerous and provoking. What alternative is there? On first entering Saxony, Friedrich had made no secret that he was not a mere bird of passage there. At Torgau, there was at once a

“Field-Commissariat” established, with Prussian Officials of eminence to administer, the Military Chest to be deposited there, and Torgau to be put in a state of defence. Torgau, our Saxon Metropolis of War-Finance, is becoming more and more the Metropolis of Saxon Finance in general. Saxon Officials were liable, from the first, to be suspended, on Friedrich’s order. Saxon Finance-Officials, of all kinds, were from the first instructed, that till farther notice there must be no disbursements without King Friedrich’s sanction. And, in fact, King Friedrich fully intends that Saxony is to help him all it can; and that it either will or else shall, in this dire pressure of perplexity, which is due in such a degree to the conduct of the Saxon Government for twelve years past. Would Saxony go with him in any form of consent, how much more convenient to Friedrich! But Saxony will not; Polish Majesty, not himself suffering hunger, is obstinate as the decrees of Fate (or as sheep, when too much put upon), regardless of considerations; — and, in fine, here is Browne actually afoot; coming to relieve Polish Majesty! — The Austrians had uncommonly bestirred themselves:

The activity, the zeal of all ranks, ever since this expedition into Saxony, and clutching of Saxony by the throat, contemporary witnesses declare to have been extraordinary. “Horses for Piccolomini’s Cavalry, — they had scarcely got their horses, not to speak of training them, not to speak of cannon and the heavier requisites, when Schwerin began marching out of Glatz on Piccolomini. As to the cannon for Browne and him, draught-cattle seem absolutely unprocurable. Whereupon Maria Theresa flings open her own Imperial Stud: ‘There, yoke these to our cannon; let them go their swiftest;’ — which awoke such an enthusiasm,

“that noblemen and peasants crowded forward with their
“coach-horses and their cart-horses, to relay Browne, all
“through Bohemia, at different stages; and the cannon and
“equipments move to their places at the gallop, in a
“manner,”* — and even Browne, at the base of the Metal
Mountains, has got most of his equipments. And is astir
towards Pirna (Army of 60,000, rumour says), for relief of
the Saxon Martyrs. Friedrich’s complexities are getting day
by day more stringent.

From the middle of September, Marshal Keith, as
was observed, with Half of the Prussians, Duke Fer-
dinand of Brunswick under him, has been on the
Bohemian slope of the Metal Mountains; securing the
roads, towns, and passes thereabouts, and looking out
for the advance of Marshal Browne from the interior
parts. Town of Aussig, and the River road (Castle of
Tetschen, on its high rock known to Tourists, which
always needs to be taken on such occasions), these
Keith has secured. Lies encamped from Peterswalde
to Aussig, the middle or main strength of him being
in the Hamlet of Johnsдорf: there lies Keith, fifteen
miles in length; like a strap, or bar, thrown across
the back of that Metal-Mountain Range, — or part
of its back; for the range is very broad, and there is
much inequality, and many troughs, big and little,
partial and general, in the crossing of it. A tract
which my readers and I have crossed before now, by
the “Pascopol” or Post-road and otherwise; and shall
often have to cross!

Browne, vigorously astir in the interior (cannon
and equipments coming by relays at such a pace), is
daily advancing, with his best speed: in the last days
of September, Browne is encamped at Budin; may

* Archenholtz, i. 24.

cross the Eger River any day, and will then be within two marches of Keith. His intentions towards Pirna Country are fixed and sure; but the plan or route he will take is unknown to everybody, and indeed to Browne himself, till he see near at hand and consider. Browne's problem, he himself knows, is abundantly abstruse, — bordering on the impossible; but he will try his best. To get within reach of the Saxons is almost impossible to Browne, even were there no Keith there. As good as impossible altogether, by any line of march, while Keith is afoot in those parts. By Aussig, down the River, straight for the interior of their Camp, it is flatly impossible: by the south or south-east corner of their Camp (Gottleube way), or by the north-east (by Schandau way, right bank of Elbe), it is virtually so, — at least without beating Keith. Could one beat Keith, indeed; — but that will not be easy! And that, unluckily, is the preliminary to every thing.

“By the Hellendorf-Hennersdorf side, in the wastes where
 “Gottleube Brook gathers itself, Browne might have a
 “chance. There, on that south-east corner of their Camp,
 “were he once there to attack the Prussians from without,
 “while the Saxons burst up from within, — there,” thinks a
 good judge, “is much the favourablest place. But unless
 “Browne's Army had wings, how is it ever to get there?
 “Across those Metal-Mountain ranges, barred by Keith: —
 “by Aussig, with the rocks overhanging Elbe River and him,
 “he cannot go in any case. Were there no Keith, indeed
 “(but there always is, standing ready on the spring), one
 “might hold to leftward, and by stolen marches, swift, far
 “round about —!

“By Schandau region, north side of the Elbe, is Browne's
 “easiest, and indeed one feasible, point of approach, — no
 “Prussians at present between him and that; the road open,

“though a far circuit northward for Browne, — were he to
“cross the Elbe in Leitmeritz circle, and march with velocity?
“That too will be difficult, — nearly impossible in sight of
“Keith. And were that even done, the egress for the Saxons,
“by Schandau side, is through strait mountain-gorges, in-
“tricate steep passes, crossings of the Elbe: what force of
“Saxons or of Austrians will drive the Prussians from their
“redoubts and batteries there?”*

Browne's problem is none of the feasiblest: but his orders are strict, “Relieve the Saxons, at all risks.” And Browne, one of the ablest soldiers living (“Your Imperial Majesty's best general,” said the dying Khevenhüller long since), will do his utmost upon it. Friedrich does not think the enterprise very dangerous, — beating of Keith, the indispensable preliminary to it; but will naturally himself go and look into it.

Tuesday, September 28th, Friedrich quits Pirna Country by the Prag Highway; making due inspection of his Posts as he goes along; and, the outmost of these once past, drives rapidly up the Mountains; gets, with small escort, through Peterswalde on to Johnsdorf that night. Does not think this Keith position good; breaks up this “Camp of Johnsdorf” bodily next morning; and marches down the Mountains, direct towards Browne; who, we hear, is about crossing the Eger (his Pontoons now come at last), and will himself be on the advance. From Türmitz, a poor mountain hamlet in the hollow of the Hills, which is headquarters that night, the march proceeds again; Friedrich with the vanguard; Army, I think, on various country-roads, on both hands; till all get upon the Great Road again, — Prag-Töplitz-Dresden Post-road; which is called, specially in this part of it, and loosely in whole, “The Pascopol,” and leads down direct to Budin and Browne.

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 86, 93, 96.

“A ‘Pascopol’ famed in military annals,” says our Tourist. “It is a road with many windings, many precipitous sweeps of up and down; road precipitous in structure; — offers views to the lover of wild Nature: huge lone-some Hills scattered in the distance; waste expanses nearer hand, and futile attempts at moorish agriculture; but little else that is comfortable. In times of Peace, you will meet, at long intervals, some post-vehicle struggling forward under melancholy circumstances; some cart, or dilapidated mongrel between cart and basket, with a lean ox harnessed to it, and scarecrow driver, laden with pit-coal, — which you wish safe home, and that the scarecrow were getting warmed by it. But in War-time the steep road is livelier; the common Invasion road between Saxony and Bohemia; whole Armies sweeping over it, and their thousandfold wagons and noises making clangour enough.” * * “One of those Hollows, on the Pascopol, is Joachimsthal, with its old Silver Mines; yielding coins which were in request with traders, the silver being fine. ‘Let my ducat be a Joachimsthal one, then!’ the old trader would say: ‘a *Joachimsthal-er*,’ or for brevity, a ‘*Thal-er*,’ whence *Thaler*, and at last *Dollar* (almighty and otherwise), — now going round the world!* Pascopol finishes in Welmina Township. From the last hamlet in Welmina, at the neck of the last Hill, step downward one mile, holding rather to the left, you will come on the innocent Village of Lobositz, its poor corn-mills and huckster-shops all peaceably unknown as yet, which is soon to become very famous.”

The Country-roads where Friedrich’s Army is on march, I should think are mostly on the mounting hand. For here, from Türnitz, is a trough again; though the last considerable one; and on the crest of that, we shall look down upon the Bohemian Plains and the grand Basin of the Elbe, through various scrubby villages which are not nameworthy; through one called Kletschen, which for a certain reason is. Crossing the shoulder of Kletschenberg (*Hill* of this

* Büsching, *Erdbeschreibung*, v. 178.

Kletschen), which abuts upon the Pascopol, — yonder in bright sunshine is your beautiful expansive Basin of the Elbe, and the green Bohemian Plains, revealed for a moment. Friedrich snatches his glass, not with picturesque object: "See, yonder is Feldmarschall Browne, then! In camp yonder, down by Lobositz, not ten miles from us" — (it is most true; Browne marched this morning, long before the Sun; crossed Eger, and pitched camp at noon): — "Good!" thinks Friedrich. And pushes down into the Pascopol, into the hollows and minor troughs, which hide Browne henceforth, till we are quite near.

Quite near, through Welmina and a certain final gap of the Hills, Friedrich with the vanguard does emerge, "an hour before sunset;" overhanging Browne; not above a mile from the Camp of Browne. A very large Camp, that of Browne's, flanked to right by the Elbe; goes from Sulowitz, through Lobositz, to Welhoten close on Elbe; — and has properties extremely well worth studying just now! "Friedrich," the Books say, "bivouacks by a fire of sticks," short way down on the southern slope of the Hill; and till sunset and after, has eyeglass, brain, and faculties and activities sufficiently occupied for the rest of the night; — his Divisions gradually taking post behind him, under arms; "not till midnight, the very rearmost of them."*

* "Tuesday, 28th September, left the Camp at Sedlitz, with 8 battalions, "20 squadrons, to Johnsдорf: 29th, to Türnitz, — Browne is to pass the "Eger tomorrow. From the tops of the Pascopol (30th), see an Austrian "Camp in the Plain of Lobositz. Vanguard bivouacks in the 'neck' of "the two Hills or a little beyond." *Prussian Account of Campaign 1756 in Gesammelte Nachrichten*, i. 844-45, 840-858); Anonymous of Hamburg; &c. &c.

CHAPTER VI.

BATTLE OF LOBOSITZ.

WELMINA, — or Reschni-Aujest, last pertinent of Welmina (but we will take Friedrich's name for it), — offers to the scrutinising eye nothing, in our day, but some bewildered memory of "Alte Fritz" clinging obstinately even to the Peasant mind thereabouts. A sleepy littery place; some biggish haggard untrimmed trees, some broken-backed sleepy-looking thatched houses, not in contact, and each as far as might be with its back turned on the other, and cloaked in its own litter and privacy. Probably no human creature will be visible, as you pass through. Much straw lying about, chiefly where the few gaunt trees look down on it (cattle glad of any shelter): in fact, it is mainly an extinct tumult of straw; nothing alive, as you pass, but a few poor oxen languidly sauntering up and down, finding much to trample, little to eat. The Czech Populations (were it not for that "Question of the Nationalities") are not very beautiful!

Close south of this poor Hamlet is a big Hill, conspicuous with three peaks; quite at the other base of which, a good way down, lies Lobositz, the main Village in those parts; a place now of assiduous corn-mill and fruit trade; and one of the stations on the Dresden-Prag Railway. This Hill is what Lloyd calls the

Lobosch;* twin to which, only flatter, is Lloyd's "Homolka Hill" (Hill of *Radostitz* in more modern Plans and Books). Conspicuous Heights, and important to us here, — though I did not find the Peasants much know them under those names. By the southern shoulder of this Lobosch Hill runs the road from Welmina to Lobositz, with branches towards many other villages. To your right or southern hand, short way southward, rises the other Hill, which Lloyd calls Homolka Hill; the gap or interval between Homolka and Lobosch, perhaps a furlong in extent, is essentially the *pass* through those uplands. This pass, Friedrich, at the first moment, made sure of; filling the same with battalions, there to bivouack. He likewise promptly laid hold of the two Hills, high Lobosch to his left, and lower Homolka to right; which precautionary measure it is reckoned a fault in Browne to have neglected, that night; fault for which he smarted on the morrow.

From this upland pass, or neck between the two Mountains, Friedrich's battalions would have had a fine view, had the morning shone for them: Lobositz, Leitmeritz, Melnick; a great fertile Valley, or expanse of fruitful country, many miles in breadth and length; Elbe, like a silver stripe, winding grandly through the finest of all his countries, before ducking himself into the rock-tumults of that Pirna district. The mountain gorges of Prag and Moldau River, south of Melnick, lie hidden under the horizon, or visible only as peaks, thirty miles and more to south-eastward; a bright coun-

* Major-General Lloyd, *History of the late War in Germany*, 1756-1759. (3 voll. 4to, London, 1781), I. 2-11.

try intervening, springled with steepled towns. To north-westward, far away, are the Lausitz Mountains, ranked in loose order, but massive, making a kind of range; and as outposts to them in their scattered state, Hills of good height and aspect are scattered all about, and break the uniformity of the Plain. Nowhere in North Germany could the Prussian battalions have a finer view, — if the morning were fine, and if views were their object.

The morning, first in October, was not fine; and it was far other than scenery that the Prussian battalions had in hand! — Friday 1st October 1756, Day should have broken: but where is Day? At seven in the morning (and on till eleven), thick mist lay over the plain; thin fog to the very hilltops; so that you cannot see a hundred yards ahead. Lobositz is visible only as through a crape; farther on, nothing but grey sea; under which, what the Austrians are doing, or whether there are any Austrians, who can say? Leftward on the Lobosch-Hill side, as we reconnoitre, some Pandours are noticeable, nestled in the vineyards there: — that sunward side of the Lobosch is all vineyards, belonging to the different Lobositzers; scrubby vineyards, all in a brown plucked state at this season. Vineyards parted by low stone walls, say three or four feet high (parted by hurdles, or by tiny trenches, in our day, and the stone walls mere stone-facings): there are the Pandours crouched, and give fire in a kneeling posture when you approach. Lower down, near Lobositz itself, flickerings as of Horse squadrons, probably Hussar parties, twinkle dubious in the wavering mist. Problem wrapt in mist; nothing to be seen; and all depends on judging it with accuracy! Seven by the clock: Deploy,

at any rate; let us cover our post; and be in readiness for events.

Friedrich's vanguard of itself nearly fills that neck, or space between the Lobosch and Homolka Hills. He spreads his Infantry and "hundred fieldpieces," in part, rightwards along the Homolka Hill; but chiefly leftwards along the Lobosch, where their nearest duty is to drive off those Pandours. Always as a new battalion, pushing farther leftward, comes upon its ground, the Pandours give fire on it; and it on the Pandours; till the Left Wing is complete, and all the Lobosch is, in this manner, a crackling of Pandour musketry and anti-musketry. Right Wing, steady to its guns on the Homolka, has as yet nothing to do. Those wings of Infantry are two lines deep; the Cavalry, in three lines, is between them in the centre; no room for Cavalry elsewhere, except on the outskirts some fringing of light horse, to be ready for emergencies.

The Pandour firing, except for the noise of it, does not amount to much; they can take no aim, says Lloyd, crouching behind their stone-fences; and the Prussian Battalions, steadily pushing downwards, trample out their sputtering, and clear the Lobosch of them to a safe distance. But the ground is intricate, so wrapt in mist for the present. That crackling lasts for hours; decisive of nothing; and the mist also, and one's anxious guessings and scrutinisings, lasts in a wavering fitful manner.

Once, for some time, in the wavering of the mist, there was seen, down in the plain opposite our centre, a body of Cavalry. Horse for certain: say ten squadrons of them, or 1,500 Horse; continually manœuvring, changing shape; now in more ranks, now in fewer;

sometimes "chequer-wise," formed like a draught-board; shooting out wings: they career about, one sees not whither, or vanish again into the mist behind. "Browne's rearguard this, that we are come upon," thinks Friedrich; "these squatted Pandours, backed by Horse, must be his rearguard, that are amusing us: Browne and the Army are off; crossing the Elbe, hastening towards the Schandau, the Pirna quarter, while we stand bickering and idly sputtering here!" — Weary of such idle business, Friedrich orders forward Twenty of his Squadrons from the centre station: "Charge me those Austrian Horse, and let us finish this." The Twenty Squadrons, preceded by a pair of field-pieces, move down hill; storm-in upon the Austrian party, storm it furiously into the mist; are furiously chasing it, — when unexpected cannon-batteries, destructive case-shot, awaken on their left flank (batteries from Lobositz, one may guess); and force them to draw back. To draw back, with some loss; and rank again, in an indignantly blown condition, at the foot of their Hill. Indignant; after brief breathing, they try it once more.

"Don't try it!" Friedrich had sent out to tell them: for the mist was clearing; and Friedrich, on the higher ground, saw new important phenomena: but it was too late. For the Twenty Squadrons are again dashing forward; sweeping down whatever is before them: in spite of cannon-volleys, they plunge deeper and deeper into the mist; come upon "a ditch twelve feet broad" (big swampy drain, such as are still found there, grass-green in summer time); clear said ditch; forward still deeper into the mist: and after three-hundred yards, come upon a second far worse "ditch;" plainly im-

passable this one, — “ditch” they call it, though it is in fact a vile sedgy Brook, oozing along there (the *Morell Bach*, considerable Brook, lazily wandering towards Lobositz, where it disembogues in rather swifter fashion); — and are saluted with cannon, from the farther side; and see serried ranks under the gauze of mist: Browne’s Army, in fact! The Twenty Squadrons have to recoil out of shot-range, the faster the better; with a loss of a good many men, in those two charges. Friedrich orders them up Hill again; much regretful of this second charge, which he wished to hinder; and posts them to rearward, — where they stand silent, the unconscious stoic-philosophers in buff, and have little further service through the rest of the day.

It is now 11 o’clock; the mist all clearing off; and Friedrich, before that second charge, had a growing view of the Plain and its condition. Beyond question, there is Browne; not in retreat, by any means; but in full array; numerous, and his position very strong. Ranked, unattackable mostly, behind that oozy Brook, or *Bach* of Morell; which has only two narrow Bridges, cannon plenty on both: one Bridge from the south parts to Sulowitz (*our* road to Sulowitz and it would be by Radostitz and the Homolka); and then one other Bridge, connecting Sulowitz with Lobositz, — which latter is Browne’s own Bridge, uniting right wing and left of Browne, so to speak; and is still more unattackable, in the circumstances. What will Friedrich decide on attempting?

That oozy Morell Brook issues on Browne’s side of Lobositz, cutting Browne in two; but is otherwise all in Browne’s favour. Browne extends through Lobositz; and beyond it, curves up to Welhoten on the River

brink; at Lobositz are visible considerable redoubts, cannon-batteries, and much regular infantry. Browne will be difficult to force yonder, in the Lobositz part; but yonder alone can he be tried. He is pushing up more Infantry that way; conscious probably of that fact, — and that the Lobosch Hill is not his, but another's. What would not Browne now give for the Lobosch Hill! Yesternight he might have had it gratis, in a manner; and indeed did try slightly, with his Pandour people (durst not at greater expense), — who have now ceased sputtering, and cower extinct in the lower vineyards there. Browne, at any rate, is rapidly strengthening his right wing, which has hold of Lobositz; pushing forward in that quarter, — where the Brook withal is of firmer bottom and more wadeable. Thither too is Friedrich bent. So that Lobositz is now the key of the Battle; there will the tug of war now be.

Friedrich's cavalry is gone all to rearward. His right wing holds the Homolka Hill, — that too would now be valuable to Browne; and cannot be had gratis, as yesternight! Friedrich's left wing is on the Lobosch; Pandours pretty well extinct before it, but now from Welhoten quarter new Regulars coming on thither, — as if Browne would still take the Lobosch? Which would be victory to him; but is not now possible to Browne. Nor will long seem so; — Friedrich having other work in view for him; — meaning now to take Lobositz, instead of losing the Lobosch to him! Friedrich pushes out his Left Wing still further leftward, leftward and downward withal, to clear those vineyard-fences completely of their occupants, Pandour or Regular, old or new. This is done; the vineyard-fences

swept; — and the sweepings driven, in a more and more stormy fashion, towards Welhoten and Lobositz; the Lobosch falling quite desperate for Browne.

Henceforth Friedrich directs all his industry to taking Lobositz; Browne, to the defending of it, which he does with great vigour and fire; his batteries, redoubts, doing their uttermost, and his battalions rushing on, mass of them after mass, at quick march, obstinate, fierce to a degree, in the height of temper; and showing such fight as we never had of them before. Friedrich's Left Wing and Browne's Right now have it to decide between them; — any attempt Browne makes with his Left through Sulowitz (as he once did, and once only) is instantly repressed by cannon from the Homolka Hill. And the rest of the Battle, or rather the Battle itself, — for all hitherto has been pickeering and groping in the mist, — may be made conceivable in few words.

Friedrich orders the second line of his Left Wing to march up and join with the first; Right Wing, shoving *its* two lines into one, is now to cover the Lobosch as well. Left Wing, in condensed condition, shall fall down on Lobositz, and do its best. They are now clear of the vineyard works; the ground is leveller, though still sloping, — a three furlongs from the Village, and somewhat towards the Elbe, when Browne's battalions first came extensively to close grips; fierce enough (as was said); the toughest wrestle yet had with those Austrians, — coming on with steady fury, under such force of cannon; with iron ramrods, too, and improved ways, like our own. But nothing could avail them; the counter-fury being so great. They had to go at the Welhoten part, and even to run, —

plunging into Elbe, a good few of them, and drowning there, in the vain hope to swim. "Never have my troops," says Friedrich, "done such miracles of valour, cavalry as well as infantry, since I had the honour to command them. By this dead-lift achievement (*tour de force*) I have seen what they can do."*

In fine, after some three hours more of desperate tugging and struggling, cannon on both sides going at a great rate, and infinite musketry ("ninety cartridges a man on our Prussian side, and ammunition falling done"), not without bayonet-pushings, and smittings with the butt of your musket, the Austrians are driven into Lobositz; are furiously pushed there, and, in spite of new battalions coming to the rescue, are fairly pushed through. These Village-streets are too narrow for new battalions from Browne; "much of the Village should have been burnt beforehand," say cool judges. And now, sure enough, it does get burnt; Lobositz is now all on fire, by Prussian industry. So that the Austrians have to quit it instantly; and rush off in great disorder; key of the Battle, or Battle itself, quite lost to them.

The Prussian infantry, led by the Duke of Bruns-

* Letter to Schwerin, "Lobositz, 2d August 1756" (Retzow, i. 64); *Relation de la Campagne 1756*, that is, *Prussian Account* (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*), i. 848. Lloyd, *ut supra*, i. 2-11 (who has solid information at first hand, having been an actor in these Wars. A man of great natural sagacity and insight; decidedly luminous and original, though of somewhat crabbed temper now and then; a man well worth hearing on this and on whatever else he handles). Tempelhof, *Geschichte des siebenjährigen Krieges* (which is at first a mere Translation of Lloyd, nothing new in it but certain notes and criticisms on Lloyd; when Lloyd ends, Tempelhof, Prussian Major and Professor, a learned, intelligent, but diffuse man, of far inferior talent to Lloyd, continues and completes on his own footing: six very thin 4tos, Berlin, 1794), i. 38 (Battle, with *foot-notes*), and ib. 51 (*criticism of Lloyd*). Prussian and Austrian Accounts in *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 800 et seq. Many Narratives in *Feldzüge*, and the *Beilage* to Seyfarth; &c. &c.

wick-Bevern ("Governor of Stettin," one of the Duke-Ferdinand cousinry, frugal and valiant), gave the highest satisfaction; seldom was such firing, such furious pushing; they had spent ninety cartridges a man; were at last quite out of cartridges; so that Bevern had to say, "Strike in with bayonets, *meine Kinder*; butt-ends, or what we have; *heran!*" Our Grenadiers were mainly they that burnt Lobositz. "How salutary now would it "have been," says Epimetheus Lloyd, "had Browne "had a small battery on the other side of the Elbe;" whereby he might have taken them in flank, and shorn them into the wind! Epimetheus marks this battery on his Plan; and is wise behindhand, at a cheap rate.

Browne's Right Wing, and probably his Army with it, would have gone much to perdition, now that Lobositz was become Prussian, — had not Browne, in the nick of the moment, made a masterly movement: pushed forward his Centre and Left Wing, numerous battalions still fresh, to interpose between the chasing Prussians and those fugitives. The Prussians, infantry only, cannot chase on such terms; the Prussian cavalry, we know, is far rearward on the high ground. Browne retires a mile or two, — southward, Budin-ward, — not chased; and there halts, and rearranges himself; thinking what farther he will do. His aim in fighting had only been to defend himself; and in that humble aim he has failed. Chase of the Prussians over that Homolka-Lobosch country, with the high grounds rearward and the Metal Mountains in their hands, he could in no event have attempted.

The question now is: Will he go back to Budin; or will he try farther towards Schandau? Nature points to the former course, in such circumstances; Friedrich, by way of assisting, does a thing much admired by Lloyd; — detaches Bevern with a strong party southward, out of Lobositz, which is now his, to lay hold of Tschirskowitz, lying Budin-ward, but beyond the Budin Road. Which feat, when Browne hears of it, means to him, "Going to cut me off from Budin, then?" "From my ammunition-stores, from my very bread-cup-board!" And he marches that same midnight, silently, in good order, back to Budin. He is not much ruined; nay the Prussian loss is numerically greater: "3,308 killed and wounded, on the Prussian side; on the Austrian, 2,984, with three cannon taken and two standards." Not ruined at all; but foiled, frustrated; and has to devise earnestly, "What next?" Once rearranged, he may still try.

The Battle lasted seven hours; the last four of it very hot, till Lobositz was won and lost. It was about 5 P.M. when Browne fired his retreat-cannon: — cannon happened to be loaded (say the Anecdote-Books, mythically given now and then); Friedrich, wearied enough, had flung himself into his carriage for a moment's rest, or thankful reflection; and of all places, the ball of the retreat-cannon lighted *there*. Between Friedrich's feet, as he lay reclining, — say the Anecdote-Books, whom nobody is bound to believe.

On the strength of those two Prussian charges, which had retired from case-shot on their flank, and had not wings, for getting over sedge and ooze, Austria pretended to claim the victory. "Two charges repelled

by our gallant horse; Lobositz, indeed, was got on fire, and we had nothing for it but to withdraw; but we took a new position, and only left that for want of water;" — with the like excuses. "Essentially a clear victory," said the Austrians; and sang *Te-Deum* about it; — but profited nothing by that piece of melody. The fact, considerable or not, was, from the first, too undeniable: Browne beaten from the field. And beaten from his attempt too (the Saxons not relievable by this method); and lies quiet in Budin again, — with his water sure to him; but what other advantages gained?

Here are two Letters, brief both, which we may as well read:

1^o. *Friedrich to Wilhelmina* (at Baireuth).

"Lobositz, 4th October 1756.

"MY DEAR SISTER, — Your will is accomplished. Tired out by these Saxon delays, I put myself at the head of my "Army of Bohemia" (Keith's hitherto); "and marched from "Aussig to — a Name which seemed to me of good augury, "being yours, — to the Village of Welmina" (Battle was called *of Welmina*, by the Prussians at first). "I found the "Austrians here, near Lobositz; and, after a Fight of seven "hours, forced them to run. Nobody of your acquaintance "is killed, except Generals Lüderitz and Oerzen" (who are not of ours).

"I return you a thousand thanks for the tender part you "take in my lot. Would to Heaven the valour of my Army "might procure us a stable Peace! That ought to be the "aim of War. Adieu, my dear Sister; I embrace you tenderly, "assuring you of the lively affection with which I am" — "F."*

* *Œuvres*, xxvii. i. 291.

20. *Prince of Prussia to Valori* (who is still at Berlin, but soon going as it proves, — Broglio's explosion at the Lines of Gross-Sedlitz being on hand, during the King's absence, in these very hours*).

"Camp of Lobositz, 5th October 1756.

"You will know the news of the day; and I am persuaded
"you take part in it. All you say to me betokens the con-
"spiracy there is for the destruction of our Country. If that is
"determined in the Book of Fate, we cannot escape it.

"Had my advice been asked, a year ago, I should have
"voted to preserve the Alliance" (with *you*) "which we had
"been used to for sixteen years" (strictly for twelve, though
in substance, ever since 1740), "and which was by nature ad-
"vantageous to us. But if my advice were asked just now,
"I should answer, That the said method being now impos-
"sible, we are in the case of a ship's captain who defends
"himself the best he can, and when all resources are ex-
"hausted, has, rather than surrender on shameful conditions,
"to fire the powder-magazine, and blow up his ship. You
"remember that of your François I." — *Fors l'honneur*; ah
yes, very well! — "Perhaps it will be my poor Children who
"will be the victims of these past errors," — for such I still
think them, I for my part.

"The Gazettes enumerate the French troops that are to
"besiege Wesel, Geldern" (Wesel they will get gratis, poor
Geldern will almost break their heart first), "and take pos-
"session of Ost-Friesland; the Russian Declaration" (Mani-
festo not worth reading) "tells us Russia's intentions for the
"next year" (most truculent intentions): "we will defend
"ourselves, to the last drop of our blood, and perish with
"honour. If you have any counsel farther, I pray you give
"it me.

"Remain always my friend; and believe that in all situa-
"tions I will remain yours; and trying to do what my duty is,
"will not forfeit the sentiments on your part which have been
"so precious to me. Your servant, — GUILLAUME."**

"5th-6th October" (Valori, II. 353).

** Valori, II. 204-206.

"Pity this good Prince contemplating the downfall
"of his House," suggests Valori: "He deserved a better
"fate! He would be in despair to think I had sent
"this Letter to your Excellency; but I thought perhaps
"you would show it to the King," — and that it might
do good one day.* The Prussians lay in their "Camp
of Lobositz," posted up and down in that neighbour-
hood, for a couple of weeks more; waiting whether
Browne would attempt anything farther in the fighting
way; and, in fine, whether the solution of the crisis
would fall out hereabouts or on the other side of the
Hills.

* Valori (to the French Minister, "12th October 1756"), II. 204.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SAXONS GET OUT OF PIRNA ON DISMAL TERMS.

THE disaster of October 1st, — for which they were trying to sing *Te-Deums* at Vienna, — fell heavier on the poor Saxons, in their cage at Pirna: “Alas, where is our deliverance now?” Friedrich’s people, in their lines here, gave them such a “joy-firing” for Lobositz as Retzow has seldom heard; huge volleyings, salvoings, running-fires, starting out, artistically timed and stationed, thunderous, high; and borne by the echoes, gloomily reverberative, into every dell and labyrinth of the Pirna Country; — intended to strike a deeper damp into them, thinks he.* But Imperial Majesty was mindful, too; and straightway sent Browne positive order, “Deliver me these poor Saxons at any price!” And in the course of not quite a week from Lobositz, there arrives a confidential Messenger from Browne: “Courage still, ye caged Saxons; I will try it another way! Only you must hold out till the 11th; on the 11th, stand to your tools, and it shall be done.”

Browne is to take a succinct Detachment, 8,000 picked men, horse and foot; to make a wider sweep with these, well eastward by the foot of Lausitz Hills, and far enough from all Prussian parties and scouts; to march, with all speed and silence, “through Böhm-

* Retzow, I. 67.

“Leipa, Kamnitz, Rumburg, Schluckenau;” and come in upon the Schandau region, quite from the north-east side; say, at Lichtenhayn; an eligible Village, which is but seven miles or so from the Königstein, with the chasmy country and the river intervening. Monday, October 11th, Browne will arrive at Lichtenhayn (sixty miles of circling march from Budin); privately post himself near Lichtenhayn; Prussian posts, of no great strength, lying ahead of him there. You, indignant extenuated Saxons, are to get yourselves across, — near the Königstein it will have to be, under cover of the Königstein’s cannon, — on the front or riverward side of those same Prussian posts: crossing-place (Browne’s Messenger settles) can be Thürmsdorf Hamlet, opposite the Lilienstein, opposite the Hamlets of Ebenheit and Halbstadt there. Königstein fire will cover your bridge and your building of it.

“Monday night next, I say, post yourselves there, with hearts resolute, with powder dry; there, about the eastern roots of the Lilienstein” (beautiful Show Mountain, with stair-steps cut on it for Tourist people, by August the Strong), “and avoid the Prussian battery and abatis which is on it just now! You at Ebenheit, I at Lichtenhayn, trimmed and braced for action, through that Monday night. Tuesday morning, the Königstein, at your beckoning, shall fire two cannon-shots; which shall mean, “All ready here!” Then forward, you, on those Prussian posts by the front; I will attack them by the rear. With right fury, both of us! I am told, they are but weak in those posts; surely, by double impetus, and dead-lift effort from us both, they *can* be forced? Only force them, — you are in the open field again; and you march away with

me, colours flying; your hunger-cage and all your tribulations left behind you!" —

This is Browne's plan. The poor Saxons accept, — what choice have they? — though the question of crossing and bridge-building has its intricacies; and that inevitable item of "postponement till the 11th" is a sore clause to them; for not only are there short and ever shorter rations, but grim famine itself is advancing with large strides. The "daily twenty ounces of meal" has sunk to half that quantity; the "ounce or so of butcher's-meat once a week" has vanished, or become *horse* of extreme leanness. The cavalry horses have not tasted oats, nothing but hay or straw (not even water always); the artillery horses had to live by grazing, brown leaves their main diet latterly. Not horses any longer; but walking trestles, poor animals! And the men, — well, they are fallen pale; but they are resolute as ever. The nine cornmills, which they have in this circuit of theirs, grind now night and day; and all the cavalry are set to thresh whatever grain can be found about; no hind or husbandman shall retain one sheaf: in this way, they hope, utter hunger may be staved off, and the great attempt made.*

Browne skilfully and perfectly did his part of the Adventure. Browne arrives punctually at Lichtenhayn, evening of the 11th; bivouacks, hidden in the Woods thereabouts, in cold damp weather; stealthily reconnoitres the Prussian Villages ahead, and trims himself for assault, at sound of the two cannons tomorrow. But there came no cannon-signal on the mor-

* *Précis de la Retraite de l'Armée Saxonne de son Camp de Pirna* (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*, i. 482-494).

row; far other signallings and messagings tomorrow, and next day, and next, from the Königstein and neighbourhood! "Wait, Excellency Feldmarschall" (writes Brühl to him, Note after Note, instead of signalling from the Königstein): "do wait a very little! You run no risk in waiting; we, even if we *must* yield, will make that our first stipulation!" "You will?" grumbles Browne; and waits, naturally, with extreme impatience. But the truth is, the Adventure, on the Saxon side of it, has already altogether misgone; and becomes, from this point onwards, a mere series of failures, futilities, and disastrous miseries, tragical to think of. Worth some record here, since there are Documents abundant; — especially as Feldmarshall Rutowski (who is General-in-Chief, an old, *not* esteemed, friend of ours) has produced, or caused to be produced, a Narrative, which illuminates the Business from within as well.* The latter is our main Document here:

I know not how much of the blame was General Rutowski's: one could surmise some laxity of effort, and a rather slovenly survey of facts, in that quarter. The Enterprise, from the first, was flatly impossible, say judges; and it is certain, poor Rutowski's execution was not first-rate. "How get across the "Elbe?" Rutowski had said to himself, perhaps not quite with the due rigour of candour proportionate to the rigorous fact: "How get across the Elbe? We have copper pontoons at "Pirna; but they will be difficult to cart. Or we might have a "boat-bridge; boats planked together two and two. At Pirna "are plenty of boats; and by oar and track-rope, the River "itself might be a road for them? Boats or pontoons to "Königstein, by water or land, they must be got. Eight miles

* *Précis*, &c. (just cited); compare *Tagebuch der Einschliessung des sächsischen Lagers bey Pirna* ("Diary," &c., which is the Prussian Account: in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*), II. 22-48.

“of abysmal roads, our horses all extenuated? Impossible to “cart these pontoons!” said Rutowski to himself. — Pity he had not tried it. He had a week to do those eight bad miles in; and 2,000 lean horses, picking grass or brown leaves, while their riders threshed. “We will drag our pontoons by “water, by the Elbe tow-path,” thought Rutowski, “that will “be easier;” — and forthwith sets about preparing for it, secretly collecting boats at Pirna, steersmen, towing-men, bridge-tackle, and what else will be necessary.

Rutowski made, at least, no delay. Browne’s messenger, we find, had come to him, “Thursday, 7th:” and on Friday night Rutowski has a squad of boatmen, steersmen, and two score of towing peasants ready; and actually gets under way. They are escorted by the due battalions with fieldpieces; — who are to fire upon the Prussian batteries, and keep up such a blaze of musketry, and heavier shot, as will screen the boats in passing. Surely a ticklish operation, this; — arguing a sanguine temper in General Rutowski! The south bank of the River is ours; but there are various Prussian batteries, three of them very strong, along the north bank, which will not fail to pelt us terribly as we pass. No help for it; — we must trust in luck! Here is the sequel, with dates adjusted.

Elbe River, Night of October 8th-9th. Friday night, accordingly, so soon as Darkness (unusually dark this night) has dropt her veil on the business, Rutowski sets forth. The Prussian battery, or bridge-head (*tête-de-pont*), at Pirna, has not noticed him, so silent was he. But, alas, the other batteries do not fail to notice; to give fire; and, in fact, on being answered, and finding it a serious thing, to burst out into horrible explosion; unanswerable by the Saxon field-pieces; and surely perilous to human nature steering and towing those big River-Boats. “Loyal to our King, and full of pity for him; that are we;” — but towing at a rate, say of two shillings per head! Before long, the forty towing peasants fling down their ropes, first one, then more, then all, in spite of efforts, promises, menaces; and vanish among the thickets, — forfeiting the two shillings, on view of imminent death. Soldiers take the towing-ropes; try to continue it a little; but now the steersmen also manage to call halt: “We won’t! Let us “out, let us out! We will steer you aground on the Prussian “shore if you don’t!” making night hideous And the tow-

ing enterprise breaks down for that bout; double-barges mooring on the Saxon shore, I know not precisely at what point, nor is it material.

Saturday night, October 9th-10th, New boatmen, forty new tow-men have been hired at immense increase of wages; say four shillings for the night: but have you much good probability, my General, that even for that high guerdon imminence of death can be made indifferent to tow-men? No, you haven't. The matter goes this night precisely as it did last: tow-men vanishing in the horrible cannon-tumult; steersmen shrieking, "We will ground you on the Prussian shore;" very soldiers obliged to give it up; and General Rutowski himself obliged to wash his hands of it, as a thing that cannot be done. In fact, a thing which need not have been tried, had Rutowski been rigorously candid with himself and his hopes, as the facts now prove to be. "Twenty-four hours "lost by this bad business" (says he; "thirty-six," as I count, or, to take it rigorously, "forty-eight" even): and now, Sunday morning instead of Friday, at what, in sad truth, is metaphorically "the eleventh hour," Rutowski has to bethink him of his copper pontoons; and make the impossible carting method possible in a day's time, or do worse.

Sunday, Monday, October 10th, 11th, By unheard-of exertions, all hands and all spent-horses now at a dead-lift effort night and day, Rutowski does get his pontoons carted out of the Pirna storehouse; lands them at Thürmsdorf, — opposite the Lilienstein, — a mile or so short of Königstein, where his Bridge shall be. It is now the 11th, at night. And our pontoons are got to the ground, nothing more. Every man of us, at this hour, should have been across, and trimming himself to climb, with bayonet fixed! Browne is ready, expecting our signal-shot to storm in on his side. And our bridge is not built, only the pontoons here. "All things went perverse," adds Rutowski, for farther comfort: "we" (Saxon Home-Army) "had with us, except Officers, only Four Pontoneers, "or trained Bridge-builders; all the rest are at Warsaw:" sad thought, but too late to think it!

Tuesday, till Wednesday early (12th-13th), Bridge, the four Pontoneers, with Officers and numb soldiers doing their best, is got built; — Browne waiting for us, on thorns, all day; Prussians extensively beginning to strengthen their posts,

about the Lilienstein, about Lichtenhayn, or where risk is; and in fact, pouring across to that northern side, quite aware of Rutowski and Browne.

That same night, 12th-13th, while the Bridge was struggling to complete itself, — rain now falling, and tempests broken out, — the Saxon Army, from Pirna down to Hennersdorf, had lifted itself from its Lines, and got under way towards Thürmsdorf, and the crossing-place. Dark night, plunging rain; all the elements in uproar. The worst roads in nature; now champed doubly; “such roads as never any Army marched on before.” Most of their cannon are left standing; a few they had tried to yoke broke down; “and choked up the narrow road altogether; so that “the cavalry had to dismount, and lead their horses “by side-paths,” — figure what side-paths! Distance to Thürmsdorf, from any point of the Saxon Lines, cannot be above six miles: but it takes them all that night and all next day. Such a march as might fill the heart with pity. Oh, ye Rutowskis, Brühls, though never so decorated by twelve tailors, what a sight are ye at the head of men! Dark night, wild raging weather, labyrinthic roads worn knee-deep. It is broad daylight, Wednesday 13th, and only the vanguard is yet got across, trailing a couple of cannons; and splashes about, endeavouring to take rank there, in spite of wet and hunger; rain still pouring, wind very high.

Nothing of Browne comes, this Wednesday; but, from the opposite Gross-Sedlitz and Gottleube side, the Prussians are coming. This morning, at daylight, struck by symptoms, “the Prussians mounted our

empty redoubts:" they are now in full chase of us, Ziethen with Hussars as vanguard. A difficult bit of marching, even Ziethen and his light people find it; sprawling forward, at their cheriest, with daylight to help, and in chase, not chased, through such intricacies of rock and mud. Ziethen's company did not assist the Saxons! They wheel round, show fight, and there is volleying and bickering all day; the Saxon march getting ever more perturbed. Nearly all the baggage has to be left. Ziethen takes into the woods near Thürmsdorf; giving fire as the poor wet Saxons, now much in a pell-mell condition, pass to their Bridge.* Heavier Prussians are striding on to rear; these, from some final hilltop, do at last belch out two cannon-shots: figure the confusion at that Bridge, the speed now becoming delirious there! Towards evening, rain still violent, the Saxons, baggage-less, and rushing quite pell-mell the latter part of them, are mostly across, still countable to 14,000 or so; — upon which they cut their Bridge adrift, and let the river take it. At Raden, a few miles lower, the Prussians fished it out; rebuilt it more deliberately, — and we shall find it there anon. This day Friedrich, hearing what is afoot, has returned in person from the Lobositz Country; takes Struppen as his head-quarter, which was lately the Polish Majesty's.

From Browne there has nothing come this Wednesday; but tomorrow morning at seven, there comes a Letter from him, written this night at ten; to the effect:

* Prussian Account (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*), I. 852.

"Headquarter, Lichtenhayn, Wednesday, October 13th, 10 P.M.

"*Excellenz*, — Have" (omitting the I) "waited here at Lichtenhayn since Tuesday, expecting your signal-cannon; hearing nothing of it, conclude you have by misfortune not been able to get across; and that the Enterprise is up. My own position being dangerous" (Prussians of double my strength entrenched within few miles of me), "I turn homewards tomorrow at nine A.M.; ready for whatever occurs till then; and sorrowfully say adieu." *

Dreadful weather for Browne in his bivouac, and wearisome waiting, with Prussians and perils accumulating on him! Browne was ill of lungs; coughing much; lodging, in these violent tempests, on the cold ground. A right valiant soldier and man, as does appear; the flower of all the Irish Brownes (though they have quite forgotten him, in our time), and of all those Irish Exiles then tragically spending themselves in Austrian quarrels! "You saw the great man," says one who seems to have been present, "how he sacrificed himself to this Enterprise. What Austrian Fieldmarshal but himself would ever have lowered his loftiness to lead, in person, so insignificant a Detachment, merely for the public good! I have seen staff-officers, distinguished only by their sasheries and insignia, who would not have stirred to inspect a vedette without 250 men. Our Fieldmarshal was of another turn. Sharing with his troops all the hardships, none excepted, of these critical days; and in spite of a violent cough, which often brought the visible blood from his lungs, and had quite worn him down; exposing himself, like the meanest of the Army, to the tempests of rainy weather. Think what a sight it was, going to your very heart, and summoning you to endurance of every hardship, — that evening" (not said which), "when the Fieldmarshal, worn out with his fatigues and his disorder, sank out of fainting-fits into a sleep! The ground was his bed, and the storm of clouds his coverlid. In crowds his brave war-comrades gathered round; stripped their cloaks, their coats, and strove in noble rivalry which of them should have the

* *Précis*, (ut *suprà*), p. 493; *Helden-Geschichte*, III. 940; &c.

“happiness to screen the Father of the Army at their own
“cost of exposure, and by any device keep the pelting of the
“weather from that loved head!”* There is a picture for
you, in the heights of Lichtenhayn, as you steam past
Schandau, in contemplative mood; and perhaps think of
“Justice to Ireland!” among other sad thoughts that rise.

From Thürmsdorf to the Ponton-Bridge, there was
a kind of road; down which the Saxons scrambled,
yesterday; and, by painful degrees, got wriggled across.
But, on the other shore, forward to the Hamlets of
Halbstadt and Ebenheit, there is nothing but a steep
slippery footpath: figure what a problem for the 14,000
in such weather! Then at Ebenheit, close behind,
Browne-wards, where Browne now there, rises the Lilien-
stein, abrupt rocky mountain, its slopes on both hands
washed by the River (River making its first elbow
here, closely girdling this Lilienstein): on both these
slopes are Prussian batteries, each with its abatis,
needing to be stormed: — that will be your first
operation. Abatis and slopes of the Lilienstein once
stormed, you fall into a valley or hollow, raked again
by Prussian batteries; and will have to mount, still
storming, out of the valley, skyhigh across the Ziegen-
rück (*Goat's-back*) ridge: that is your second preliminary
operation. After which you come upon the work itself;
namely, the Prussian redoubts at Lichtenhayn, and 12,000
men on them by this time! A modern Tourist says,
reminding or informing:

“From the Königstein to Pirna, Elbe, if serpentine, is like
“a serpent rushing at full speed. Just past the Königstein,
“the Elbe, from westward, as its general course is, turns

* Cogniazo, *Geständnisse eines Oesterreichischen Veterans*, II. 251.

“suddenly to northward; runs so for a mile and half; then,
 “just before getting to the *Bastei* at Raden, turns suddenly to
 “westward again, and so continues. Tourists know Raden,”
 — where the Prussians have just fished out a Bridge for
 themselves, — “with the *Bastei* high aloft to west of it. The
 “Old Inn, hospitable though sleepless, stands pleasantly
 “upon the River brink, overhung by high cliffs: close on its
 “left side, or in the intricacies to rear of it, are huts and
 “houses, sprinkled about, as if burrowed in the sandstone;
 “more comfortably than you could expect. The site is a
 “narrow dell, narrow chasm, with labyrinthic chasms branch-
 “ing off from it; narrow and gloomy as seen from the River,
 “but opening out even into cornfields as you advance in-
 “wards: work of a small Brook, which is still industriously
 “tinkling and gushing there, and has in Pre-Adamite times
 “been a lake, and we know not what. Nieder-Raden, this, on
 “the north side of the River; of Ober-Raden, on the south
 “side, there is nothing visible from your Inn windows,” — nor
 have we anything to do with it farther. An older Guide of
 Tourists yields us this second Fraction (capable of conden-
 sation):

“* * To Halbstadt, thence to Ebenheit, your path is
 “steeper and steeper; from Ebenheit to the Lilienstein you
 “take a guide. The Mountain is conical; coarse *red* sand-
 “stone; steps cut for you where needed: August the Strong’s
 “Hunting-Lodge (*Jagdhütte*) is here (August went thither in a
 “grand way, 1708, with his Wife); Lodge still extant, by the
 “side of a wood; — Lilienstein towering huge and sheer,
 “solitary, grand, like some colossal Pillar of the Cyclops,
 “from this round Pediment of Country which you have been
 “climbing; tops of Lilienstein plumed everywhere with fir
 “and birch, Pediment also very green and woody. August
 “the Strong, grandly visiting here, 1708, on finish of those
 “stair-steps cut for you, set up an Ebenezer, or Column of
 “Memorial at this Hunting Hut, with Inscription which can
 “still be read, though now with difficulty in its time-worn
 “state:

““*Friedericus Augustus, Rex*” (of what? Dare not say of
Poland just now, for fear of Charles XII.), ““*et Elector Sax., ut*
 ““*Fortunam virtute, ita asperam hanc Rupem primus*” (primus
 not of men, but of Saxon Electors) ““*superavit, Aditumque faci-*

“*liorem reddi curavit. Anno 1708.*” — “*Ut Fortunam virtute,*
“As his fortune by valour, so he conquered this rugged rock
“by” — Poor devil, only hear him; — and think how good
Nature is (for the time being) to poor devils and their 354
bastards! *

Brühl and the Polish Majesty, safe enough they, and snug in the Königstein, are clear for advancing: “Die like soldiers, for your King and Country!” writes Polish Majesty, “Thursday, two in the morning:” that also Rutowski reads; and I think still other Royal Autographs, sent as Postscripts to that. From the Königstein they duly fire off the two Cannon-shot, as signal that we are coming; signal which Browne, just in the act of departing, never heard, owing to the piping of the winds and rattling of the rain. “Advance, my heroes!” counsel they: “You cannot drag your ammunitions, say you; your poor couple of big guns? Here are his Majesty’s own royal horses for that service!” — and, in effect, the royal stud is heroically flung open in this pressure; and a splashing column of sleek quadrupeds, “150 royal draught-horses, early in the forenoon,”** swim across to Ebenheit accordingly, if that could encourage. And “about noon, there is strong cannonading from the Königstein, as signal to Browne,” who is off. Polish Majesty looking with his

* M.(agister) Wilhelm Lebrecht Götzingen, *Schandau und seine Umgebungen, oder Beschreibung der Sächsischen Schweitz* (Dresden, 1812) pp. 145-148. Götzingen, who designates himself as “Pastor at Neustadt near Stolpen” (north-west border of the Pirna Country), has made of this (which would now be called a *Tourist’s Guide*, and has something geological in it) a modest, good little Book, put together with industry, clearness, brevity. Gives interesting Narrative of our present Business, too, as gathered from his “Father” and other good sources and testimonies.

** Götzingen, p. 156.

spy-glass in an astonishing manner. In vain! Rutowski and his Council of War, — sitting wet in a hut of Ebenheit, with 14,000 starved men outside, who have stood seventy-two hours of rain, for one item, — see nothing for it but “surrender on such terms as we can get.”

“In fact,” independently of weather and circumstances, the *Enterprise*,” says Friedrich, “was radically impossible; nobody that had known the ground could have judged it other.” Rutowski had not known it, then? Browne never pretended to know it. Rutowski was not candid with the conditions; the conditions never known nor candidly looked at; and *they* are now replying to him with candour enough. From the first his *Enterprise* was a final flicker of false hope; going out, as here, by spasm, in the rigours of impossibility and flat despair.

That column of royal horses sent splashing across the River, — that was the utmost of self-sacrifice which I find recorded of his Polish Majesty in this matter. He was very obstinate; his Brühl and he were. But his conduct was not very heroic. That royal Autograph, “General Rutowski, and ye true Saxons, attack these Prussian lines, then; sell your lives like men” (not like Brühl and me), must have fallen cold on the heart, after seventy-two hours of rain! Rutowski’s wet Council of War, in the hut at Ebenheit, rain still pouring, answers unanimously, “That it were a leading of men to the butchery;” that there is nothing for it but surrender. Brühl and Majesty can only answer: “Well-a-day; it must be so, then!” — Winterfeld, Prussian Commander hereabouts, grants Armistice, grants liberal

“wagon-loads of bread” first of all; terms of Capitulation to be settled at Struppen tomorrow.

Friday, October 15th, Rutowski goes across to Struppen, the late Saxon head-quarter, now Friedrich's; — Friday gone a fortnight was the Day of Lobositz. Winterfeld and he are the negotiators there; Friedrich ratifying or refusing by marginal remarks. The terms granted are hard enough: but they must be accepted. First preliminary of all terms has already been accepted: a gift of bread to these poor Saxons; their haversacks are empty, their cartridge-boxes drowned; it has rained on them three days and nights. Last upshot of all terms is still well known to everybody: That the 14,000 Saxons are compelled to become Prussian, and “forced to volunteer”!

That had been Friedrich's determination, and reading of his rights in the matter, now that hard had come to hard. “You refused all terms; you have resisted to death (or death's-door); and are now at discretion!” Of the question, What is to be done with those Saxons? Friedrich had thought a great deal, first and last; and had found it very intricate, — as readers too will, if they think of it. “Prisoners of War, — to keep them locked up, with trouble and expense, in that fashion? They can never be exchanged: Saxony has now nothing to exchange them with; and Austria will not. Their obstinacy has had costs to me; who of us can count what costs! In short, they shall volunteer!”

“Never did I, for my poor part, authorise such a thing,” loudly asseverated Rutowski afterwards. And indeed the Capitulation is not precise on that interesting point. A lengthy Document, and not worth the least

perusal otherwise; we condense it into three articles, all grounding on this general Basis, not deniable by Rutowski: "The Saxon Army, being at such a pass, ready to die of hunger, if we did *not* lift our finger, has, so to speak, become our property; and we grant it the following terms:"

"1°. Kettledrums, standards, and the like insignia, and matters of honour, — carry these to the Königstein, with my regretful respects to his Polish Majesty. Königstein to be a neutral Fortress during this War. Polish Majesty at perfect liberty to go to Warsaw" (as he on the instant now did, and never returned).

"2°. Officers to depart on giving their parole, Not to serve against us during this War" (Parole given, nothing like too well kept).

"3°. Rest of the Army, with all its equipments, munitions, soul and body (so to speak), is to surrender utterly, and be ours, as all Saxony shall for the present be." *

That is, in sum, the Capitulation of Struppen. Nothing articulate in it about the one now interesting point, — and in regard to that, I can only fancy Rutowski might interject, interrogatively, perhaps at some length: "Our soldiers to be Prisoners of War, then?" "Prisoners; yes, clearly, — unless they choose to volunteer, and have a better fate! Prisoners can volunteer. They are at discretion; they would die, if we did *not* lift our finger!" thus I suppose Winterfeld would rejoin, if necessary; — and that, in the Winterfeld-Rutowski Conferences, the thing had probably been kept in a kind of *chiaroscuro* by both parties.

* In *Helden-Geschichte*, III. 920-928, at full length, — with Friedrich's *marginalia* noticeably brief.

Very certain it is, Sunday, 17th October 1756, Capitulation being signed the night before, Friedrich goes across at Nieder-Raden (where the Pilgrim of the Picturesque now climbs to see the *Bastei*; where the Prussians have, by this time, a Bridge thrown together out of those Pontoons), — goes across at Nieder-Raden, up that chasmy Pass; rides to the Heights of Waltersdorf, in the opener country behind; and pauses there, while the captive Saxon Army defiles past him, laying down its arms at his feet. Unarmed, and now under Prussian word of command, these Ex-Saxon soldiers go on defiling; march through by that Chasm of Nieder-Raden; cross to Ober-Raden; and, in the plainer country thereabouts, are, — in I know not what length of hours, but in an incredibly short length, so swift is the management, — changed wholly into Prussian soldiers: “obliged to volunteer,” every one of them!

That is the fact; fact loudly censured; fact surely questionable, — to what intrinsic degree, I at this moment do not know. Fact much blamable before the loose public of mankind; upon which I leave men to their verdict. It is not a fact which invites imitation, as we shall see! Fact how accomplished; by what methods? that would be the question with me; but even that is left dark. “The horse regiments, three of “heavy horse, he broke; and distributed about, a good “few in his own Garde-du-Corps.” Three other horse regiments were in Poland, the sole Saxon Army now left, — of whom, at least of one man among whom, we may happen to hear. “Ten foot regiments” (what was reckoned a fault) “he left together; in Prussian

“uniform, with Prussian Officers. They were scattered
“up and down; put in garrisons; not easy handling
“them: they deserted by whole companies at a time
“in the course of this War.”* Not a measure for
imitation, as we said! — How Friedrich defended such
hard conduct to the Saxons? Reader, I know only that
Destiny and Necessity, urged on by Saxons and others,
was hard as adamant upon Friedrich at this time; and
that Friedrich did not the least dream of making any
defence; — and will have to take your verdict, such
as it may be.

Moritz of Dessau had a terrible Winter of it,
organising and breaking-in these Saxon people, — got
by press-gang in this way. Polish Majesty, “with 500
of suite,” had driven instantly for Warsaw; post-horses
most politely furnished him, and all the Prussian posts
and soldieries well kept out of his road, — road chosen
for him to that end. Poor soul, he never came back.
For six years coming, he saw, from Warsaw in the
distance (amid anarchy and *nie-poz-walam*, which he
never lacked there), the wide War raging, in Saxony
especially; and died soon after it was done. Nor did
Brühl return, except broken by that event, and to die
in few months after. Let us pity the poor fat-goose of
a Majesty (not ill-natured at all, only stupid and idle):
some pity even to the doomed-phantasm Brühl, if you
can; — and thank Heaven to have got done with such
a pair! —

Friedrich's treatment of the Saxon Troops, Saxon
Majesty and Country: who shall say that it was wise

* Preuss, II. 22, 135; in Stenzel (v. 16-20) more precise details.

in all points? It would be singular treatment, if it were! In all things, *After* is so different from *Before* and *During*. The truth is, Friedrich hoped long to have made some agreement with the Saxons. And readers now, in the universal silence, have no notion of Friedrich's complexities from fact, and of the loud howl of hostile rumour, which was piping through all journals, diplomacies, and foreign human throats, against him at that time.

"The essential passages of War and Peace," says a certain Commentator, "during those Five weeks of Pirna, can be made intelligible in small compass. But how the world argued of them then and afterwards and rang with hot Gazetteer and Diplomatic logic from side to side, no reader will now ever know. A world-tornado extinct, gone: — think of the sounds uttered from human windpipes, shrill with rage some of them, hoarse others with ditto; of the vituperations, execrations, printed and vocal, — grating harsh thunder upon Friedrich and this new course of his. Huge melody of Discords, shrieking, droning, grinding on that topic, through the afflicted Universe in general, for certain years. The very Pamphlets printed on it, — cannot Dryasdust give me the number of tons weight, then? Dead now every Pamphlet of them; a thing fallen horrible to human nature; extinct forever, as is the wont in such cases."

I will give only this of Voltaire; a mild Epigram, done at *The Délices*, in pleasant view of Ferney and good things coming. A bolt shot into the storm-tost Sea and its wreckages, by a Mariner now cheerily drying his clothes on the shore there; — in fact, an indifferent Epigram, on Kings Friedrich and George, which is now flying about in select circles:

“*Rivaux du Vainqueur de l'Euphrate,*
 “*L'Oncle et le Neveu,*
 “*L'un fait la guerre en pirate,*
 “*L'autre en parti bleu.*”

“Rivals of Alexander the Great, this Uncle and Nephew “make war, the one as a Pirate” (seizure of those French ships), “the other” (Saxony stolen) “as Captain of an Accidental Thieving-Squad,” — *parti bleu*, as the French soldiers call it.*

Pirna was no sooner done than Friedrich returned to the “Camp of Lobositz,” where his victorious Keith-Army has been lying all this while. The Camp of Lobositz, and all Camps Prussian and Austrian, are about to strike their tents, and proceed to Winter-quarters, to prepare against next Spring. Friedrich set off thither, October 18th (the very day after that of Waltersdorf); with intent to bring home Keith’s Army, and see if Browne meant anything farther (which Browne did not, or does only in the small Tolpatch way); also to meet Schwerin, whom he had summoned over from Silesia for a little conference there. Schwerin, after eating Königsgrätz Country well, — which was all he could do, as Piccolomini would not come out, and we know how strong the ground is, — had retired to Silesia again, in due season (snapping up, in a sharply conclusive manner, any Tolpatcheries that attempted chase of him); taken Winter cantonments in Silesia, headquarter Schweidnitz; and is now getting his Instructions, here personally, in the Metal-Mountains, for a day or two.**

* Walpole’s *Letters*, “To Sir Horace Mann, 8th December 1756.”

** *Helden-Geschichte*, III. 946, 948.

Friedrich brought his Keith-Army home to Gross-Sedlitz, to join the other Force there; and distributed the whole into their Winter-quarters. Cantoned far and wide, spreading out from Pirna on both hands: on the left or western hand, by Zwickau, Freyberg, Chemnitz, up to Leipzig, Torgau; and on the right or north-east hand, by Zittau, Görlitz, Bautzen, to protect the Lausitz against Austrian inroads, — while a remote Detachment, under Winterfeld, watches the Bober River, with similar views.* All which done, or settled to be done, Friedrich quits Gross-Sedlitz, November 14th; and takes up his abode at Dresden for this Winter.

* In *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 948 et seq., a minute List by Place and Regiment.

CHAPTER VIII.

WINTER IN DRESDEN.

THE Saxon Army is incorporated, then; its King gone under the horizon; the Saxon Country has a Prussian Board set over it, to administer all things of Government, especially to draw taxes and recruits from Saxony. Torgau, seat of this new Board, has got fortified; "1,500 inhabitants were requisitioned as spade-men for that end, at first with wages," — latterly, I almost fear, without! The Saxon Ministers are getting drilled, cashiered if necessary; and on all hands, rigorous methods going forward; — till Saxony is completely under grasp; in which state it was held very tight indeed, for the six years coming. There is no detailing of all that; details, were they even known to an Editor at such distance, would weary every reader. Enough to understand that Friedrich has not on this occasion, as he did in 1744, omitted to disarm Saxony, to hobble it in every limb, and have it, at discretion, tied as with ropes to his interests and him.* His management was never accounted cruel; and it was studiously the reverse of violent or irregular: but it had to be rigorous as the facts were; — nor was it the worst, or reckoned the worst, of Saxony's miseries in this time.

Poor Country, suffering for its Brühl! In the Coun-

* *Helden-Geschichte*, III. 946-956.

try, except for its Brühl, there was no sin against Prussia; the reverse rather. The Saxon population, as Protestants, have no goodwill to Austria and its aims of aggrandisement. In Austrian spy-letters, now and afterwards, they are described to us as "*gut Preussisch*;" "strong for Prussia, the most of them, even in Dresden itself."

Whether Friedrich could have had much real hope to end the War this Year, or scare it off from beginning, may be a question. If he had, it is totally disappointed. The Saxon Government has brought ruin on itself and Country, but it has been of great damage to Friedrich. Would Polish Majesty have consented to disband his soldiers, and receive Friedrich with a *bonâ-fide* "Neutrality," Friedrich could have passed the Mountains still in time for a heavy stroke on Bohemia, which was totally unprepared for such a visit. And he might, — from the Towers of Prag, for instance, — have, far more persuasively, held out the olive-branch to an astonished Empress-Queen: "Leave me alone, Madam; will you, then! Security for that; I wanted and want nothing more!" But Polish Majesty, taking on him the character of Austrian martyr, and flinging himself into the gulf, has prevented all that; has turned all that the other way.

Austria, it appears, is quite ungrateful: "Wasn't he bound?" thinks Austria, — as its wont rather is. Forgetful of the great deliverance wrought for it by poor Polish Majesty; whom it could not deliver — except into bottomless wreck! Austria, grateful or not, stands unscathed; has time to prepare its Armaments, its vocal Arguments: Austria is in higher provocation

than ever; and its very Arguments, highly vocal to the Reich and the world, "Is not this man a robber, and enemy of mankind?" do Friedrich a great deal of ill. Friedrich's sudden Campaign, instead of landing him in the heart of the Austrian States, there to propose Peace, has kindled nearly all Europe into flames of rage against him, — which will not consist in words merely! Never was misunderstanding of a man at a higher pitch: "Such treatment of a peaceable Neighbour and Crowned Head, — witness it, ye Heavens and thou Earth!" Dauphiness falling on her knees to Most Christian Majesty; "Princess and dearest Sister" to Most Christian Majesty's Pompadour; especially no end of Pleading to the German Reich, in a furious, Delphic-Pythoness or quasi-inspired tone: all this goes on.

From the time when Pirna was blockaded, Kaiser Franz, his high Consort and sense of duty urging him, has been busy in the Reich's-Hofrath (kind of Privy-Council or Supreme Court of the Reich, which sits at Vienna); busy there, and in the Reich's Diet at Regensburg; busy everywhere, with utmost diligence over Teutschland; — forging Reich thunder. Manifestos, *Hof-Decrets*, *Dehortatoriums*, *Excitatoriums*; so goes it, exploding like Vesuvius, shock on the back of shock: — 20th September it began; and lasts, *crescendo*, through Winter and onwards, at an extraordinary rate.* Of all which, leaving readers to imagine it, we will say nothing, — except that it points towards "Armed Interference by the Reich," "Reich's Execution Army;" nay towards "Ban of the Reich" (total excommunica-

* In *Helden-Geschichte* (iv. 163-174; iii. 956; and indeed *passim* through those Volumes), the Originals in frightful superabundance.

tion of this Enemy of Mankind, and giving of him up to Satan, by bell, book and candle), which is a kind of thunderbolt not heard of for a good few ages past! Thunderbolt thought to be gone mainly to *rust*, by the judicious; — which, however, the poor old Reich did grasp again, and attempt to launch. As perhaps we shall have to notice by and by, among the miracles going.

France too, urged by the noblest concern, feels itself called upon. France magnanimously intimates to the Reich's Diet, once and again, "That Most Christian Majesty is guarantee of the Treaty of Westphalia; Most Christian Majesty cannot stand such procedures;" and then the second time, "That Most Christian Majesty will interfere practically," — by 100,000 men and odd.* In short, the sleeping world-whirlwinds are awakened against this man. General Dance of the Furies; there go they, in the dusky element, those Eumenides, "giant-limbed, serpent-haired, slow-pacing, circling, torch in hand" (according to Schiller), — scattering terror and madness. At least, in the Diplomatic Circles of mankind; — if haply the Populations will follow suit! —

Friedrich, abundantly contemptuous of Reich's-thunder in the rusted kind, and well able to distinguish sound from substance in the Reich or elsewhere, recognises in all this sufficiently portentous prophecies of fact withal; and understands, none better, what a perilous position he has got into. But he cannot mend it; — can only, as usual, do his own utmost in it. As readers will believe he does; and that his vigilance and diligence are very great. Continual, ubiquitous, and

* *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 340 ("26th March 1757").

at the top of his bent, one fancies his effort must have been, — though he makes no noise on the subject. Considerable work he has with Hanover, this Winter; with the poor English Government, and their "Army of Observation," which is to appear in the Hanover parts, *versus* those 100,000 French, next Spring. To Hanover he has sent Schmettau (the Younger Schmettau, Elder is now dead) in regard to said Army; has made a new and closer Treaty with England (impossible to be fulfilled on poor England's part); — and laments, as Mitchell often does, the tragically embroiled condition of that Country, struggling so vehemently, to no purpose, to get out of bed, and not unlike strangling or smothering itself in its own blankets, at present! With and in regard to Saxony, his work is of course extremely considerable; and in regard to his own Army, and its coming Business, considerablest of all. Counter-Manifesto work, to state his case in a distinct manner, and leave it with the Populations if the Diplomacies are deaf; this too is copiously proceeding; under Artists who probably do not require much supervision. In fact, no King living has such servants, in the Civil or the Military part, to execute his will. And no King so little wastes himself in noises; a King who has good command of *himself*, first of all; not to be thrown off his balance, by any terror, any provocation even, though his temper is very sharp.

Friedrich in person is mainly at Dresden, lodged in the Brühl Palace; — endless wardrobes and magnificences there; three hundred and sixty-four Pairs of Breeches hanging melancholy, in a widowed manner: *C'est assez de culottes; montrez-moi des vertus!* Brühl is far away, in Poland; Madam Brühl has still her Apart-

ments in this Palace, — a frugal King needs only the necessary spaces. Madam Brühl is very busy here; and not to good purpose, being well seen into. “She “had a cask of wine sent her from Warsaw” says Friedrich; “orders were given to decant for her every “drop of the wine, but to be sure and bring us the “cask.” Cask was found to have two bottoms, intermediate space filled with spy-correspondence. Madam Brühl protests and pleads, Friedrich not unpolite in reply; his last Letter to her says, “Madam, it is better that you go and join your Husband.”

Another high Dame gets sausages from Bohemia; — some of Friedrich’s light troops have an appetite, beyond strict law, for sausages; break in, find Letters along with the other stuffing.* Friedrich has a good deal of watching and coercing to do in that kind, — some arresting, conveyance even to Cüstrin for a time, though nothing crueller proved needful. To the poor Queen he keeps up civilities, but is obliged to be strict as Argus; — she made him a Gift too, the *Night* of Correggio, admired *Notte* of Correggio; having heard that he sat before it silent for half an hour, on entering that fine Gallery, — which is due to our Sovereign Lord and his Brühl, alas! On the other hand, Friedrich had to take from her Majesty’s Royal Abode those Hundred Swiss of Bodyguard; to discharge the same, and put Prussians in their stead. Nay, at one time, on loud outcry from her Majesty, and great private cause of complaint against her, there was talk of sending the poor Royal Lady to Warsaw, after her Husband; but her objection being violent, nothing came of that:

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 108; Mitchell, “27th March 1757” (Raumer, p. 321).

Winter following, her poor Majesty died,* and gave nobody any farther trouble.

Friedrich's outposts, especially in the Lausitz, are a good deal disturbed by Austrian Tolpatcheries; and do feats, heroic in the small way, in smiting down that rabble. A valuable Officer or two is lost in such poor service, poor but indispensable;** and the troops have not always the repose which is intended them. Lieutenant-Colonel Loudon (Scotch by kindred, and famous enough before long) is the soul of these Croat enterprises, — and gets his Colonelcy by them, in a month or two; Browne recommending. Loudon had arrived too late for Lobositz, but had been with Browne to Schandau; and, on the march homewards, did a bright feat of the Croat kind: — surprisal, very complete, of that Hill-Castle of Tetschen and considerable Hussar Party there; done in a style which caught the eye of Browne; and was the beginning of great things to poor Loudon, after his twenty years of painful eclipse under the Indigo Trencks, and miscellaneous Doggeries, Austrian and Russian.***

Tetschen, therefore, will again need capture by the Prussians, if they again intend that way. And in the mean while, Friedrich, to counterpoise those mischievous Croat people, has bethought him of organising a similar Force of his own; — Foot chiefly, for, on hint of former experience, he already has Hussars in quantity. And, this Winter, there are accordingly, in different Saxon Towns, three Irregular Regiments

* 27th November 1757.

** Funeral Discourses (of a very curious, ponderous and serious tone), in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*, II. 458, 464, &c.

*** *La Vie du Feldmaréchal Baron de Loudon* (Translation of one Pezzl's German: à Vienne et à Paris, 1792), I. 1-32.

getting ready for him; three "Volunteer Colonels" busily enlisting each his "Free Corps," such the title chosen; — chief Colonel of them one Mayer, now in Zwickau neighbourhood, with 6 or 700 loose handy fellows round him, getting formed into strict battalion there:* of whom, and of whose soldiering, we shall hear further. For the plan was found to answer; and extended itself year after year; and the "Prussian Free Corps," one way and another, made considerable noise in the world.

Outwardly Friedrich's Life is quiet; busy, none can be more so; but to the onlooker, placid, polite especially. He hears sermon once or twice in the Kreuz-Kirche (Protestant High Church); then next day, will hear good music, devotional if you call it so, in the Catholic Church, where her Polish Majesty is. Daily at the old hour he has his own Concert, now and then assisting with his own flute. Makes donations to the Poor, and such like, due from Saxon Sovereignty while held by him; on the other hand, reduces salaries at a sad rate: Guarini, Queen's Confessor, from near 2,000*l.*, to little more than 300*l.*, for one instance; — cuts off about 25,000*l.* in all, under this head.** And is heavy with billeting, as new Prussians arrive. Billets at length in the very Ambassadors' Hotels, — and by way of apology to the Excellencies, signifies to them in a body: "Sorry for the necessity, your Excellencies: but ought not you to go to Warsaw rather? Your credentials are to his Polish Majesty. He is not here; nor coming hither, for some time!" Which hint, I sup-

* Pauli (our old diffuse friend), *Leben grosser Helden des gegenwärtigen Krieges* (9 voll., Halle, 1759-1764), III. 159, § Mayr.

** *Helden-Geschichte*, IV. 306 ("December 1756").

pose, the Excellencies mostly took. From his own Forests there came by the Elbe great rafts of fire-wood, to warm his soldiers in their quarters. Once or twice he makes excursions, of a day, of two days; to the Lausitz, to Leipzig (through Freyberg, where he has a post of importance); — very gracious to the University people: "Students be troubled with soldiering? Far from it, ye learned Gentlemen, servants of the Muses! Recruitment, a lamentable necessity, is to go on under your own Official people, and wholly by the old methods." *

Once and once only he made a run to Berlin, January 4th-13th, 1757: the last for six years and more. Came with great despatch, Brother Henri with him, whole journey in one day; got "to his Mother's about 11 at night." ** A joyful meeting for the kindred: cheerful light-gleam in the dark time, so suddenly eclipsed to them and others by those hurricanes that have risen. His Majesty seems to be in perfect health; and wears no look of gloom. At Berlin is no Carnival this year; all are grave, sunk in sad contemplations of the future. Of his businesses in this interval, which were many, I will say nothing; only of one little Act he did, the day before his departure: the writing of this *Secret Letter of Instructions* to Graf Finck von Finckenstein, his chief Home Minister, one of his old boy-comrades, as readers may recollect. The Letter was read by Count Finck with profound attention, 11th

* *Heldengeschichte*, iv. 303-313; *Universitätsanschlag zu Leipzig, wegen der Werbung* ("University-Placard about Enlisting:" in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*, i. 811).

** *Ib.* iv. 308.

January 1757, and conned over till he knew every point of it; after which he sealed it up, inscribing on the Cover: "*Höchsteigenhändige und ganz geheime*" — that is, "Highest-Autographic and altogether Secret Instructions, by the King, which, with the Appen-
"dixes, were delivered to me, Graf von Finckenstein, "the 12th of January 1757." In this docketing it lay, sealed for many years (none knows how many), then unsealed, still in strict keeping, in the Private Royal Archives,* — till on Friedrich's Birthday, 24th January 1854, it was, with some solemnity, lithographed at Berlin, and distributed to a select public, — as readers shall see.

"Secret Instruction for the Graf von Finck.

"Berlin, 10th January 1757.

"In the critical situation our affairs are in, I ought to give
"you my orders, so that in all the disastrous cases which are
"in the possibility of events, you be authorised for taking the
"necessary steps.

"1°. If it chanced (which Heaven forbid) that one of my
"Armies in Saxony were totally beaten; or that the French
"should drive the Hanoverians from their Country" (which
they failed not to do), "and establish themselves there, and
"threaten us with an invasion into the Altmark; or that the
"Russians should get through by the Neumark, — you are to
"save the Royal Family, the principal *Dicasteria*" (Land-
Schedules, Lists of Tax-dues), "the Ministries and the Direc-
"torium" (which is the central Ministry of all). "If it is in
"Saxony on the Leipzig side that we are beaten, the fittest
"place for the removal of the Royal Family, and of the
"Treasure, is to Cüstrin: in such case the Royal Family and
"all above-named must go, escorted by the whole Garrison"
of Berlin, "to Cüstrin. If the Russians entered by the Neu-
"mark, or if a misfortune befel us in the Lausitz, it would be
"to Magdeburg that all would have to go: in fine, the last

* Preuss, i. 449.

“refuge is Stettin, — but you must not go till the last extremity. The Garrison, the Royal Family, and the Treasure are inseparable, and go always together: to this must be added the Crown Diamonds, the Silver Plate in the Grand Apartments, — which, in such case, as well as the Gold Plate, must be at once coined into money.

“If it happened that I were killed, the Public Affairs must go on without the smallest alteration, or its being noticeable that they are in other hands: and, in this case, you must hasten forward the Oaths and Homagings, as well here as in Preussen; and, above all, in Silesia. If I should have the fatality to be taken prisoner by the Enemy, I prohibit all of you from paying the least regard to my person, or taking the least heed of what I might write from my place of detention. Should such misfortune happen me, I wish to sacrifice myself for the State; and you must obey my Brother, — who, as well as all my Ministers and Generals shall answer to me with their heads, Not to offer any Province or any Ransom for me, but to continue the War, pushing their advantages, as if I never had existed in the world.

“I hope, and have ground to believe, that you, Count Finck, will not need to make use of this Instruction: but in case of misfortune, I authorise you to employ it; and, as mark that it is, after a mature and sound deliberation, my firm and constant will, I sign it with my Hand and confirm it with my seal.”

Or in Friedrich's own spelling, &c., in Friedrich's own hand, so far as our possibilities permit:

“Instruction Secrete Pour le Conte de finc.

“Berlin, ce 10 de Janv. 1757.

“Dans La Situation Critique ou se trouvent nos affaires je dois Vous donner mes Ordres pour que dans tout Les Cas Malheureux qui sont dans la possibilité des Evenemens vous Soyéz autorissé aux partis quil faut prendre. 1) Sil arivoit (de quoi le Ciel preserve) qu'une de mes Armées en Saxe fut totalement*

* Yes; but there follows no “2)” anywhere, such the haste!

Jan. — March 1757.

"battûe, oubien que Les français chassassent Les Hanovryeins de
 "Leur païs et si etablissent et nous menassassent d'un Invasion
 "dans la Vieille Marche, ou que les Russes penetrassent par La
 "Nouvelle Marche, il faut Sauver la famille Royale, les prin-
 "cipeaux Dicasteres les Ministres et le Directoire. Si nous sommes
 "battus en Saxe du Coté de leipssic Le Lieu Le plus propre pour
 "Le transport de La famille et du Tressor est a Custrin, il faut en
 "ce Cas que la famille Royale et tous cidesus nomez aillent
 "esCortéz de toute La Guarnisson a Custrin. Si les Russes
 "entroient par la Nouvele Marche ou quil nous arivat un Malheur
 "en Lusace, il faudroit que tout Se transportat a Magdebourg,
 "enfin Le Dernier refuge est a Stetein, mais il ne faut y aller qu'a
 "La Derniere exstremité La Guarnisson la famille Royale et le
 "Tressort sont Inseparables et vont toujours ensemble il faut y
 "ajouter les Diamans de la Couronne, et L'argenterie des Grands
 "Apartements qui en pareil cas ainsi que la Veselle d'or doit etre
 "incontinent Monoyée Sil arivoit que je fus tué, il faut que
 "Les affaires Continuent Leur train sans la Moindre aliteration et
 "Sans qu'on s'apersoive qu'elles sont en d'autre Mains, et en ce
 "Cas il faut hater Sermens et homages tant ici qu'en prusse et
 "surtout en Silesie. Si j'avois la fatalité d'etre pris prisonnier
 "par L'Enemy, je Defend qu'on Aye le Moindre egard pour ma
 "perssonne ni qu'on fasse La Moindre reflextion sur ce que je
 "pourois ecrire de Ma Detention, Si pareil Malheur m'arivoit je
 "Veux me Sacrifier pour L'Etat et il faut qu'on obeisse a Mon
 "frere le quel ainsi que tout Mes Ministres et Generaux me re-
 "ponderont de leur Tette qu'on offrira ni province ni ransson
 "pour moy et que lon Continuera la Guerre en poussant Ses
 "avantages tout Come si je n'avais jamais exsisté dans le Monde.
 "J'espere et je dois Croire que Vous Conte finc n'aurez pas
 "bessoin de faire usage de Cette Instruction mais en cas de
 "Malheur je Vous autorisse a L'Employer, et Marque que C'est
 "apres Une Mure et saine Deliberation Ma ferme et Constante
 "Volonté je le Signe de Ma Main et la Muni de mon Cachet
 "FEDERIC R." *

These, privately made law in this manner, are Friedrich's fixed feelings and resolutions; — how fixed

* Facsimile of Autograph (Berlin, 24th January 1854), where is some indistinct History of the Document. Printed also in *Œuvres*, xxv. 319-23.

is now farther apparent, by a fact which was then still more private, guessable long afterwards only by one or two, and never clearly known so long as Friedrich lived: the fact that he had (now most probably, though the date is not known) provided poison for himself, and constantly wore it about his person through this War. "Five or six small pills, in a small glass tube, "with a bit of ribbon to it:" that stern relic lay, in a worn condition, in some drawer of Friedrich's, after Friedrich was gone.* For the Facts are peremptory; and a man that will deal with them must be equally so.

Two days after this Finck missive, Friday 12th, Friedrich took farewell at Berlin, drove to Potsdam that night with his Brother, to Dresden next day. Adieu, Madame; Adieu, O Mother! said the King, in royal terms, but with a heart altogether human. "May God above bless you, my Son!" the old Lady would reply: — and the Two had seen one another for the last time; Mother and son were to meet no more in this world.

* Preuss, II. 175, 315 n.

END OF VOL. IX.

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